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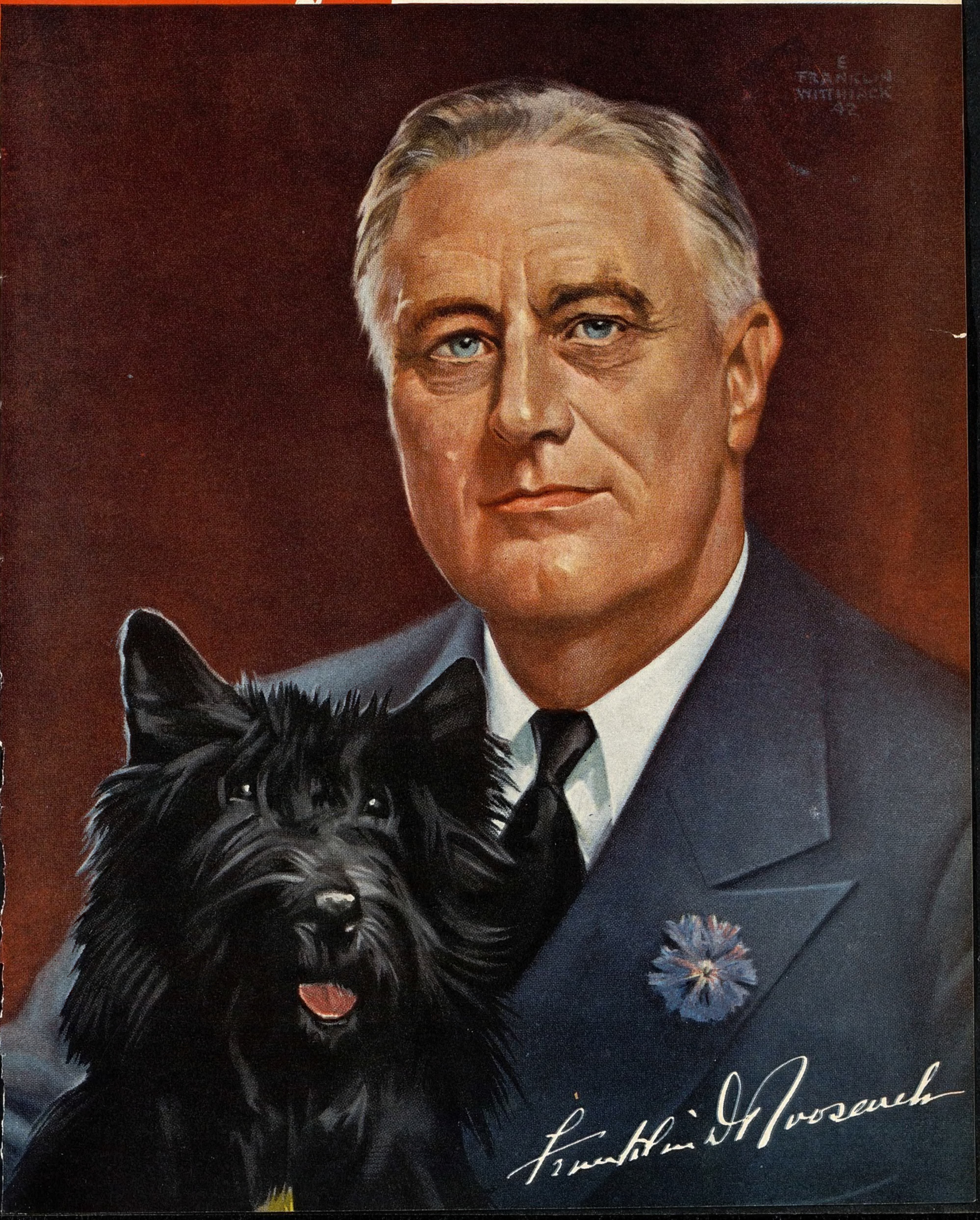
AUG. 22, 1942 10¢

BEFORE WE CAN WIN

By Major George Fielding Eliot

ROOSEVELT AS I SEE HIM

First of a series of 10 authorities


E FRANKLIN WITTMACK 42
Franklin D Roosevelt

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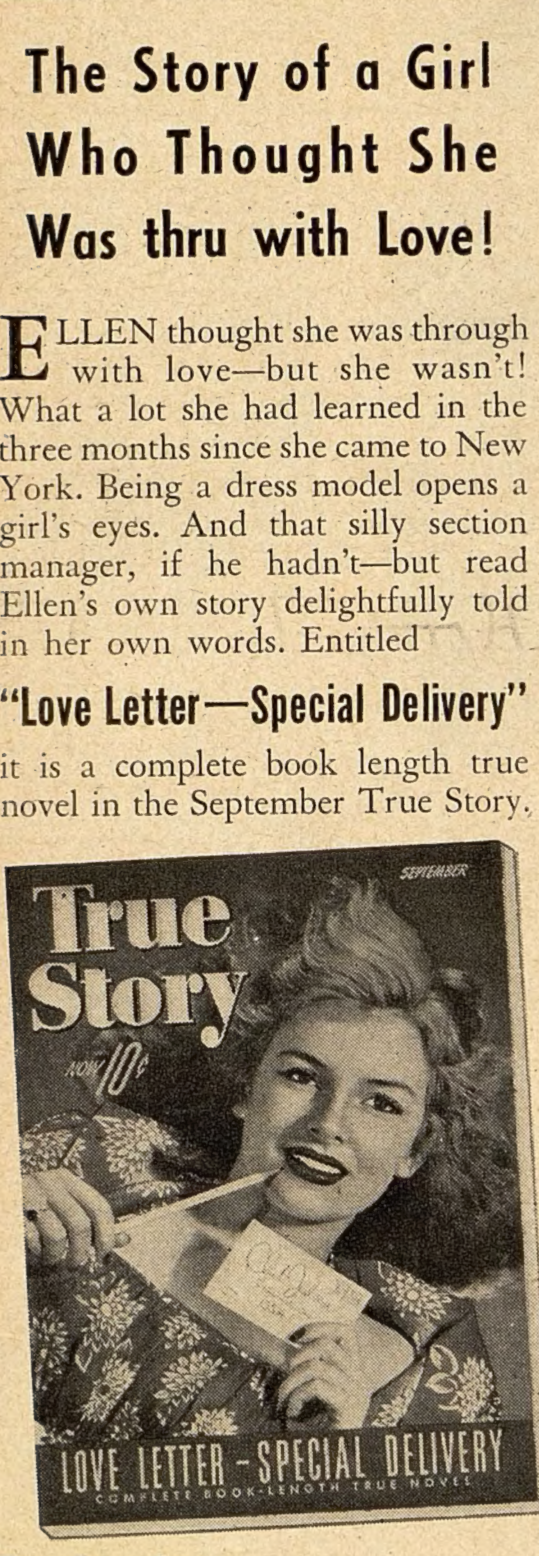
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September

True Story

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THIS WEEK

AUGUST 22, 1942

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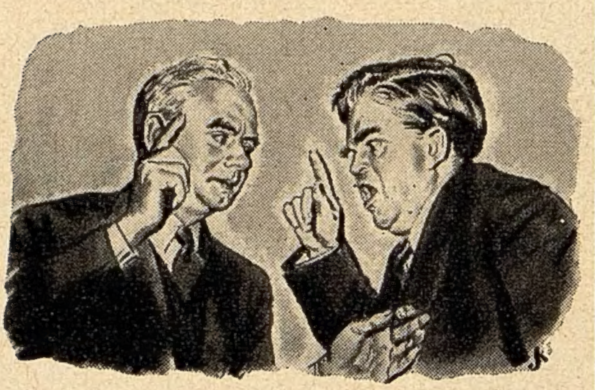
NEXT WEEK

AUGUST 29, 1942

THE INSIDE STORY OF LABOR'S GREATEST FEUD

Few episodes in American history have been more dramatic or of greater human significance than the break between John L. Lewis and Philip Murray, former and present heads of the C. I. O. Much of what lies behind it has never been publicly told. Why did these seemingly close friends, who worked together for years, come to the parting of the ways? Liberty has the hitherto hidden story; you will have it next week.



NO GAS? I TOLD YOU SO! SAYS SECRETARY ICKES

Of his own accord, the inimitable Secretary of the Interior sat him down, wrote an article, and sent it to Liberty. In his own special vein of raillery and good-natured truculence, he dusts off the folks who accused him of faking the fear of a gasoline shortage in the East. No more unusual, chucklesome utterance has come out of the place they call Washington. If you can smile at anything having to do with the war, you can smile at this.

NIGHT AT THE NARROWS

brings you adventure. Arthur Gordon has written a tense and compelling tale of spies and a girl, in and around New York. We recommend it as something special. Begins next week, and will be complete in two parts.

AND: Frederick van Ryn tells some surprising things about what Rita Hayworth is really like; Bill Cunningham gives you the low-down on the remarkable John Kieran; Pierre van Paassen continues the Roosevelt series; Raymond Clapper contributes a challenging piece, Where Democracy Has Failed; more stories, features, fun complete the bill of fare.

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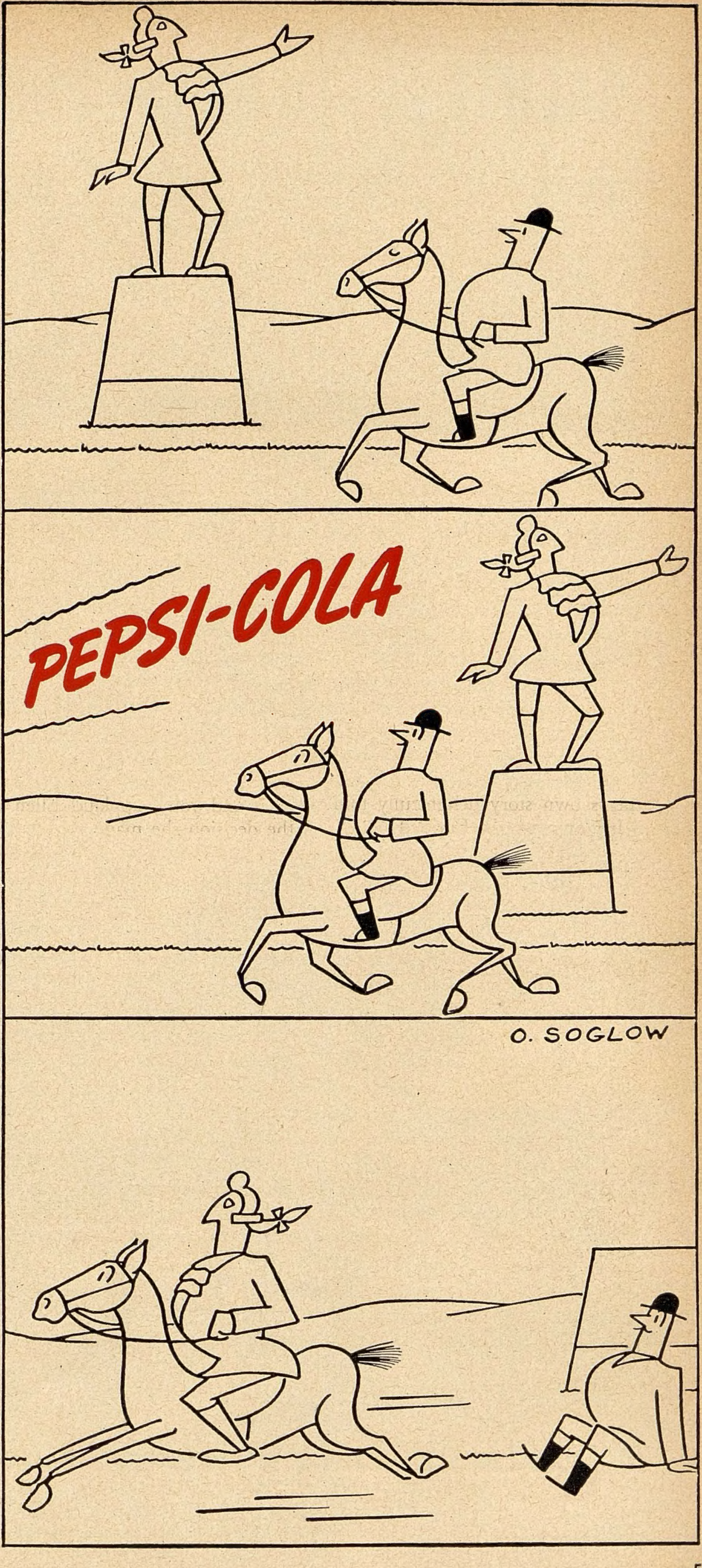

SALUTE . . . To All the Peoples of This Earth

IN this United Nations issue of Liberty we salute you, our friends, who form by far the greatest part of the population of this earth. *There are probably not over two billion people on this globe today. Of that two billion people, approximately one billion six hundred million of us are struggling for our very existence—are fighting for the simple freedoms as we know them, for the right to bear our children and bring them up in the ways of our fathers and of our separate lands.*

So simple a thing to ask for, so humble a request to make!

And against our overwhelming numbers there are not much more than two hundred and fifty million bitter, berserk, fighting people who, under their overlords, are determined to destroy those simple tenets and creeds which are the all too human inheritances of mankind; while another hundred million wait in trembling and fear.

In other words, less than one eighth of the people of this globe are trying to reduce seven eighths of us to slavery.

A little group of vandals, highly organized, are grimly determined to shatter the cathedrals of our faith, to blast the homes where our children are born, and even the cemeteries where our people lie, to scatter us and our households and the little things we love, like chaff before the wind. And to what end, God only knows!

It seems incredible. No nightmare that ever arose from a fevered mind could be so unreal.

Twenty-five years ago a German overlord with a disordered brain almost disrupted this earth. Today an Austrian fanatic in a German uniform, together with the little, frail "Son of Heaven," is really disrupting this earth.

This must not be. It cannot be. For if this bitter group of ruthless marauders can accomplish their purpose, then we, an overwhelming part of the peoples of this earth, will find our place in a bondage more terrible than death, and the orderly way of our lives will be gone, at least for centuries, from this earth.

That is the reason for this United Nations issue of Liberty in the cause of liberty—to send out a message of courage to you whose homes have already been disrupted, and to you whose lands are being threatened now. To tell you that we in America will not let you down. And to ask that you in the far stretches of the earth will not let us down.

This is probably the strangest message that has ever been written. It should be dropped from planes into every land. It should be secretly reprinted on the hidden free presses of the earth and scattered to the people. It should be blazoned from the free presses still existing.

We, the people of America, pledge you ou honor and our lives that we will not let you down. And we ask you on your honor that you do not let us down.

* * *

THIS is the message we are sending out to you billion six hundred million people with whom we now have kinship and a common bond. You i tropic Caribbean ports; in Chinese mountain villages; in Welsh mining towns; and scattered across the incredible vastnesses of Russia; or South Sea islands; in Australia, in New Zealand in India; in Canada and Luxembourg and Greece north of Cape Town and south of Aberdeen; i the republics of the Americas; on the Arcti Circle and in the darkened streets of Dutch anc Polish, Czech and Belgian towns where the invader's sentry hammers at the door. Today you share in the common destiny of us, the peopl who live all over America—in Concord or nea Louisville, east of Wyoming or west of Santa F —who want the same things that you want, th simple right to live the orderly ways of their lives to bear their children and bury their dead in th ways of their own customs and their own lands

We pledge you an arsenal such as these gangsters have never known before and will neve know again in all their lives. We pledge you shi and planes and tanks and guns in a stream u ending until it brings about their end.

There seems to be no limit to our producti capacity. There is no near limit to our immeasu able resources, no far limit to our determinatio

"Interwoven is the love of liberty with every ligament of the heart." GEORGE WASHINGTON

Who Are Our Friends

So let this hope and faith go out to you. And whenever and wherever you find the opportunity, strike! Strike quickly and strike hard, for you are dealing with treachery. And treachery knows no compromise.

★ ★ ★

FEED this message out as fast as you can and as far as you can. When those marauders of he world picked on the United States, they committed the fatal blunder which wrote their doom. For all the genius of the American world for the past fifty years has been centered about those very mass-production methods which will write their doom.

If a hundred and twenty-five thousand planes aren't enough, we'll give you a quarter of a million planes a year. If a thousand tanks a day aren't enough, we'll give you ten thousand tanks a day. If we could turn out five million automobiles a year in normal times, we certainly can turn out five million of anything you need in abnormal times when the need is great.

★ ★ ★

AND don't forget that this very mass-production genius of America which will help you win the war may be your greatest assurance of keeping the peace. In this brief period of the earth's fertility, when there should be enough food for all, this genius for American mass-production methods should be able to point the way o enough of the material things of life for all.

This is not just a utopian dream. It could very well be a wonderful reality.

To you, then, the people of our United Nations who form the greater part of the peoples of this globe, we the people of these United States raise our hands in this salute to victory! Strike, strike hard, and strike fast, wherever you can, so that he orderly way of our lives may continue once more upon this earth.

This message is being sent to many in foreign countries. If you who read these words have a friend now living in any of the United Nations, won't you send this copy along after you have finished with it?

WE, THE PEOPLE
Liberty
AUG. 22, 1942

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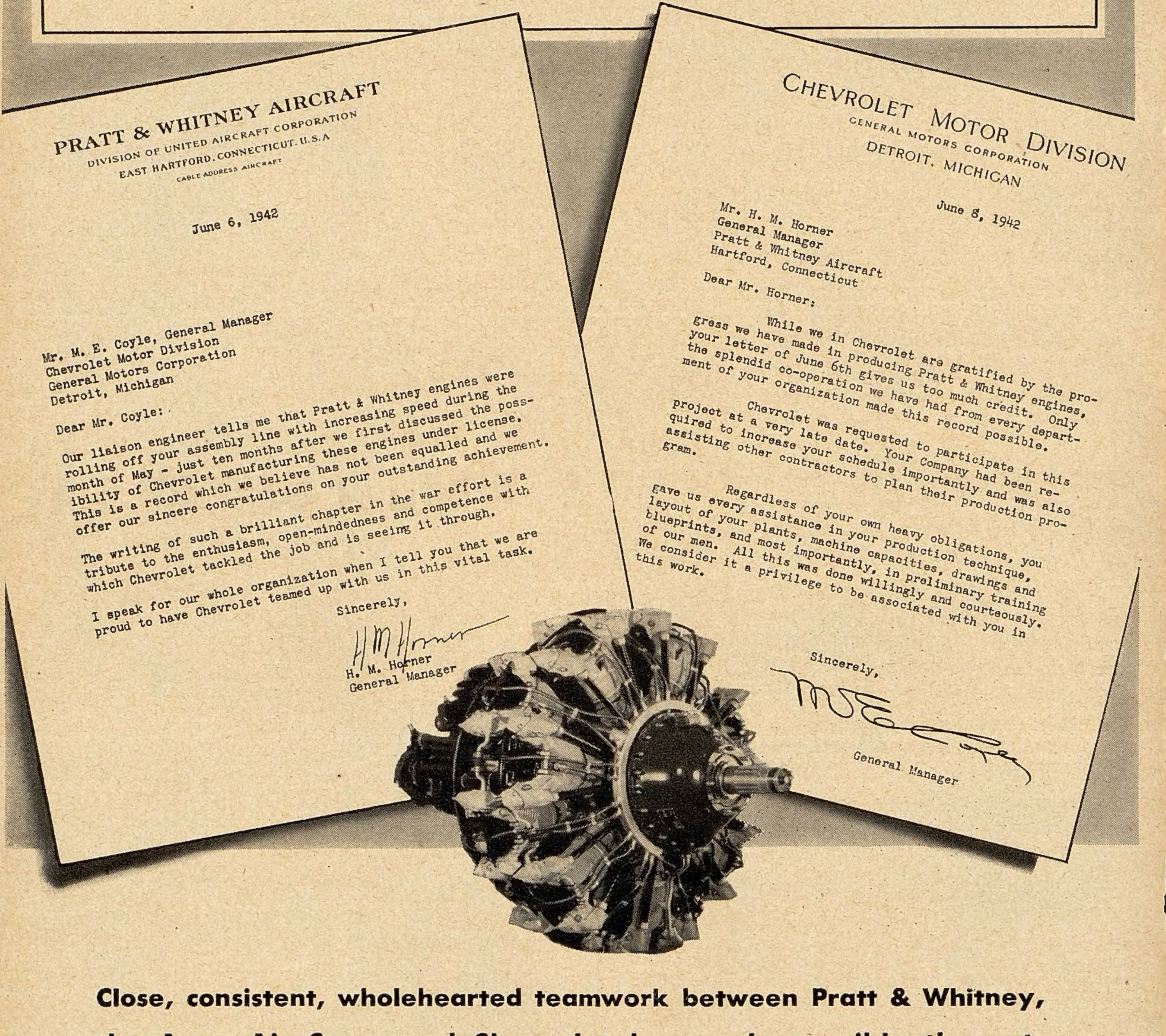
PRATT & WHITNEY CONGRATULATES
CHEVROLET
on its record production of airplane engines for victory



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CABLE ADDRESS AIRCRAFT

June 6, 1942

Mr. M. E. Coyle, General Manager
Chevrolet Motor Division
General Motors Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Mr. Coyle:

Our liaison engineer tells me that Pratt & Whitney engines were rolling off your assembly line with increasing speed during the month of May - just ten months after we first discussed the possibility of Chevrolet manufacturing these engines under license. This is a record which we believe has not been equalled and we offer our sincere congratulations on your outstanding achievement.

The writing of such a brilliant chapter in the war effort is a tribute to the enthusiasm, open-mindedness and competence with which Chevrolet tackled the job and is seeing it through.

I speak for our whole organization when I tell you that we are proud to have Chevrolet teamed up with us in this vital task.

Sincerely,

H M Horner
H. M. Horner
General Manager

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

June 8, 1942

Mr. H. M. Horner
General Manager
Pratt & Whitney Aircraft
Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Mr. Horner:

While we in Chevrolet are gratified by the progress we have made in producing Pratt & Whitney engines, your letter of June 6th gives us too much credit. Only the splendid co-operation we have had from every department of your organization made this record possible.

Chevrolet was requested to participate in this project at a very late date. Your Company had been required to increase your schedule importantly and was also assisting other contractors to plan their production program.

Regardless of your own heavy obligations, you gave us every assistance in your production technique, layout of your plants, machine capacities, drawings and blueprints, and most importantly, in preliminary training of our men. All this was done willingly and courteously. We consider it a privilege to be associated with you in this work.

Sincerely,

General Manager

Close, consistent, wholehearted teamwork between Pratt & Whitney, the Army Air Corps and Chevrolet has made possible the outstanding production record referred to in the letters reproduced above. . . . It is just such *cooperative effort* that will enable us to attain the objective we so strongly desire—the winning of this war.

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ROOSEVELT AS I SEE HIM BY 10 AUTHORITIES

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Spotlight on the President! A many-sided survey from differing points of view. Herewith, an introduction

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

NO President of the United States has been written about—for and against—as much as Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

You may have hated him, in the New Deal days, as bitterly as loyal abolitionists hated Abraham Lincoln, and yet now you will admit with no little patriotic fervor that he is today a world leader, the man most feared by the mortal enemies of democracy.

One does not have to be prophet or partisan to predict that Franklin Roosevelt will forever remain a compelling—yes, and even a perplexing—figure on the pages of world history. None of us now living can give you the true full measure of the man now in the White House, an objective appraisal of his administration. Historians will argue about his policies for decades to come; they will discuss and dissect his leadership of the great social revolution of the 1930s which most of us do not yet realize we experienced. His foreign policy, his administration of the war are other topics for hundreds of future volumes of evaluation and interpretation.

The President is keenly aware of all that. With a realism too forthright to be branded as conceit, he has built a museum and library at his ancestral Hyde Park home which is a depository for "Rooseveltiana."

When the Roosevelts sold their town home in New York City and rented a Greenwich Village apartment, the President's wife sighed gustily and declared: "Thank goodness, now we can get rid of all that junk in the attic!" There isn't a housewife in the land who doesn't know how she felt. With the aid of a couple of maids and with a dozen barrels, she went at the job of sorting the "junk." She was stopped by a telephoned appeal from her husband in Washington.

Nothing was to be thrown away!

Pack it up, hide it away, stuff it into barrels—O. K. But none of it to the trash man or the incinerator. Who knows, asked the President, but that

n aside at a National Press Club dinner. The esident is a member of the club, paying dues.

Another aside—this one to "Jack" Garner, who was Vice-President during his first two terms.

Seated at his desk, he is reading and enjoyin an invitation to a Letter Carriers' Conventio

some day some hard-working young aspirant for a Ph. D. may find in a yellowed clipping or a scrawled memorandum just the clew he needs for a historical discovery? So off to Hyde Park went the "junk" gleanings.

However, beginning with this issue, Liberty is going to anticipate history somewhat and attempt to give its readers the first three-dimensional word-picture of Franklin Roosevelt. Through the trained eyes of ten writers who have studied him at close range and at critical long view, Liberty's readers will see F. D., that many-sided man, in each and all of his important aspects. When the series is completed, it will be (we trust) not only another contribution to the bulging archives awaiting history's study but an intimate and impartial presentation of the most important man—for well or ill—in our world today.

This is a task beyond any individual's ability. Roosevelt as seen through my eyes, or Raymond Clapper's, or Anne O'Hare McCormick's, is not the Roosevelt anybody else envisages. He has more facets than the Kohinoor diamond, and yet he is just as solidly integrated.

The "vital statistics" of Franklin D., thirty-second President of the United States, are familiar. He was born in 1882, sixty years ago last January 30. He was the only child of very wealthy, highly aristocratic parents, and so he went to Groton and to Harvard and spent his vacations in Europe, where he learned to speak French and German. He married his cousin, Anna Eleanor, in 1905, and was the least observed man at the ceremony because his bride's uncle, President Theodore Roosevelt, was there to give the bride away. In 1907 Franklin was admitted to the bar, became a very junior member of the gilt-edged firm of Carter, Ledyard & Milburn. He chucked the dull law business to enter politics as a Tammany-baiting Democrat in 1910. He was a member of the New York state senate until 1913, when President Wilson appointed him Assistant Secretary of the Navy. In 1920 he was given the thankless job of Vice-Presidential nominee on the ill-starred Democratic ticket with Governor Cox of Ohio, which put him back in the law business. Shortly afterward came the attack of infantile paralysis, his conquest of which is an everlasting inspiration to the physically handicapped everywhere.

How he championed Al Smith against the Ku Klux prejudices of sixteen years ago, was drafted into the governorship of New York for two terms, and then became the first three-term President needs no retelling.

I think much of the story of Franklin D. Roosevelt is the story of his mother, the late Sara Delano Roosevelt—which by no means implies that he was a mama's boy. It is not so much a story of influence as it is of inheritance. Sara Delano rounded the Horn on a clipper ship in the China trade. She could, to the eve of her death last year, sing the rich round-phrased chanteys she had heard the long-haired sailors bawl in the rigging of her father's merchantmen. She communicated her spirit of high adventure and her love of the sea to her son, and also her interest in people. Just people.

THE last time I saw her was during an art fair held by the amateur painters of Washington in the park across from the White House. There were hundreds of hopeful young artists there, with their paintings and drawings and etchings, and a huge crowd was milling about. With a young woman escort Mrs. Roosevelt, Sr., strolled through the park. No one recognized her, I think, except myself, and I kept the secret, although I followed close behind with the Secret Service man. And I noticed that the President's mother stopped to admire and to chat with only the youngsters who had drawn the best pictures they could—but had drawn no audience. There must have been a dozen young artists who were saved from abject disappointment and chagrin, and were stimulated to better efforts, by the interest that one kindly old lady displayed in their handiwork.

Of course the President himself cannot mingle incognito with the crowds. So he tries, whenever he has the chance, to bring crowds of ordinary people close to him. It is no campaign stunt, because it happens all the time.

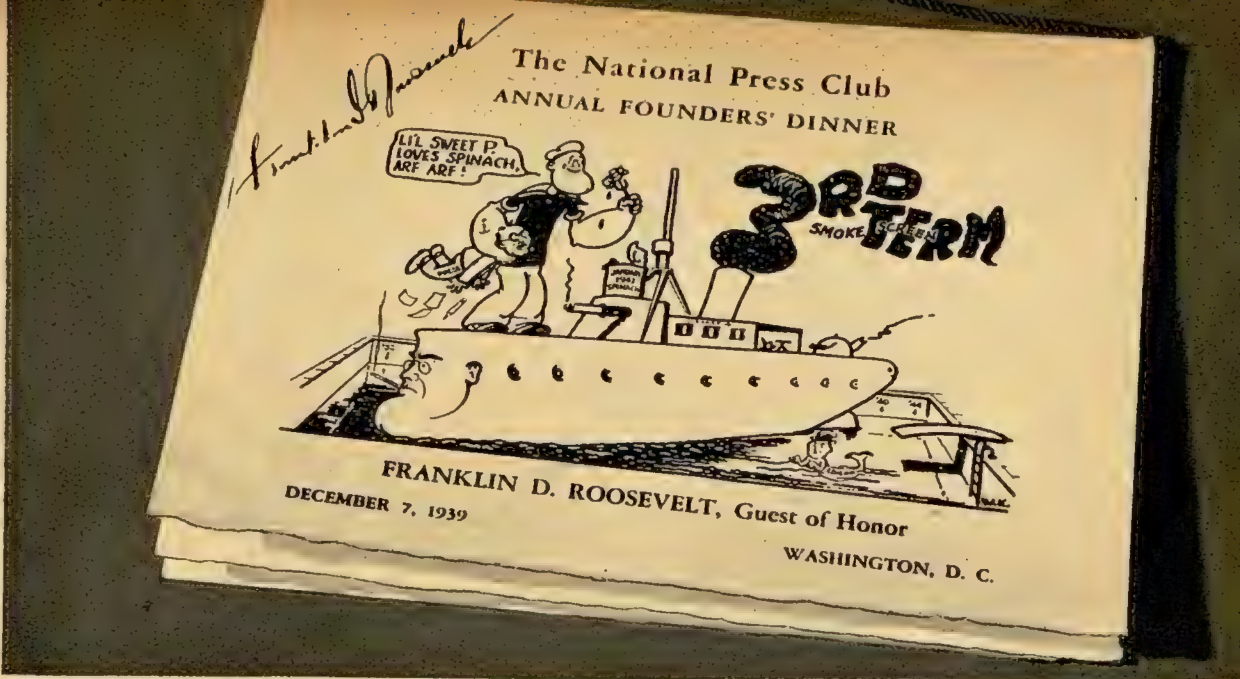
The fancy word for that desire to have people around is "gregariousness." The President is gregarious. I think sometimes he is really playing a wistful sort of game with himself, trying to be "one of the gang." Some of my journalistic colleagues have professed to see a sinisterly contrived artlessness in his "open house" policy for the news-writing fraternity. The rule for such functions is—no fancy clothes! Roosevelt himself attends in wrinkled white linen or baggy seersucker. At his biweekly press conferences he is in shirt sleeves when the weather is hot. I say the President is having fun at these completely informal and noisy parties because—and he'll probably join in the small chorus of boos at this statement—because he is a ham actor, and he couldn't fool anybody who didn't want to be fooled when he tries to put on an act.

He used to become very angry with the press when one of his pet theories was subjected to particularly sharp criticism in the newspapers. When needled for comment at press conferences, he would become all mellow and confidential, and he would say something to the effect that he knew it was not the reporters who were to blame. No, no; perish the thought! Those to blame were the fat rich publishers, Tories who regarded a newspaper as a money-making property and not as a public trust. They and their hirelings, the editors, were all on the side of the economic royalists, he implied, and he felt sorry for the correspondents and reporters who had to write what the boss wanted.

IT was a very bum act, and it drew a lot of verbal cabbages and ripe eggs, but Roosevelt tried it two or three times before he quit. When he met the newspaper criticisms out in the middle of the ring, punching back, and no mugging or grandstanding about it, it benefited everybody and the President himself most of all. Then we got around to kidding him for trying to kid us. Thereby hangs a personal anecdote.

In 1939, when the third-term issue had everybody worried except—as now appears—Roosevelt himself, the National Press Club decided to rib the President more than a little at its an-

Having fun with two of his grandchildren. They're ranklin 3d (at the left) and John Boettiger, Jr.



The menu of the National Press Club's dinner to the President in 1939 had this cover. Mr. Karig drew it—and F. D. R. asked him for the original drawing, for the Hyde Park museum!

nual dinner to him. I was chairman of the dinner committee that year. Steve Early, the President's press secretary, was consulted as to the kind of entertainment program the Chief would most enjoy, and Steve advised us that the President had never been to a night club and had often expressed the wish that he could go to one. That was enough. We enlisted the help of Gene Buck, head of ASCAP, and Gene rounded up a cast which included Jane Froman, Sheila Barrett, and Benay Venuta. Never before had the Press Club had women entertainers.

OF course we had our own show besides. Howard Acton wrote a skit in which Ted Wilcox played the part of the "*original* Santa Claus," the one nearly put out of business by the two-handed giver in the White House. We were trying to elicit some off-the-record clew to the third-term riddle, so Santa Claus gave the President a ring into which to throw his hat, and a hat to throw into it. We got nowhere with that bait. The President said he would wear the hat to keep the lightning from striking him, and keep the hoop for Republicans to jump through.

Besides the third-term hullabaloo, the current 1939 controversy was over naval expansion and neutrality. I was elected to draw the cover design for the menu, so I combined all the issues into a picture of a battleship (with an F. D. R. figurehead) floating in a swimming pool, with F. D. R. as Popeye the Sailor stuffing third-term spinach down the throat of a hapless Press. The President heaped coals of fire on my head by asking for the original.

Anyhow, the girls put on a swell act of their best songs, and F. D. loved it. He kept calling for encore after encore, and had the luscious trio brought to his table for congratulations.

The next day I delivered the original drawing of the menu cover, and the President said he was going to add it to the collection in the Hyde Park museum. I wish it were permissible to quote him. He propped the drawing up in front of him, turned and wagged his finger at me, and solemnly assured me that, while the cartoon would be a treasured addition at Hyde Park, there had been something better at the dinner. If I could get him Sheila Barrett or Jane Froman or Benay Venuta for the Hyde Park collection, he would make me curator of the museum!

That little wisecracking byplay occurred in December, 1939. I recall it here to illustrate how the President, in the midst of worries and responsibilities, can take time out for pure unadulterated fun. Admiral Ross T. McIntire, his personal physician, declares that it is that happy faculty which keeps him in buoyant health.

"When the going gets tough," Dr. McIntire told me, "he calls quits for half an hour of relaxation. He can take a fifteen- or twenty-minute nap and wake up with more energy than a recharged battery, or he can turn some portentous observation into a joke that sets off a firecracker string of laughter and gives the crew enough pep and energy for another six straight hours of hard work."

One day some children in the school attended by Diana, daughter of White House dweller Harry Hopkins, were discussing an exasperated teacher.

"I never saw anybody get as mad as Miss Whoozis," one awed little girl observed.

"Mad? Pooh! That was nothing," Diana said. "You ought to see the President when *he* gets mad!"

SEEING him at his desk, one realizes that, save for his physical handicap, this Roosevelt would have made his famous fifth cousin, T. R., appear to be a sloth as to physical activity. He is still an athlete, to be sure. He is a great swimmer, and not disinclined to reach out of the pool with a great hand and pull some fancy-pants guest, fully dressed, into the water. He sails a boat whenever he can—he hasn't had a chance since Pearl Harbor.

Although in many respects a sensitive man, he is frank and open about his (only partially) afflicted legs. One day an intimate friend asked him if he never resented the immobility that was now his lot. And Franklin Roosevelt laughed. No, said he; in all probability it had proved to be an asset. Fellows with legs, he philosophized, rushed around, exhausting themselves and inviting heart disease. He perforce sat at his desk and people had to come to him; otherwise he might have worn himself out long before this. And one can believe it, too.

His sensitiveness explains much of his greatness; it inspired much of his social and economic programs. It is also his weakness, for it prevents him from getting tough with persons he has once befriended. One of the stock sayings about him is that Roosevelt can't fire anybody. If a trusted person proves incompetent, if changing circumstances require a shift in personnel, he either kicks the individual upstairs or lets him "die on the vine" wondering why he isn't summoned to the White House as of yore. With it all, the President is fiercely loyal to those who repay his trust with hard work and unflagging co-operation.

Sensitive, imaginative, stubborn, he has never been licked. Even his defeat for the Vice-Presidency in 1920 proved to be the agency which made him a nationally known figure. In 1937 he butted his stubborn Dutch head against the Senate and the Supreme Court and public opinion with the so-called Court packing bill. He did not get his bill through Congress, but he did get the kind of Supreme Court he wanted.

He dearly loves a joke, and if it is spiced with a touch of double entendre, that's O. K.; but he won't stand for dirt. He loves a game of poker; he'll take a cocktail before dinner and a highball afterward if he is a guest, but at the White House only native wines or beer are served. He goes to church, knows the Episcopalian prayer book by rote, and can improvise a very earnest and moving prayer himself. He has an amazing fund of general information.

What kind of President he is, is for history to decide. As to what kind of human being he is, my dough is on Franklin D. Roosevelt—and, in my small way, I've been madder at him sometimes than the doctor allows is good for my blood pressure.

Next week's authoritative contributor to Liberty's composite portrait of Franklin Delano Roosevelt will be Pierre van Paassen, distinguished interpreter of Days of Our Years.

YOU GOT TO THINK OF THE KIDS

An understanding story of a shy man's wooing and the doubts that burdened a woman's heart

BY FREDERICK NEBEL

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

ERNIE walked down the narrow black-top road in the moonlight. His hat was on the back of his head. He was a heavy man, and his shoes, built for a heavy man, with metal heel plates, sent flat echoes clattering among the trees. Over one arm he carried his coat and in the crook of the other he carried six bottles of beer in a paper sack for Mr. Peabody.

Where the road ended, at the creek, a light glowed. This was the light in Mr. Peabody's sitting room, and all around it was the moonlit darkness of the marshes, the woods, and the creek.

Sometimes, coming home late from work on nights like this, Ernie would stand for minutes alone, scratching his head, caught in a mood half exultant, half melancholy; thinking vaguely, with a little lost hurt, about Josie, who had been a good wife, or about his kids, his little girls, Jo and Evie, living up on the farm, a couple of hundred miles away, with his stepsister Amelia.

He knocked on the screen door, interrupting a drowsy wrangle of talk inside. A chair scraped. Mr. Peabody gangled across the floor, hitching at his stained and wrinkled white pants. He wore an undershirt with the sleeves rolled up. On his bony head, canted over one ear, was a shapeless yachting cap, its black visor cracked and peeling. Besides being Ernie's landlord, Mr. Peabody sold bait and rented out boats.

"It's the beer, Mr. Peabody," Ernie said.

"Oh, the beer!" Mr. Peabody shouted, batting the screen door open with his hip and holding it there. "Doggone, Mr. Henneford, I didn't recognize you. Ah, the beer. Thanks. I figured you'd stop by Jack's Diner. That's why I phoned there. I sure as shootin' hope it didn't put you out none."

"No trouble at all, Mr. Peabody. Any time, any time."

Mr. Peabody raised a long, warped forefinger. "Pay you tomorrow, Mr. Henneford," he yelled. "Don't forget to remind me!"

The door slapped shut and Ernie turned and cut around a corner of the house toward the footpath that led to his cabin. But at the foot of Mr. Peabody's wharf, where the boats bumped gently against one another and there were faint ploppings and gurglings in the water, he paused.

"Hello," Irene Peabody said.

"Oh," said Ernie, touching his hat. "Oh, hello. A nice night."

"Sure is." She was sitting on a bench smoking a cigarette. "The way pop talks, he'd wake up the dead."

"Warm, though," said Ernie, taking off his hat.

"So stuffy upstairs I couldn't sleep." She popped her cigarette into the water. "Hear about your kids?"

"Why, yes; yes, I did. I got a letter today. They're O. K. My stepsister was laid up with a bum back was why she didn't write. Yes, they're doing fine, thank you."

"That's good. By the way, take it easy on the footbridge. One of the planks broke today, so you'd better watch out. There's only one left till pop gets around to putting in the other one."

ERNIE'D been expecting the footbridge to go for days—he'd remarked about it to Mr. Peabody—but now he said, "I guess, with me walking across it all the time, the poor old bridge just had to give up."

"Now, really," Irene said reasonably, "I wouldn't say you're as heavy as all that."

"Well, I'm pretty fat," Ernie said.

"Oh, I don't think you're fat at all."

This kind of talk made him feel good. Sometimes he felt fat and sometimes he didn't. He liked to think, really, that a man of his build needed the weight, and it was nice to hear Irene put it the way she did.

She was a very nice person. She was tall and wiry and strong, with cropped black hair and direct dark eyes. Most of the time she wore a pair of blue jeans and a sweat shirt. And she was always busy, always doing something. She took care of the wharf, the boats, handled the bait, and kept the house and cooked. Mr. Peabody just barged around and talked, making big gestures, making plans which he never carried out, promising anything. You wondered what he would ever do without Irene.

Ernie stirred. "Well," he said, putting on his hat.

"Hope you sleep," Irene said. "Hope pop and the boys don't keep you awake."

Ernie made his way inch by inch across the single plank that remained of the footbridge. Inside the board-and-batten cabin, he turned on the light. All at once he felt very tired. It was almost one o'clock. This was the week he was on the three-to-eleven shift—three in the afternoon to eleven at night. He finned the cylinder barrels of aircraft engines. The endless hum and throb and pulse of the great plant took a lot out of a man.

He lay in bed in the soft summer darkness, and thought of Irene sitting on the wharf, a dim, still figure looking kind of lonesome in the moonlight. And drifting off to sleep he wondered if Irene would make a good mother to the kids. Or if she'd even consider marrying a guy with two kids. He was dreaming, really, because his relations with Irene were nothing more than neighborly. But a guy could dream; a guy living alone could dream all he wanted to.

NEXT day, because he got tired of waiting for Mr. Peabody to do it, Ernie puttied a new pane in the kitchen window. Then he swept and dusted, cleaned the cookstove and the icebox, whistling while he worked, and aired his bedding in the sunlight. He was brushing the bedspring when Irene appeared in the doorway.

"It looks nice," she said. "The two months you've been here, it certainly looks like a different place."

Ernie said, "Come in, come in," and pulled open the screen door.

She nodded toward a photograph on the radio. "They your little ones?"

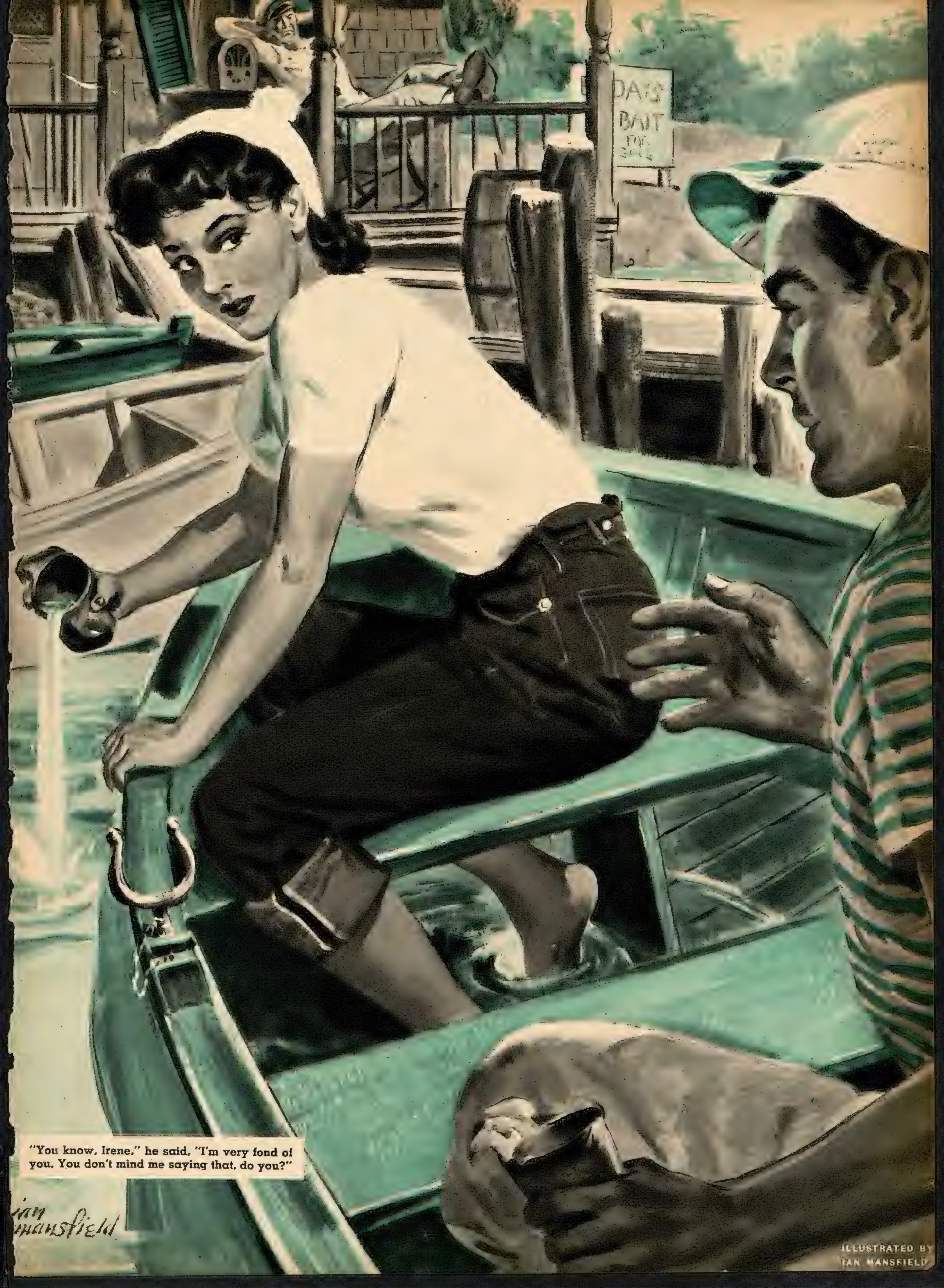
Ernie's eyebrows shot upward. "Why, that's right! You never seen them, did you? You never been in here—" He tramped across the room, got the photograph and handed it to her.

She gazed down at it, smiling. "Gee, they're nice-looking little kids."

Looking over her shoulder, he pointed. "That's Josephine—Jo; she's—let's see—she's eight now. And this is Evie, the little one; she's going on six. Of course, they're bigger now than there in the picture. This picture was taken about three years ago, just before Josie died. Evie's hair's much darker now."

"Ah, gee, the poor little kids."

"Well," Ernie said, "I guess you just got to take the worst with the best. It's tough on 'em, though, and if anything happens to my stepsister Amelia I don't know what I'd do. Because to anybody else, strangers, maybe they're just kids, but to you, they're *yours*. And everything you do, any plans


DAI'S
BAIT
FOR
SALE
ian
mansfield

"You know, Irene," he said, "I'm very fond of you. You don't mind me saying that, do you?"

ILLUSTRATED BY
IAN MANSFIELD

you make, you got to think of the kids."

She looked up at him, smiled, the corners of her mouth soft, a fleeting look of tenderness in her eyes. Then she moved in her lithe, strong way, and placed the photograph back upon the radio.

"Nice," she said quietly. "Sweet." She wheeled about, snapping her fingers. "Oh, what I came over for—pop and I thought you'd like to come in for Sunday dinner tomorrow."

Ernie was touched. "Why—why, that's awful kind of you and Mr. Peabody, Miss Peabody. I certainly do appreciate the kindness."

"Say about twelve thirty?"

Ernie couldn't remember offhand when he'd last eaten a home dinner. Even just thinking about it made him feel wistful. The big fellow was not one to go around feeling sorry for himself, but every once in a while something would creep up and sock him right under the heart. Holidays, for instance. Christmas; Thanksgiving. Times when having your family with you meant more than anything else in the world. It was a very private feeling, one you couldn't put in words, or didn't want to.

THIS Sunday dinner broke the ice. As a result of it, Ernie asked Irene and Mr. Peabody to be his guests at the movies one night. But Mr. Peabody begged off.

Irene looked as pleased and excited as a kid. She put on sports shoes and a flowered dress and tied her hair in place with a piece of blue ribbon. She made Mr. Peabody promise, cross his heart, that he wouldn't smoke his pipe in bed.

Ernie used his car. He didn't use it often, what with the tire situation, but he had to run it occasionally to keep the battery charged. After the movies they stopped in a tavern for a couple of beers, and sang songs on the ride home.

They did it again a week later. And they began calling each other Irene and Ernie. They drove to the amusement park on the point, and rode on the roller coaster and the Ferris wheel, and they had their fortunes told and their handwriting analyzed, and wound up dancing, except the rumba, at the big pavilion.

Sometimes they went out fishing, or just rowed up the creek; or they sat on Mr. Peabody's rickety porch in the cool of the evening and listened to the radio.

More and more, while Ernie was at work or riding back and forth in the bus, or eating alone in Jack's Diner, Irene was in his thoughts. He'd lie in bed thinking of her, of the way her cropped black hair flew back when she looked up suddenly and smiled at something you said. Of the way her strong body moved, quick and flexible, when she climbed out of a boat. Of her laughter, which sometimes whooped out spontaneously and did your heart good. And he began to think of the possibility of her becoming Mrs. Ernest Henneford. This startled him a little. Because now he wasn't dreaming.

One afternoon, after a heavy rain, he was helping her bail out the boats, and he said conversationally, "Say, Irene, why don't you get married?"

She was barefoot, her jeans rolled up to her knees, and she kept bailing for a minute before replying, "Why should I?"

"Oh, I don't know," Ernie said. "I been thinking, is all."

They bailed for a while in silence. Ernie said, "It was just a question, was all. No hard feelings, I hope."

Irene laughed outright. "Who could have any hard feelings with you, Ernie?"

"You know, Irene," he said, bailing very slowly, watching the water as he poured it out, "I'm very fond of you. You don't mind me saying that, Irene, do you?"

She gave him a look over her shoulder. "You're very sweet, Ernie," she said, and continued bailing.

He thought this was a hell of a time to be bringing up a subject like this, what with the boats rocking and the water splashing.

But he said, "Honest. No kidding."

"H'm? No kidding what?"

Ernie stared down at his bare feet in the bottom of the boat. "Well, Irene, I was thinking we'd—I was thinking maybe if I asked you to marry me, you might say yes. A man in my position, with two little kids, it's hard to put it— Huhn?"

Irene had sat down suddenly. She clasped her hands between her knees and regarded him with grave, wide-eyed solemnity.

"Ernest," she said slowly, "I wish you hadn't asked me."

"You do, huhn?" he said in a thick voice, swallowing.

"Because if I said no, if I said I couldn't, you'd get mad maybe. And I wouldn't want you to get mad or hurt or anything, Ernie. Because do you know what? You're probably the sweetest, kindest man I ever met, and the last thing in the world I'd want to do would be hurt you or have you mad at me."

"UM," he said, staring at the bottom of the boat. He was heavyhearted. Maybe he'd done it wrong. It was ridiculous that after thinking about it so long, lying awake nights thinking about it, he should haul off and ask her here in the boat while they were busy bailing. What kind of a dumb ox was he?

"I'm awfully sorry, Ernie," she said, and suddenly looked away.

The kids, maybe; maybe it was the kids. He figured he was no prize himself, and with two kids to boot he was a downright liability. She lived a free life here. She lived in the sun and the wind. So why should she want to be tied down to a ready-made family?

That reminded him. Next Sunday was his day to go up and see his kids; and all at once, thwarted here, he was desperately eager to see them, to pick them up in his arms and hold them close. Only when he was around his kids was the world really right.

"Forget it, Irene," he said, slapping his thigh. "Here we've been having good times, enjoying each other's company, and I got to go and shoot my mouth off."

Irene was staring across the water, her hands clenched. "I—I do appreciate it, Ernie. It's just—oh, it's just that I can't do it. I can't! It wouldn't be—I couldn't take the responsibility—"

"Sure, sure," Ernie said understandingly.

The kids. Of course, the kids. Well, she was honest. It wasn't like her to double-talk you. You didn't have to hit him over the head to make him understand.

IRENE began bailing again. She worked in a grim, unhappy silence. But suddenly she threw down the can, swung up to the wharf, and strode into the house. There were tears on her face, but Ernie didn't see them. He bailed until all the boats were dry.

He moped along the muddy path to the footbridge and made his way cautiously across the single plank that still remained. The plank was gummy with mud, and when he was halfway across he slipped. Falling, he hit the plank hard. It broke and he pitched a matter of six feet into the brook.

Pain, like a thin quick flame, shot through his left ankle and was gone almost instantly. He was clawing his way up the steep slippery bank when he heard Mr. Peabody shout:

"Hey, did it break?"

"I guess," Ernie panted, "it did."

Mr. Peabody came on the run, waving his arms. "By cripes, can you imagine that!" he yelled. He took off his cap and threw it on the ground. "Mr. Henneford, it's the kind of lumber they sell nowadays!" he roared.

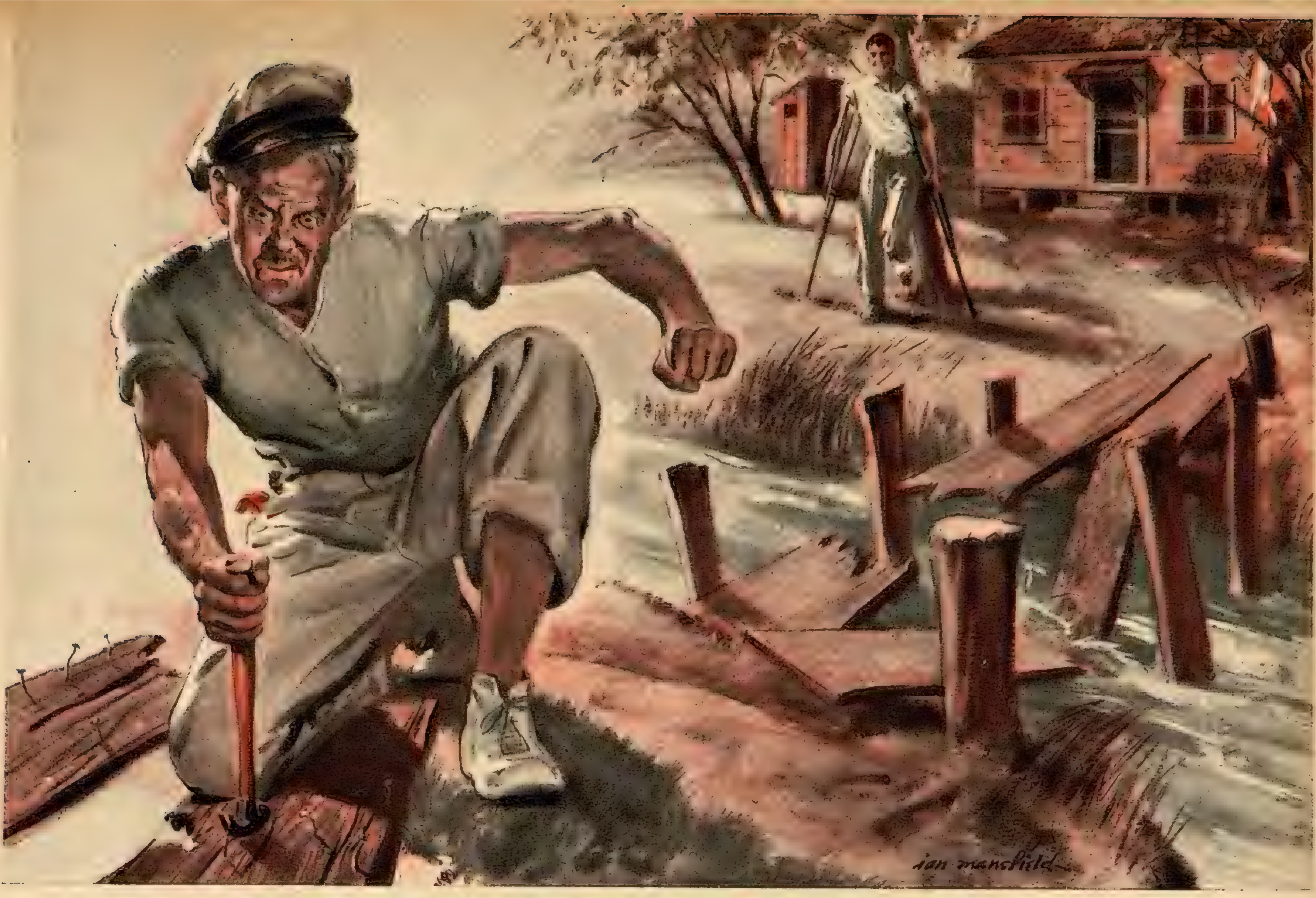
"Oh, pop, be quiet," Irene said, coming up. "That bridge has been there for almost fifteen years. Ernie," she called anxiously across the brook, "did you hurt yourself, Ernie?"

"No; I'm all right," he said, shaking the mud from his hands. "I guess I slipped. I—I'll go get this muck cleaned off."

He was already moving away. But he was shaken. And he wasn't sure he was all right. Something in his ankle was beginning to tighten, to bind. Sure enough, by the time he'd washed and put on clean clothes he could hardly stand. And this was the week he went on at the plant at 11 P. M.

Hobbling around, he cooked his supper. He breathed hard while he ate, for he was excited and upset. Maybe he wouldn't be able to go up and see the kids Sunday. He'd been looking forward to it all week. He'd shopped in the dime store, and in the big department store he'd bought them a couple of seersucker play suits. They'd be hanging on the rail fence by the mailbox, expecting him.

Washing and drying and putting away the dishes, the big fellow hopped around, grunting, and the sweat kept pouring down his face.



The more the nails stuck, the more reckless and frantic Mr. Peabody's efforts became.

"What are you doing?" Irene asked through the window.

"Huhn?" He wheeled on one leg and stood there, balancing. He grinned, but it went a little sour because his heart wasn't in it. "Well, I guess I turned my ankle."

She came around through the back door.

"Let me look at it, Ernie."

He sat down and she drew off his sock and shook her head. "It's blowing up like a balloon. Wait; I'll fix something."

She got a chair, placed an empty box on it, then lifted Ernie's foot and rested it on the box. Lying back, with his foot cocked high in the air, he watched her take a towel and soak it in ice water. She wrung the towel out and laid it on his ankle.

"Now," she said, "I better phone a doctor."

She left another towel soaking in ice water, and when she returned ten minutes later, she put this on his ankle in place of the other.

"Pop would come over," she said, "but I guess he's ashamed."

"Ashamed of what?"

"Not fixing the bridge." She sighed and tossed her head in order to throw her hair back off her forehead. "He goes through life trusting to luck nothing'll happen, and when it does he hides away for shame. He's right now hiding out in the boathouse, whittling. He'll whittle most of the night."

"He shouldn't do that," Ernie said. "It wasn't anybody's fault. Did you say something to him?"

Irene shrugged. "Well, I guess I did blow up, if that's what you mean. I didn't mean to, but one thing after another, all my life— The whole place is going to rack and ruin, one thing after another—" She broke off with a quick twist of her shoulders and got up to change the cold cloths again. Her face looked hard and determined; but she couldn't keep it that way long, so she went to the window, pretending to watch for the doctor, and that way Ernie couldn't see the trembling of her lip.

THE ankle was no beauty next morning, but anyhow it wasn't broken. Irene had brought over a pair of old crutches the night before, after the doctor left, and now, wrapped in a green bathrobe, Ernie hobbled around getting breakfast ready.

"What a man!" Irene said through the screen door. "I came over to make breakfast for you, and here you are—"

"Oh, hello. Good morning. Come in," Ernie said. "And don't worry about me and my meals, Irene. I'm doing all right. Just watch." He swung up and down the room on his crutches, sidestepped, made a half turn, then a full turn. "Nothing to it. Simple."

"Wonderful. Is there something else I can do, Ernie?"

He scratched his head. "Why, if you don't mind— Look, I got some little things here I was going to take up to the kids Sunday. They'll be expecting me and I'll sure hate to miss seeing 'em, but— Well, look, Irene— will you mail 'em for me?"

"Sure thing, Ernie. Are they wrapped? You want me to wrap them?"

"I'll wrap 'em," Ernie said. "I'll write a letter, too. Have everything ready in about an hour for you. You sure it won't inconvenience you none, Irene?"

"Ernie, Ernie!" Irene chided. She plunked the screen with her fingernail. "I'll pick 'em up about eleven."

When he had eaten, he wrote a letter, enclosing a check for the kids' keep, and wrapped the package. Then, hearing the sound of lumber being slammed about, he took his crutches and stumped out to the yard. He saw that Mr. Peabody was preparing to put down a new footbridge. He went as far as the bank of the brook.

"Morning, Mr. Peabody."

"Morning," Mr. Peabody grunted without looking up.

He'd found some old planks somewhere and was engaged in yanking out bent, rusted nails. His heavy gray undershirt was splotched with sweat and only the bony knobs of his hips kept his pants up. His activity was remarkable, but it was also reckless and inefficient. The more the nails stuck, the more reckless and frantic his efforts became. Finally he stood up, whipped off his yatching cap, and slammed it on the ground. He waved his fist in the air.

(*Continued on page 39*)

WE MUST WIN!

IN MESSAGES TO THE READERS OF LIBERTY MAGAZINE, THE UNITED NATIONS JOIN HANDS FOR VICTORY

We of the United Nations have the power and the men and the will at last to assure man's heritage.

The belief in the four freedoms of common humanity—the belief in man, created free, in the image of God—is the crucial difference between ourselves and the enemies we face today. In it lies the absolute unity of our alliance, opposed to the oneness of the evil we hate. Here is our strength, the source and promise of victory.
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

Do not suppose that we are at the end of the road. Yet, though long and hard it may be, I have absolutely no doubt that we shall win a complete and decisive victory over the forces of evil, and that victory itself will only be a stimulus to further efforts to conquer ourselves and to make our country as worthy in the days of peace as it is proving itself in the hours of war.
WINSTON CHURCHILL.

It was one hundred and sixty-six years ago that the "shot heard round the world" was fired. The reverberations of that historic sound have echoed and re-echoed nowhere more majestically than in the battlefields of the Philippines.

It is a long time since 1776; it is a long way from Concord to Bataan and Corregidor. But we Filipinos know that we are engaged in a war for the survival of liberty in the modern world, for the existence of free institutions under which alone the spirit of man can breathe in joy and dignity.
MANUEL QUEZON, President of the Philippines.

Mexico is fulfilling its duty at the side of the United Nations in a war it did not provoke. The Mexican people have faith in the victory of the democracies against the common enemy and the natural vicissitudes of the contest do not break its optimism nor its wholeness. The continental solidarity is today in the Mexican public life a sentiment as deep as patriotism.
MANUEL AVILA CAMACHO,
President of the Republic of Mexico.

This will be a long, hard war. Our days of victory are in the making. We will win this war, but we must be prepared to make sacrifices such as we have never known before. We must strike the enemy wherever and whenever we can. As our tools for war increase we will develop the crushing offensive which will lead to his complete annihilation.
ADMIRAL E. J. KING, Commander in Chief, U. S. Fleet.

Though danger menace her both from the east and the west, India will spare no effort or sacrifice to ensure the victory of right over evil. Her sons have inscribed their names in honor on the scroll of many battles. Their devotion, courage and sacrifice are a gauge of India's loyalty to the cause of human freedom.
SIR GIRJA SHANKAR BAJPAI, K. B. E., C. I. E.,
Agent General for India.

Greece is in this war to stay. My people, who have so bravely resisted the barbarian invaders of our country, will continue to resist with all their strength and with all the spiritual fortitude of a free nation.
GEORGE II, King of the Hellenes.

Unflinchingly the whole Polish nation is fighting on. But now we are not alone! Three quarters of the people of this earth are fighting with us. From the moment when President Roosevelt threw into the scales the tremendous moral weight and huge material strength of the United States it became more than ever certain that we shall achieve complete victory.
GENERAL SIKORSKI,
Commander in Chief and War Minister of Poland.

The following letter reached me today from a Danish sailor at present serving under the British flag:

"Our duty today is to man the ships, to help to transport food and war materials to our Allied friends. In this way we serve the cause of Denmark. We are well aware of the dangers and hardships we have to face, but never before were Danish seamen more eager to do their share."

I have little to add to these words. I know for certain that this Danish sailor expresses the true spirit not only of his thousands of seafaring comrades but of all Danes in the free world.
HENRIK KAUFFMANN,
Minister of Denmark to the United States.

Under the inspiring leadership of Her Majesty, the Government, Navy, Army, and Air Force, assisted by the brave and noble actions of the military and industrial power of the United States, continue to fight to bring about realization of the slogan born in the Indies on May 15, 1940, and which lives in the heart of ever Netherlander all over the world: "The Netherlands sha rise again."
PIETER S. GERBRANDY, Premier of the Netherlands.

Since May, 1940, Belgian resistance has never wavered.

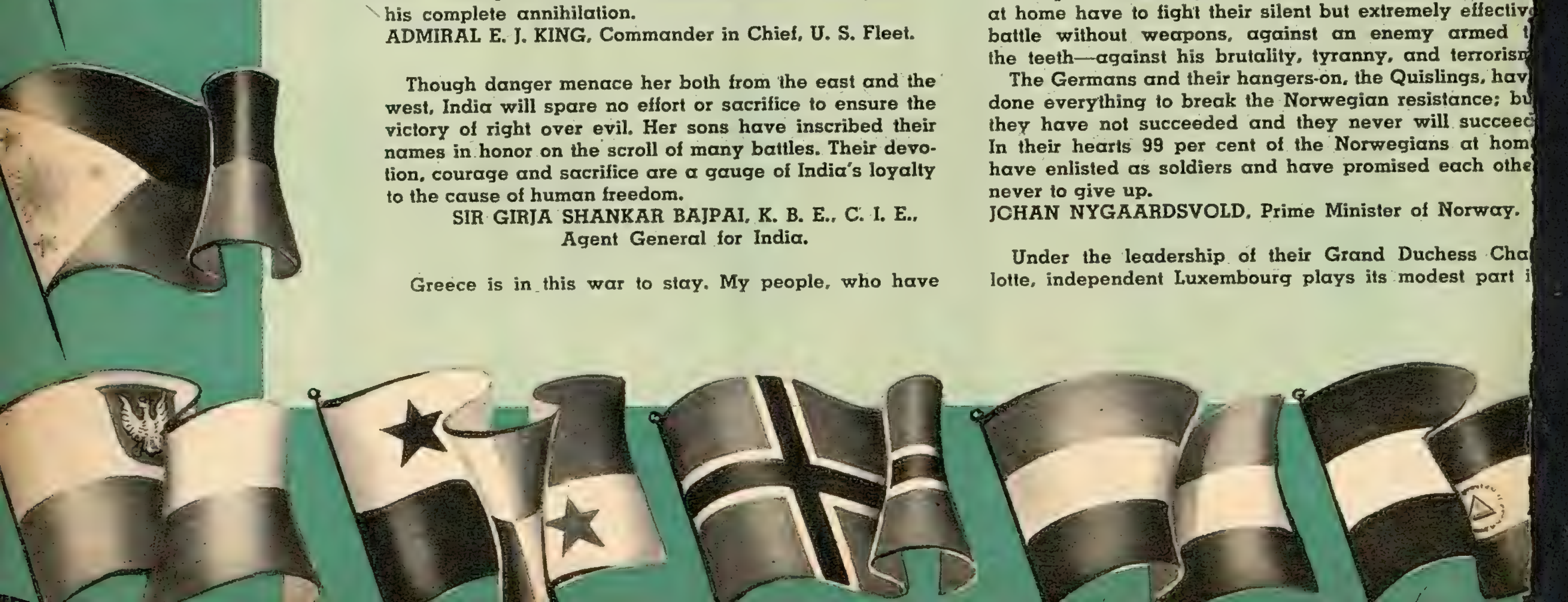
In the occupied territory sabotage is organized on a large scale, and notwithstanding the number of arrests of deportations and of executions, the resistance neve abates. The whole of Belgium is suffering and starving but knows that one day she will triumph over the treacherous and cruel enemy.
HUBERT PIERLOT, Prime Minister of Belgium.

Since Norway was invaded the 9th of April, 1940, th Norwegian people has been fighting on two fronts—o the war front abroad and on the home front, where th entire Norwegian people takes part in the fight.

The battle which the home front in Norway now ha to carry on is terribly hard and bitter. The Norwegian at home have to fight their silent but extremely effectiv battle without weapons, against an enemy armed t the teeth—against his brutality, tyranny, and terrorism

The Germans and their hangers-on, the Quislings, hav done everything to break the Norwegian resistance; bu they have not succeeded and they never will succeed In their hearts 99 per cent of the Norwegians at hom have enlisted as soldiers and have promised each othe never to give up.
JOHAN NYGAARDSVOLD, Prime Minister of Norway.

Under the leadership of their Grand Duchess Charlotte, independent Luxembourg plays its modest part i



the battle for freedom by opposing stiff resistance to the invader at home and through their volunteers who joined the Allied armies after escaping the Nazi yoke.

After an Allied victory Luxembourg, the smallest of the United Nations, wishes to contribute to the creation of a better European order based on a far-reaching solidarity among the freedom-loving nations.

PIERRE DUPONG, Prime Minister of Luxembourg.

As I am speaking, bloody battles are being waged in the east, north, south, and southwest of China.

For five years China has stood up against Japan. We have fought with inferior equipment and with little more than bare fists. As commander in chief of the China theater of war, I pledge you my word that, given 10 per cent of the equipment you produce in America, the Chinese army will reveal for you 100 per cent of the desired results.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK.

Australia is a nation stripped for war. We stand, the last bastion of democracy in the southwest Pacific, against the onward march of Japanese aggression; but we stand strongly, because we have not only the physical presence of our American and Dutch allies but also the greatest confidence born of our teamship in the United Nations.

JOHN CURTIN, Prime Minister of Australia.

We have toiled and fought with little to buoy our hopes save a great faith in the ultimate triumph of our cause, with few great victories to inspire our efforts, with many reverses, heroically encountered, to look back upon. Yet adversity, as adversity so often does, has only strengthened our unity and steeled our resolve.

WALTER NASH, Minister of New Zealand.

Never have so much toil and so many sacrifices been urnished by so many nations to defeat the forces of vil. Despite oppressors and traitors, the French people are still at the side of the democracies, their allies. The rench who are spilling their blood in the African deserts and those who are falling in France even under he bullets of the firing squads have accepted the same watchword and are dying for the same ideal. Fighting rance is unified.

CHARLES DE GAULLE, General of Fighting France.

While Heydrich lay dying in Prague some of our bomber crews took part in the fierce raid over Cologne. hat was their answer to the infamous slaughter of nore than three hundred patriots.

That is war on the home front. The Czechoslovak airmen who took part in the raid on Cologne with British and Polish comrades showed that there is war n other fronts as well.

We are a mighty army of democrats. We belong eart and soul to the cause of the United Nations, hether we slave in a Nazi-controlled factory, take part the raids over Germany, don the soldier's uniform, work willingly in the factories of the United States nd Great Britain.

EDUARD BENES, President of Czechoslovakia.

Not the price but the prize is what matters. What Lincoln alled man's vast future, the Christian code of love and ervice, the free human soul, the choice of our own way f life—these are the supreme values.

FIELD MARSHAL JAN CHRISTIAAN SMUTS,
Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa.

Two years ago, in the month of August, Hitler was massing his forces, preparing for what he deemed would be the final blow in his victorious march through Europe. How wrong he was has been written in blood in some of the most glorious pages of British history.

Britain stood firm when all else appeared to be crumbling, and the world was saved from Nazi domination. The bastion of free Britain and the British Empire will continue to stand firm, but today we no longer stand alone: great and powerful Allies now share our burden. Reverses, disappointments, hardships may, indeed must lie ahead. Nevertheless the end is not in doubt.

FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN DILL, Great Britain.

We are waging a patriotic war of liberation. . . . To achieve this aim we must defeat the German Fascist army and exterminate the German occupants to the last man, as long as they will not surrender. There is no other way. We can do this and we must do this at any cost. JOSEPH STALIN.

Canada at war is an unknown power. To say so does not mean that we in Canada fancy ourselves as a young colossus which, at the darkest hour, will strike the spectacular blow for victory. We have no illusions of our own strength. We have no notion that any one nation will win the war for humanity. Ours is but one of the twenty-eight nations joined in the struggle for survival as free men.

It means simply that, pledged to put everything we can into the pool, we are prepared and willing to strain every resource, every back, every brain to make our contribution as great as 11,500,000 people can make it.

JOSEPH THORARINN THORSON,
Minister of National War Services.

This war is indivisible, and there can be no freedom anywhere if even the smallest country in any part of the world is enslaved. That is why the soldiers of the United Nations are all fighting the same battle. They may never have seen each other or even heard of each other, but they are all united by the same destiny—the warriors of General Mihailovitch who fight in our gorges, the gallant British soldiers and sailors who die in the defense of freedom, the brother people of Russia who have stirred the imagination of the entire world by their heroic resistance, and the brave American fighting men who are giving their lives in every ocean and on every continent of the globe.

HIS MAJESTY KING PETER II, Yugoslavia.

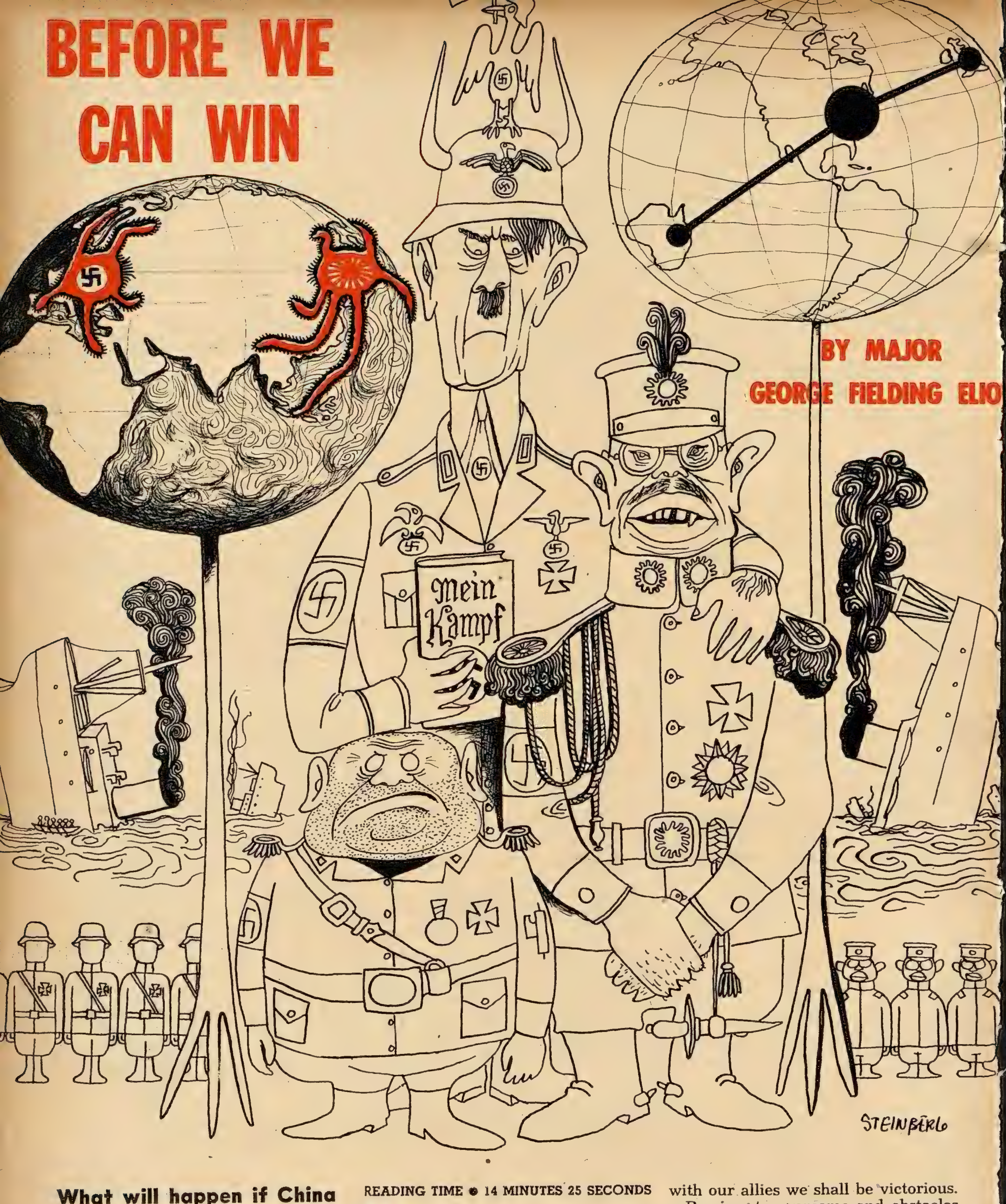
The free press of the Americas has pledged itself to support the cause of liberty represented by the Allied Nations and for the defeat of Nazi-Fascism. It has expressed the fervent adhesion of the free press to the principles contained in the Atlantic Charter as the modern expression of the ideals of Lincoln, Marti, Bolivar, Sarmiento, Juarez, and other heroes of American liberty.

No less essential than guns, tanks, and airplanes to victory is the free press, truly the voice of the people, dedicating its formidable powers to liberty and unity, speaking for the people of Cuba, Guatemala, Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Panama, Honduras, Haiti—in fact, for every articulate person in North, Central, and South America who honors the heritage of Washington and Bolivar.

RAUL NORIEGA, President of
the Permanent Committee of the Pan-American Congress.

BEFORE WE CAN WIN

BY MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIO



What will happen if China is beaten, Russia overrun? A distinguished military expert faces the facts and points the way to victory

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WHAT stands between us and victory?

In the long run, nothing. That is to say, no barrier that we cannot overcome, no obstacle that we cannot surmount.

We are gathering our powers for the greatest effort in our history, and with our allies we shall be victorious.

Barriers to overcome and obstacles to surmount, nevertheless, there are, and serious ones. The clearer our present realization of their existence and nature, the better directed our efforts will be to conquer them, and the sooner we shall attain our goal—victory.

Perhaps our greatest difficulty at

this moment is the remaining effect of twenty years of refusal to foresee and to prepare. This is not solely an American responsibility. It is shared by the British, the French, and the lesser democracies—Belgium, Holland, and the Scandinavian states.

Our unpreparedness was as total as the preparedness of our enemies and as the war which those enemies have forced upon us. It was not only a material unpreparedness but a mental and spiritual unpreparedness.

In pondering today upon the present difficulties engendered for us by the first, we are inclined to forget the difficulties we are still struggling with because of the other two.

Certainly the effects of our material unpreparedness are still with us and will continue to be with us for some time to come. Essentially this war is a war between two groups of nations, one markedly inferior in potential resources to the other, but markedly superior in the proportional translation of its resources into fighting power and their organization for war.

The farther we go from primitive wars of the tribes in which every able-bodied male was a fighting man and where preparation for war consisted simply in reaching for a stone ax, the greater becomes the advantage gained by preparation as against lack of preparation. The more mechanical war becomes, the more dependent upon complicated machines and a complicated industry for producing them and a vast variety of raw materials and skilled labor to feed and operate that industry, the more difficult it is for the unprepared nation to meet an attack by an aggressor which has been allowed several undisturbed years to prepare for that attack. On the other hand, however, the more complicated the war machine, the longer it takes to get it ready. That is to say, the intended victim has plenty of warning in the very actions of his adversaries, which cannot be concealed, if only he will heed those warnings and take timely action on his own account.

WE won a material victory in 1918, but we did not know what to do with it. We allowed our enemies to rearm and again to upset the peace of the world and bring our civilization into the deadliest peril we have yet faced. We had plenty of warning in the rearmament programs of Germany, Italy, and Japan, in the utterances of their leaders, and in their national conduct. We would not heed these warnings because we clung so desperately to our wishful thinking that there would never be another war. Intellectually, we were deficient because we would not study the problems of world strategy and shape our national policies accordingly. Spiritually, we were deficient because we rejected the ideals of responsibility and self-sacrifice in favor of easy living and a complacent belief that if trouble came other people would do the dying while we continued business as usual.

This lack of material preparation, and the ignorance, blindness, and selfishness which occasioned it, are still with us, or at least we are still suffering from their effects. We are still short of trained fighting men and of many types of weapons and appliances necessary to war. Our production has made great strides, but it has not yet reached the levels to which it must rise. We still lack a general comprehension of the nature of this war, of the price we must pay for victory, and of the ends for which we are fighting and toward which we are groping through a mental and moral fog which is slowly evaporating but which still denies us full clarity of vision.

So much for generalities.

SPECIFICALLY, our principal difficulties at this time, the principal obstacles between us and victory, may be summarized as follows:

1. *Lack of shipping.*

This war, like the war of 1914-18, the Napoleonic wars, and the wars of Louis XIV, is fundamentally a struggle between sea power and land power. Generally speaking, we have command of the sea. We are able to draw on the resources of the Americas, Africa, India, and Australia, and to use those resources in any part of the world to which our ships can convey them. Our chief base and arsenal is the continent of North America, and our chief maritime anxiety is to convey the weapons and fighting men of North America to Great Britain, Australia, India, and the Middle East, and there maintain and supply them. In addition we have to supply our two great continental allies, Russia and China, with weapons which they desperately need. Next, we must keep up the supply of raw materials for British industry and of food for the British people. Finally, we must bring from abroad certain materials required for American industry, and we must take into account the economic dependence of our Latin-American neighbors on a certain flow of sea-borne trade. These several maritime responsibilities are very heavy, but they are the very foundation of our war effort in every part of the world. Without shipping we could not fight at all.

FOR VICTORY

Unfortunately, the merchant ship of today is extremely vulnerable to modern naval weapons, such as the torpedo, the mine, and the air bomb. This makes our merchant marine as a whole our most vulnerable point of attack, and the enemy, well knowing this, is putting enormous efforts into building and operating submarines and long-range aircraft to strike at our ships wherever he can do so.

Given enough escort vessels and fighter aircraft, it is possible to give convoys of merchant ships almost complete protection against these forms of attack, but we do not have enough naval power nor sufficient aviation to give full protection to all of our far-flung lines of communication. We must therefore continue to suffer losses pending an increase in the means of protection; and we must continue to build ships at an ever-increasing rate—not only merchant ships to replace the losses and eventually to increase the total tonnage available, but also naval ships to give added protection to our maritime communications.

If we had enough shipping to send all the fighting power that we have available in the United States, Great Britain, and the British Dominions to any part of the world we desired, and to supply and reinforce it thereafter, we could make a very much stronger showing right now than we are able to do under existing circumstances. Lack of shipping is the principal limiting factor in all our operations.

There are, of course, other material lacks. Most of these, however, are being rapidly filled by the tremendous rise in American production and by British, Dominion, and Soviet production. We are suffering from certain shortages of essential raw materials, notably the rubber and tin of the lost areas of the Far East; but in general we have enough raw materials, enough food, and enough man power—which is more than the enemy can say as to any of these categories.

IT is essential, however, that we understand the difference, especially the time difference, between the appropriation of money for a given purpose and the actual delivery of the finished product; likewise, the difference between production of, let us say, a certain number of tanks and the appearance on some distant fighting front of a fully trained, organized, and equipped armored division. There are innumerable intermediate steps to be taken in both processes, all of which consume both time and effort.

2. *The bad communications of Russia and China.*

It seems very likely that the main enemy efforts this year will be turned toward the elimination of our continental allies, Russia and China, as fighting factors in this struggle. If they can succeed in doing this, they will then be able to control practically the whole of Europe and of Asia and perhaps of Africa as well.

They will, in other words, have established possession of what Sir Halford Mackinder, in his remarkable book Democratic Ideals and Reality, calls "the world island." This vast area is far superior in population and resources to the remaining land areas of the world—the Americas, the British Isles, and Australia. If ever our enemies came to control the whole of the world island, we should be faced with conditions all but hopeless.

As long, however, as Russia and China continue in the field, our two enemies are separated by the vast land mass of Asia and eastern Europe, and each of them must face all the difficulties and dangers of a war on two or more fronts. Their increasing problems of man power and supply will become acute by next year, perhaps insoluble.

For the moment our task is to preserve Russia and China as fighting allies. This is just another way of pointing out that blockade and its effects form the foundation of our military effort and that Germany's efforts to destroy Russia and Japan's to destroy China are actually attempts to break our blockade. While China and Russia stand, the blockade on the land side is secure, and our sea power preserves it on the ocean side.

As to China, her chief weakness has always been a lack of any considerable heavy industry. Consequently, Chinese armies have had to depend on numbers and space to defeat an enemy possessing airplanes, tanks, warships, and heavy artillery. This has required the Chinese to give up vast amounts of territory and to suffer enormous casualties—a process which cannot be indefinitely continued. It has enabled the Japanese to get hold of the exterior communications of the country, cutting off all normal sea traffic, as well as the greater part of the internal rail and river communications, preventing exchange of commodities between different parts of China.

THE Chinese forces have been kept in the field only by a combination of Chinese resourcefulness and ingenuity in making use of local means, and by the use of the most precarious and lengthy routes of supply from the outside. These were the famous Burma Road, which is now closed; the long and ancient Silk Road across the heart of Asia from the Soviet Union; and the operations of blockade runners along the Chinese coast. Only a trickle of supplies can now be spared by Russia, and the blockade runners are out of business with the loss of their sources of supply in the Philippines and the Netherlands Indies.

China's best hope is that a system of air-borne supply, based on India, may be quickly perfected and increased in capacity. There is also a chance that some arrangement may be made with Russia by which certain Allied supplies may pass through that country into China. Certainly every means must be tried, for the collapse of China would be a material and moral loss of disastrous consequences to the Allied cause.

The exterior communications of Russia have always been precarious and difficult. In the last war the ill-fated Dardanelles campaign was undertaken in the hope of opening a gateway to Russia. Today the chief means of access to Russia from the United States and Great Britain are by way of Russia's Arctic ports, Murmansk and Archangel, and by way of the Persian Gulf. To reach the Arctic ports, convoys must pass through an area dominated by German aircraft and submarines whose operations are now favored by the long northern day. The ports themselves are of low capacity, and Archangel is only just opening up for full operation as the ice clears in the White Sea.

Both the Arctic and the Persian Gulf are far from the British and American points of export. Communication with Russia by way of the Persian Gulf encounters serious deficiencies in land transport, though efforts are being made to improve these conditions.

Russia has far greater industrial resources of her own than China has, but she is making a far greater military effort against a much more formidable foe—not proportionately but actually. It is all very well to say that if the Russians were forced back to the Urals they could keep on fighting. This optimistic view does not take into account the fact that if the Russians were forced back to the Urals they would have lost five-sixths of their populated area and be completely cut off from any direct contact with the outside world at all, except possibly a precarious route through Iran and Russian-controlled Asia. Increased deliveries by the Western powers to Russia are going to be absolutely necessary if the Russian armies are to be kept in the field and the Germans prevented from breaking into the Middle Eastern oil fields.

3. *Lack of a unified command.*

We are fighting against two enemies, Germany and Japan, which are separated by vast distances but each of which within his own particular theater of operations—Germany in Europe and North Africa, Japan in East Asia and the Pacific—enjoys complete unity of command and complete co-ordination of his military, political, economic, and psychological efforts. Co-operation between these two enemies of ours is on broad general lines, for the arrangement of which distance is little or no handicap.

AGAINST these two unified enemies are arrayed the forces and resources of twenty-eight Allied nations which do not as yet possess even the semblance of a unified command except in so far as the United States and the British Commonwealth have set up certain combined staffs and committees. Physically they are connected largely by the sea, and all their military efforts are actually joint efforts. For the moment, as we have seen, considerations of shipping and supply limit all such war efforts, and it is the more necessary, therefore, that we should make the most efficient possible use of such power as we are able to put forth on our far-flung fighting fronts.

For this purpose we need a unified command to eliminate friction and waste motion and to make sure that every ton of shipping, every plane, every fighting man is employed to the maximum effect.

Since war is a political act and strategy but the handmaiden of policy, it is clear that such a unified command must begin with a Supreme War Council composed of or representing the highest political authority in each of the United Nations, more particularly in each of the four chief Allied powers—the United States, Great Britain, Russia, and China. Under such a Council, a combined staff and a combined war resources board could function efficiently; but it would be useless, or almost useless, to have a combined staff which was required to serve two or more political masters.

There must be a combined policy before there can be a combined strategy.

There is not space here to go into the details of such an arrangement, except to remark that practical considerations would seem to require that it be located in Washington and that the Supreme War Council should be under the chairmanship of the President of the United States. Fortunately, Mr. Roosevelt has those qualities of personal leadership essential to ensure the smooth working of such an organization.

BOUND up with this question of unity of command is the question of mutual confidence. Obviously, we cannot have true unity of purpose and effort among the peoples of twenty-eight different nations unless they believe not only in each other but in the common cause which they are serving. Until they are all ready to act together in a true spirit of coalition, until they are all ready to set aside immediate national ends to gain the common end—until, in other words, all of them are convinced that the common victory is of greater importance than any local or selfish purpose—the spirit of coalition, based on mutual confidence, cannot exist.

It has been the history of coalition wars that real unity has been attained only under great pressure and perhaps in the imminent presence of defeat.

Historically, nations have been willing to combine with foreigners in a common purpose only when they could not achieve that purpose by themselves, and even alliances cemented by the commingling of blood on a common battlefield have tended to break up after victory, because of jealousies and misunderstandings.

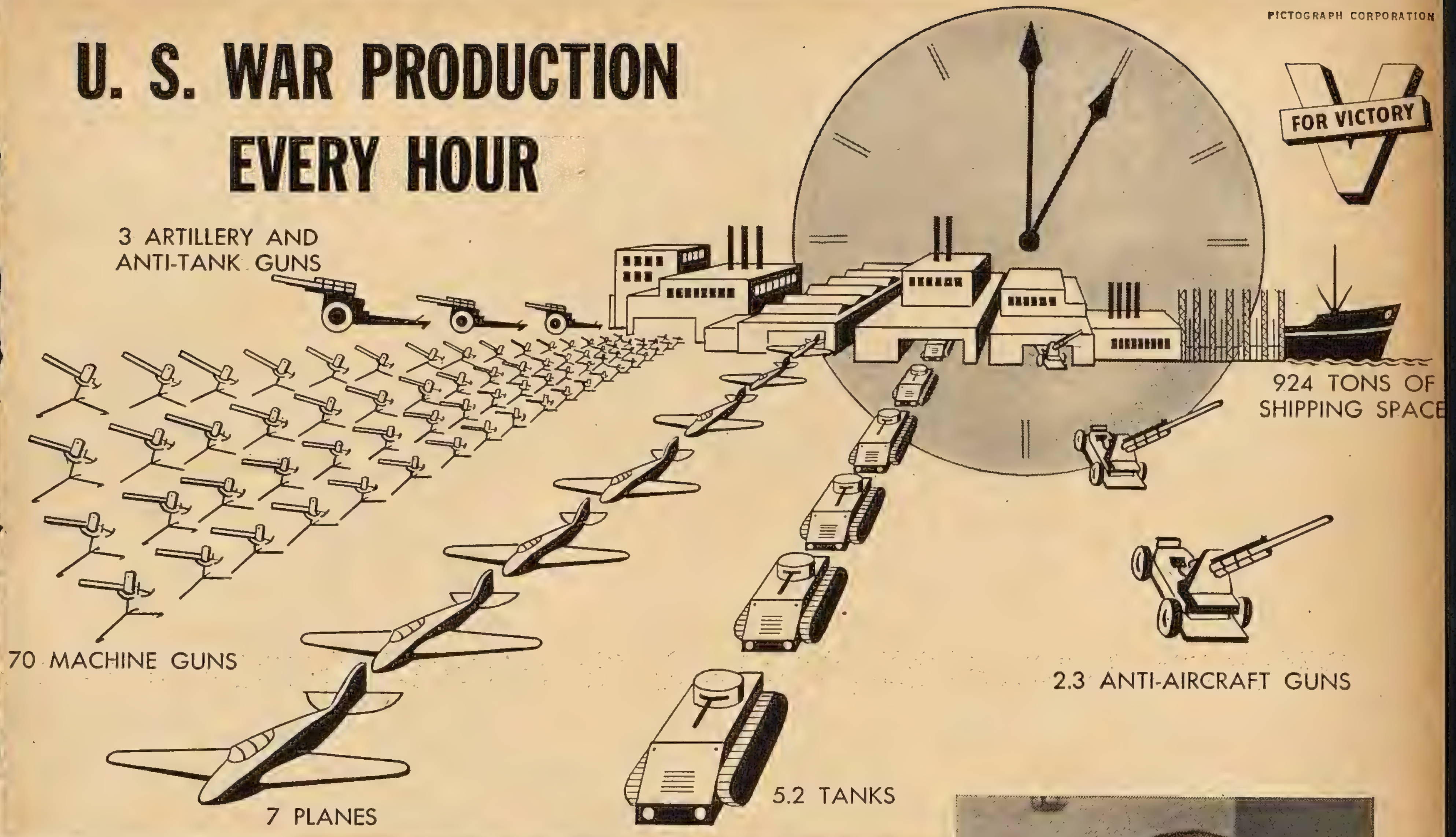
Our immediate object is victory; but we must realize that victory is but a means to an end and not an end in itself. If we gain victory and then throw it away, as we did before, it will hardly be worth the sacrifices which it will cost us. We must look beyond the victory to the peace that is to follow; even while we are fighting and dying, we must be looking upward into the light. To be able to do so is one of the greatest assurances that the victory shall be ours.

The appreciation of a common object, the bright hope of a new and better world, and a positive resolve to unite in the building of it, is the best guaranty of present unity among all the United Nations. Such unity is the key to success in war and, can we but preserve it, will be the foundation of our new and noble edifice of peace.

THE END

PICTOGRAPH CORPORATION

U. S. WAR PRODUCTION EVERY HOUR



DONALD NELSON ANSWERS SIX VITAL QUESTIONS ON VICTORY

O. E. M. PHOTO

DONALD M. NELSON

READING TIME ● 2 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Q. Is time on our side?

A. Time is an ally when it is used. If it is wasted, time is our worst enemy. Many people think that what they do today isn't important; that what we do in 1943 is the big job.

Q. Do you think 1943 will be the turning point?

A. Our inning will come in 1943 *only* if we work as we have never worked before for the rest of 1942.

Q. What specific jobs must we finish in 1942?

A. A third of this year is left—a third of the most vital year in our country's history since 1776—a third of a year in which we *must* make 60,000 airplanes, 20,000 anti-aircraft guns, 45,000 tanks, 8,000,000 tons of ships. Of course, this isn't all. It just gives you an idea of what we must do in a few months.

Q. Are we doing pretty well? Will we hit the goal?

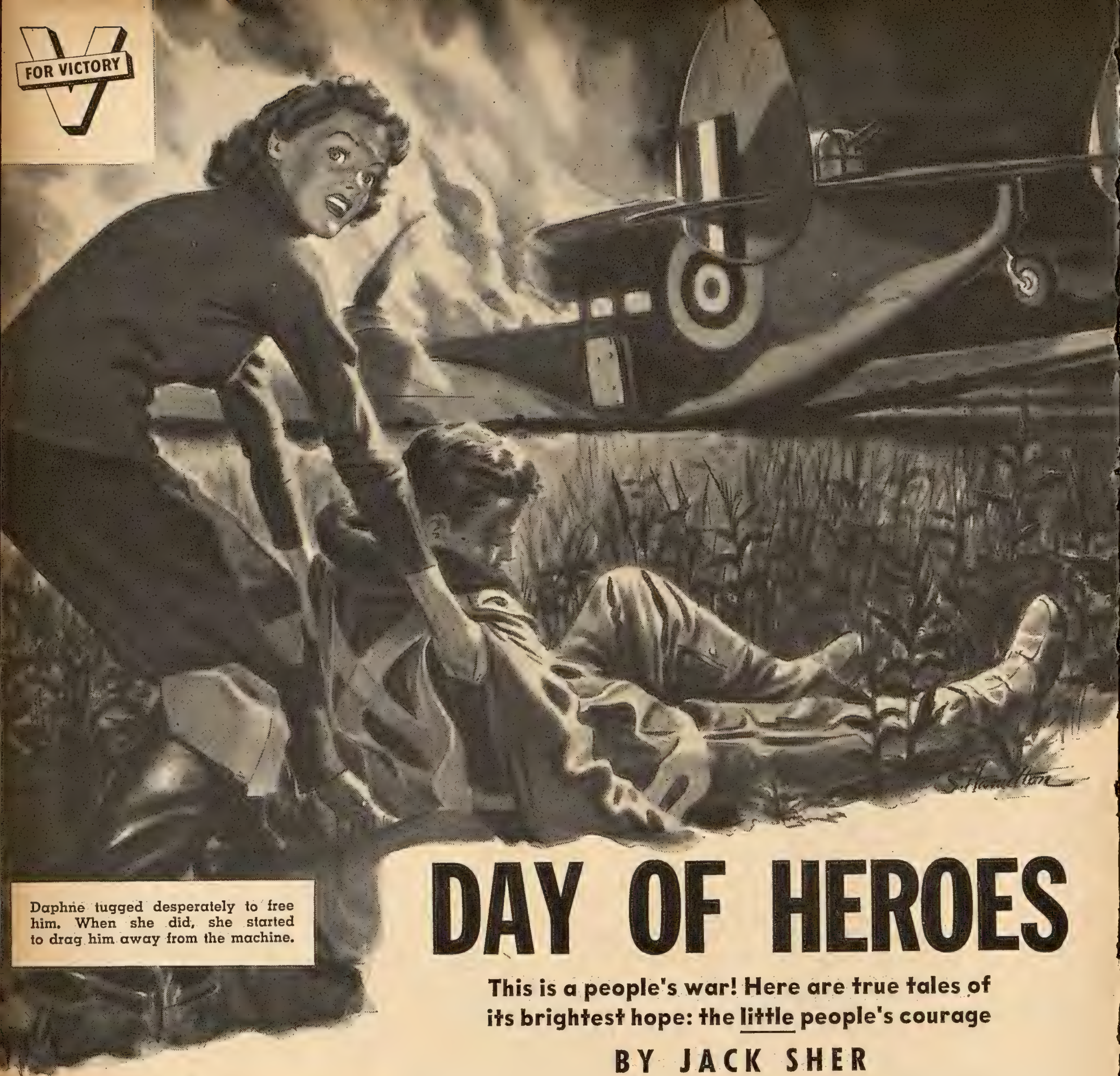
A. We must hit the goal. But, because our need is so great, there must be no complacency. I have spent many days in various army proving grounds and war production plants. I have seen our new tanks and planes and guns. I want you to know I am proud of those weapons. They are the best in the world and we are making a lot of them. But we need more and forever more of these weapons. *and we need them now!* Now is the time.

Q. Do you think America realizes the value of time?

A. I wonder. I wonder if we realize it in terms of things. Here is what time is worth. A machine-gun factory in full swing can equip a whole regiment in a day and a half—thirty-six hours of work. That is why hours are important. That is why minutes count.

Q. Are most manufacturers and workers co-operative in timesaving?

A. Of course most of them are co-operative. But it isn't a question of "most" any more. It is a question of *all.* I know where twenty-six days—days, not hours—were wasted by a manufacturer who argued about awarding a subcontract. I know where workers in war plants have been told by other workers to "take it easy," to "spread the job out," to "make the work last." Fortunately, these cases are not typical. Time is a life-and-death matter to us. Today our choice is not guns or butter. It's guns now if we want to eat butter in the future.



Daphne tugged desperately to free him. When she did, she started to drag him away from the machine.

DAY OF HEROES

This is a people's war! Here are true tales of its brightest hope: the little people's courage

BY JACK SHER

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

UNLIKE any war in the past, this war can be won only through the heroism of great masses of common people. In the past, wars were won by armies and heroes were outstanding individuals, men of epic proportions. In this war the real heroes are, and the real achievers of final victory—yes, victory!—for the United Nations will be, the Czech factory workers and others, the entire Dutch people, the common men and women of Russia and China, the people of Britain, of Yugoslavia, Belgium, Greece, the peoples of all the nations resisting the Axis and of all the occupied countries.

The factual stories which follow show clearly that this war is, as Vice-President Wallace said, a "people's war." They are stories of the courage and self-sacrifice of everyday people, little people—who rise to gigantic stature because they believe passionately in freedom and fight for it.

THE women of England know this is war. They have learned it from ruthless young men in German bombers. Consequently they are heroines whose deeds of bravery match those of their men. They are women like Daphne Pearson.

Daphne is a sturdy girl. She has deep brown eyes, a shy way of talking, and a slow, infectious smile. Her father is a vicar in a quiet seaport town on the Isle of Wight. The people of that town remember her as a girl who always carried a camera. Like many American youngsters, she had the amateur-photography bug.

When a flyer took her up in his plane to take aerial pictures, her interest shifted from cameras to airplanes. She signed up for flight training. Before long she had fourteen and a half hours of flying under dual control to her credit. But the war soon put a stop to flying for fun.

Daphne joined the Auxiliary Territorial Service, then put on the blue uniform of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. She became one of England's first aircraftswomen. She was stationed at an airfield on the Thames. Her first few months were confined to the dull routine of learning cooking, mending, sick-nursing, and clerical work. Then in April, 1940, the Nazis swept into Norway, wiped up the Netherlands, and pointed their bombers at England.

Daphne's work became nerve-racking and exhausting. There were always planes coming in and going out on patrol. She learned to sleep through the constant roar of the motors. One May night she was awakened suddenly by the irregular roar of a machine rushing in low, one engine cut out.

There was a horrible rending crash. Then silence. And then the roar of flames. By that time Daphne was pulling on her fisherman's jersey, slacks, and boots. She rushed out and down a concrete road toward the burning plane. A guard let her through a gate. She climbed a tall picket fence, tore through a deep ditch overgrown with nettles. Now she could feel the heat of the flames.

Two men came over the side of the plane and ran toward her—the gunner and the observer. They were shouting, "Doctor!" She saw another man trying to drag a harnessed figure out of the flaming machine. In a second she was at his side, shouting to him to hurry and get the fence down for an oncoming ambulance.

The man in harness was the pilot. Daphne tugged desperately to free him. When she finally did, she started to drag him away from the machine. She had to stop, once, to take off his parachute, which was holding him back. He was in agony. She saw that his foot was crushed, then realized that his back was broken, too.

The heat was getting unbearable. The gas tanks blew up. She threw herself on the ground between the pilot and the blaze. A 120-pound bomb went off. She lay there, holding the pilot's head, trying to shield him.

She knew another bomb would go off in a minute. A soldier crawled to her and handed her a handkerchief. There were about 500 people gathered on the roadway, but they were stunned from the concussion of the first bomb. A medical officer was struggling alone to get a stretcher over to Daphne. She jumped up and rushed to help him.

They managed to lift the pilot on to the stretcher. Slowly they edged away from the burning plane, down through the nettles, and over the fence. Just as they got him into the ambulance, the second bomb went off. For a few minutes they themselves were completely stunned. Then they worked on the pilot until 3.30 A. M. After that Daphne went to bed. Sick parade was at 8.30 as usual, and she was on the job.

For her heroism Daphne was awarded the George Cross. Since then, only two women have won it. She has now risen from corporal to section officer. She wants to join the R. A. F.'s rescue service as soon as WAAF members can be admitted. And, somewhere in England, the pilot she dragged from that burning plane still lives.

THE English people are still unconquered because of people like Daphne Pearson, not merely because of twenty-five miles of water. The people of Holland, who had no such natural barrier, fought furiously against overwhelming forces. Those of them and those of their army and navy who were able to escape fight on.

Almost two years ago, a young Netherlands officer stood before the desk of a Nazi official in Rotterdam.

"Herr Lieutenant, will you sign a pledge not to take up arms against the Reich?

"Neen!" The answer was direct, hard—"No!" in Dutch.

The officer frowned. This tall blue-eyed young Netherlander was one of the gallant crew off the destroyer Jan van Galen, which in trying to save Rotterdam had weathered thirty-one assaults by Stuka dive bombers before being put out of action. And he was one of the many who had fought the Nazis, hand to hand, through the streets of the city.

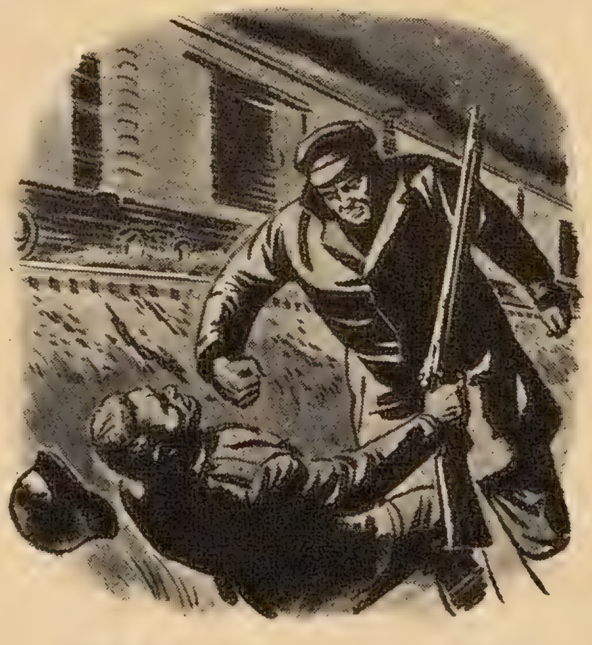
The Nazi's voice became wheedling. "Give me your promise, and you'll go free on parole."

Lieutenant Larive answered *"Neen!"* again.

From that day on, he was to pit his wits against the Nazis. He was to become a terrible headache to them, to make himself known to them as the "Dutch Houdini."

At dawn he was hustled out of the camp along with other Netherlands prisoners. In the outskirts of the German town of Hamm, they were interned in a prison camp. With studied submissiveness Larive performed the duties assigned to him by the camp's officials. He waited and planned.

One morning he was standing in line with other prisoners, waiting to get packages which had come for them by mail. The Nazi wardens were busily inspecting the packages. He bent down and quickly changed his officer's tunic for a nondescript blue sweater and oilskin. Then he picked up a basket full of straw to hide his face, and walked to the edge of the camp past the officials, who thought he was a fisherman from town who had been visiting a prisoner.



The Nazi raised his gun. Larive swung a hard fist and caught him on the nose.

Reaching Hamm, he changed his Netherlands money for German marks and boarded a Munich-bound train. He couldn't buy a ticket because he didn't have identification papers, so he played hide-and-seek with the conductors. At Ulm one of them caught up with him and took him to the stationmaster—who, to his amazement, warned him about carelessness and let him go.

He proceeded on foot. Outside Ulm, a Nazi guard began searching him and asking questions. He could hear a train approaching. He stalled for time with vague replies. As the train came close, the Nazi, getting ugly, raised his gun. Larive swung a hard fist and caught him on the nose, ran for the train, and managed to get aboard a freight car.

For a few miles he rode undisturbed. Then, turning his head, he found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver held by a train guard. So again he fell into the hands of the Nazis, who beat him up and threw him into a prison camp near Breslau.

For eight long months he stayed there. This camp was even more closely guarded than Hamm, and the guards kept particularly sharp eyes on the young lieutenant when they learned he had escaped from another Nazi camp.

LARIVE made three attempts to get away from Breslau. The first time, he and another prisoner stole Belgian uniforms and got outside the camp with some Belgians who were taken out for exercise. But Larive's companion lost his nerve and both of them had to return. The Nazis had not detected this attempt, however.

The next time, Larive put on civilian clothes and a pair of eyeglasses belonging to a prisoner and walked past the guards. It almost worked. At the last gate, however, a guard recognized him. The third time, he tried tunneling. He dug for months, and freedom was almost within his reach when the Nazis caught him at it. They dragged him out of his tunnel feet first.

By this time the authorities at Breslau were getting worried about him. They decided to send him to a place from which escape would be impossible. They chose Colditz, a thirteenth-century castle on a hilltop. It was known as Sonderlager 4-C, and was the prison for men of all nationalities who had tried persistently to escape from other camps.

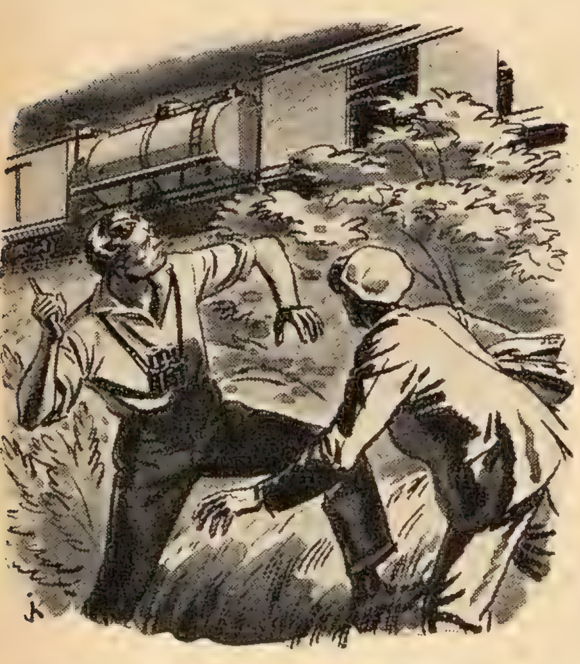
At Sonderlager 4-C 500 prisoners were guarded by 500 soldiers. Here were barbed wire, thick gates and walls, an excellent electric alarm system, a deadly machine-gun set-up. All the guards were picked men. In the camp, which had housed Russian prisoners in the first World War, were twenty dark, damp little cells.

Larive spent a great deal of time in those solitary cells. Few of them were ever empty. Two Hollanders got out of Sonderlager 4-C. They were caught at the Swiss border and brought back to be tortured, but their escape had made the Nazis jittery.

One day panic broke out. Several Netherlands prisoners were missing, and no one had the slightest idea of how they could have made their escape. Many of the poorly fed German guards were grilled, but all claimed to have had no part in it. One thing the Nazis did find out: the leader of the group who had escaped was Lieutenant Larive, the "Dutch Houdini." They began searching for him. They are still searching for him.

Herren Nazis! The man you are looking for turned up in England not long ago. He is fighting you once more. He is wearing the uniform of an officer in the Free Netherlands Navy. Maybe he is fighting you on the Jan van Galen, the ship built by public donations from Hollanders throughout the world in commemoration of that heroic fight at Rotterdam.

Lieutenant Larive has this to say to the Nazi officials at Sonderlager 4-C: "I am anxious to tell you how I escaped. I will tell you. I will tell you at the point of a gun when the victory is ours!"



The student takes a fountain pen from his pocket. It sails through the air.

DAY by day, resistance grows more widespread and fiercer in the occupied countries. Many who might escape feel that their hatred can be put to better use through sabotage. And in no other country do the Nazi tyrants feel the effect of this dreaded weapon more than in Czechoslovakia. That is why Reinhard Heydrich, the Gestapo's "hangman," was sent there to bring about order.

In Prague, Heydrich met his death at the hands of two Czech patriots, but it was the organized will of twelve million brave people that made it possible. The Czechs have a scientifically developed system of sabotage. By secret radio they are constantly in touch with the Czechoslovakian government in London, and receive guidance from their leader, Eduard Benes.

During the second half of July, 1941, eleven train wrecks were reported in the Protectorate, one of them fatal to 250 Nazi soldiers and officers. Now railway transportation is completely disrupted in some areas. Elsewhere, a run which would ordinarily take forty-eight hours now takes two months. Engines break down, delaying trainloads of supplies. A trainload of munitions was received in Berlin that the Nazis had intended for the eastern front. Forty-eight carloads of unfinished machinery which should have gone to Berlin arrived instead at the eastern front. Last fall, a German division making ready to fire on their Soviet pursuers, suddenly discovered that their million and a half rounds of ammunition was useless. The powder had been tampered with at the Skoda Works and would not explode!

Factories are blown up. The powder plant at Vlasin was destroyed by fire. Part of the huge Skoda Works was blown to bits. Delicate parts of the oil-refining machinery at Karlupy were destroyed. The large electric plant at Trebnice was demolished by time bombs. And all this is only part of a movement that grows day by day.

Last September, by secret radio and handbills, the Czechoslovakian National Revolutionary Committee succeeded in getting the Nazi-controlled press boycotted. Newsstands are surrounded by bundles of unsold papers, and the Czech people defiantly read volumes of Czech classics on the streetcars and in public places.

So many war planes produced in the Czechoslovakian factories have crashed in the first few hours of flight that these factories now make only plane parts. Yet, even with a guard for every five machines, the sabotage continues. Every Czech worker smiles when he sees the letter "P" on the wall. It stands for *pomalu*—"slowly."

Let's follow a Czech saboteur on a mission. He is young, only twenty, a college student. Just before midnight a motorcycle pulls up near him on a dark street corner. He is handed a typewritten message:

"Tomorrow at 4.10 A. M. a freight train leaves S station for the eastern front. See that it does not arrive." The order is followed by the coded password for the day.

He walks down the street to an inn, knocks on a door, and out comes a young taxi driver. They drive to the edge of a wood, get out, and walk north, then south, then west. In the silence of the night they can make sure they are not being followed. The student imitates the cry of an owl twice. Then they run across a clearing and enter an old gamekeeper's hut.

The gamekeeper's wife is waiting for them. She takes them to the cellar. Behind barrels of country wine there are rows of shelves divided into compartments. Each compartment is labeled and contains a number of fountain pens. There are pens of every make. The student selects six of them, carefully. Then he and his companion go by a roundabout way to a bush beside a railroad track.

At daybreak they hear a freight train approaching. With binoculars the student picks out the cars that should contain petrol and munitions. He lets the first car pass, then takes a fountain pen from his pocket. It sails through the air and lands on the platform in front of a petrol car's tank. This marksmanship of his took hours of practice.

He throws five more pens. Only one misses. When the train has gone by, he cautiously retrieves that one and readjusts it slightly. Then, warily, he and his friend return home. His night's work is finished.

The next afternoon he reads in a paper of a terrible railway accident at a small station east of Lwow. A freight train bound for the Russian front blew up in five places. Another train, carrying German reinforcements, was derailed by the explosion. Eight hundred Nazis were seriously wounded. The Gestapo has made many arrests, but has not found the saboteur.

The student smiles. He has spoken to the Nazis in a language they understand.

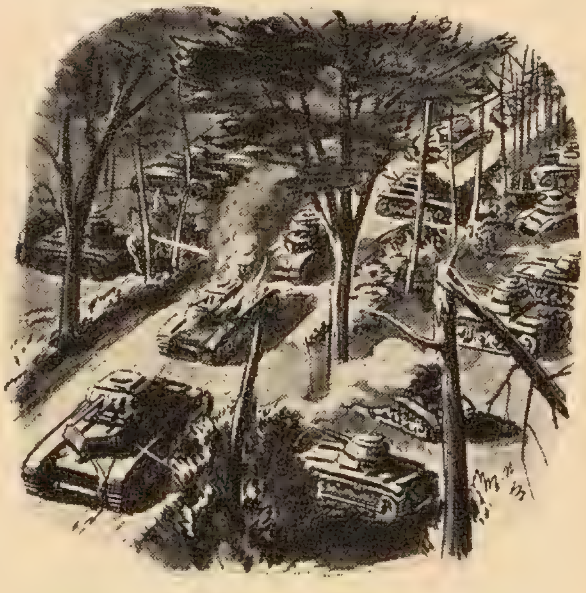
Such deeds of the Czechoslovakian people are not unknown to the courageous Russian soldiers. A fifty-ton tank of theirs is named Jan Smudek in honor of a young Czech student who took part in endless acts of sabotage, killed two Gestapo agents and two Nazi border guards, and is now fighting on another front.

THOSE Russians are men like tank commander Major Bandurko, who against superior forces showed a coolness and a courage that have yet to be surpassed in this war.

In his very first engagement, leading a unit of light tanks, he encountered a regiment of Germans in medium tanks. His own were greatly outnumbered. The situation was serious. Quickly he stationed them in concealment along the edge of a forest and waited for the Nazis to approach.

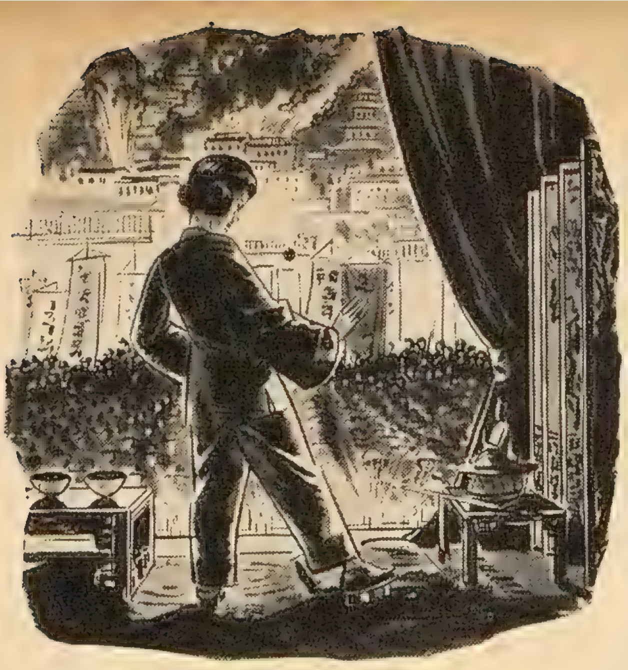
The medium German tanks are thickly armored. The Nazis had spread the story that this armor could not be pierced. Bandurko knew it could be, and by a shell from a light tank, but only at close range, only when it was possible to take aim at the most vulnerable parts. He knew the shells must hit the armor at right angles.

When the Nazi tanks were almost on top of theirs, his men, as he had instructed, opened fire. Several Nazi tanks were put out of action. But the enemy had begun to lay down a heavy barrage. The shells landed nearer and nearer.



Six Nazi tanks came lumbering. "Fire!" Bandurko ordered. They were trapped.

The major ordered his unit to shift its position and open fire from a new angle. The big enemy tanks retreated and began looking for a roundabout way. One of their last shells had hit the major's own tank. He crawled out of it, blood streaming from his head. As he bandaged his wounds he smil-



"China's Juliet" chose to go on playing for the soldiers till the very end.

ingly explained to his eager comrades the tactical lessons of their first tank engagement. Then he got back inside. The battle raged on for five days, the outnumbered light unit taking a heavy toll of Nazi tanks. On the fifth day it withdrew to the woods along a highway. There the major camouflaged his tanks so well that one could walk right up to them without seeing them.

Scarcely was this done when six Nazi tanks came lumbering down the highway toward his ambush. They were trapped.

"Fire!" Bandurko commanded when they were almost upon him. The Soviet guns roared, and three enemy tanks burst into flames. The rest fired a few shells and tried to turn around. Before they could, the Soviet guns pelted them again.

The major came out of his tank. He had been wounded again. His men urged him to retire to a field hospital. He wouldn't even bandage his wound until he had given them orders to move to a new position.

If he had not done this, his entire unit would have been wiped out. No sooner had they moved than Nazi planes were bombing the spot they had just left.

On the eighth day they were still fighting, still cutting down the Nazi tank force. They were now concealed in a wood along a highway near the town of P———. After camouflaging them, the major sent out scouts. The jittery Nazis fired at the scouting party and thus gave away their own whereabouts. Fifteen minutes later they showed themselves on the highway. Their leading tank got a shell in its motor and burst into flames.

The major grinned at his turret gunner, Junior Sergeant Tertichny. "That's the way," he said. "Keep cool." The gunner shifted his fire to the second tank, and his second and third shells overturned it. Then a Nazi shell pierced the turret and wounded the major for the third time.

He drove the crippled tank off the battlefield, climbed into another, repulsed two more enemy attacks. Although this time he was seriously wounded, his men almost had to use force to get him out of action. His parting words were, "I'll be back soon. Keep it up!"

MANY stories have been told of the heroism of Chinese women. Few are as touching as the story of beautiful, talented young Yu Pei-shan.

Before the Japanese invasion, playing in Chinese translations of Shakespeare, Yu Pei-shan became known as "China's Juliet." The circles in which she moved were the gayest in Shanghai, the ones that worried least about the war.

In August, 1937, when the Japanese struck, her home was burned to the ground. She saw Chinese flyers die in air combat. She saw Chinese soldiers refuse to retreat when they knew their refusal meant death. She followed the courageous stand of Shanghai's famous "Lone Battalion."

She could have traveled to a safe part of China. Instead, she decided to stay in Shanghai and organize a "morale troupe" to perform patriotic plays. With six other actresses and eighteen actors, she put on plays night after night, during, before, and after Jap bombing raids—plays that fired the people to resist.

When the Shanghai battle was over in November, she and her troupe set out up the Yangtze River toward Hankow. At each important town they would stop and give performances. At Hankow they reported to the government. They were encouraged to continue their work.

They went on touring. Travel was both dangerous and difficult. Sometimes food was hard to get. Spirits ran low, but Yu Pei-shan was the spark that kept them going. Word of her work spread throughout China.

In Shantung Province, then the center of the northeastern war zone, they toured the front, playing for the soldiers and, in villages, for the people. They became a symbol of the way of life for which the Chinese people are so heroically fighting.

Then the Japanese approached a small city where they were performing. The bombing was relentless. Trains loaded with refugees were pouring out of the city. But they continued their performances. A military commander told them only one more train would be able to leave town.

"We will stay," Yu Pei-shan said. "Let others go."

"It is suicide to stay," he warned.

"We will stay," she said firmly. The Chinese soldiers needed them.

The last train pulled away without them. A few hours later the town was shelled and bombed out of existence. China has not seen its Juliet since. Every one of the soldiers who witnessed Yu Pei-shan's last performances died defending the town in which she chose to go on playing for them until the very end.

AND yet, what other single heroic deed in this war can compare with the self-sacrifice of the people of Tessenderloo in Belgium?

Those people loved their town. It was a lovely little village, rural except for one large sulphate factory which employed most of the 6,000 inhabitants.

When the Nazis swept in, all the able-bodied young men and soldiers were shipped to concentration camps and slave labor. The women, the old folks, even the children were forcibly put to work in the factory to make munitions. They were told to work or die. They chose to die. But they meant to sell their lives dearly.

The factory, running twenty-four hours a day, employed some 3,000 workers in three shifts, closely guarded. When sabotage was tried, many members of the people's secretly formed "White Brigade" were caught and slaughtered.

One sunny day in May the morning shift went in with drawn, tense faces. They began working at their machines and, to the Nazi guards, they seemed to be working harder than they had before. Resistance, their "masters" thought, had been broken at last.

A few minutes later there was an earth-shaking explosion. The entire factory was blown to bits. Hardly a house in the village was left unharmed. This was the answer of the people of Tessenderloo to Nazi oppression.

It cost them 250 killed and more than 2,000 severely wounded. It cost the lives of sixty-two of their children. But the factory no longer sends munitions to the Nazi army!

It is hard to conceive of such heroism. Women, old men, and children went into that factory knowing that death or mutilation awaited them—knowing that the town they so loved would be reduced to a shambles. The Nazis haven't learned yet how that explosion was planned and executed. The people have remained silent in the face of torture and executions.

There was an earth-shaking explosion. The entire factory was blown to bits.

THE great heroism of these people—and all the peoples fighting Fascism—places a great responsibility on us. Wherever people are fighting Fascism, they are fighting for us, too. Their sacrifices must be justified. We must strike quickly and fiercely for victory over the oppressors of the world.

THE END

WHERE ARE THE VICTORY SONGS?

BY SIGMUND SPAETH

A melody expert mourns for a martial tune—Is the song across the way the answer?

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE outlook for a song to win the war is a bit gloomy. Neither the people at home nor the men in the services are singing as much as they did in the first World War. When they do sing, they pay no attention to the suggestions of Tin-Pan Alley.

Now, all this has happened before, without fatal results musically. Wars in general have produced very few good songs. In nearly every case the words and tunes popularized by a war had been written independently, with no thought of military objectives.

Just take a look at our own wars of the past and their famous songs, and see what you get. Cornwallis surrendered to the tune of Yankee-Doodle, the one song definitely associated with the American Revolution. No one knows where or when it was composed, but certainly it was not for any war. A British army surgeon sold it to our colonial soldiers in 1755 as "the latest martial music of merry England," when it was over a hundred years old. So skip Yankee-Doodle.

The Defense of Fort McHenry, which became The Star-Spangled Banner, was inspired by actual fighting, but the tune had been famous for years as To Anacreon in Heaven, theme song of a group of London roisterers known as the Anacreontic Society.

The War of the States supposedly produced two great songs, Dixie and Battle Hymn of the Republic. Well, Dixie was written by Dan Emmett as the final "walk-around" of a minstrel show. The Battle Hymn started as a camp-meeting song, Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us? Julia Ward Howe wrote her dignified text at the request of the Rev. James Freeman Clark.

Teddy Roosevelt's Roughriders sang A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, written nearly ten years earlier by Theodore Metz, bandmaster of the McIntyre and Heath Minstrels. Charles K. Harris got his idea for Break the News to Mother before the Spanish War had started.

Two songs stood out in the early years of the first World War, Tipperary and The Long, Long Trail. The first had been kicking around for several years in England before 1914 proved that it had a good marching tune. A Yale student, Zo Elliott, put music to Stoddard King's prize-winning poem, The Long, Long Trail, to win a trip with the glee club. When Elliott went to Oxford for graduate work, he took the song, and Oxford men carried it into the English army.

Geoffrey O'Hara's K-K-K-Katy was based on a folk tune, and had no martial significance, even though our soldiers later made it "K. P." among other parodies. The outstanding exception to the rule was George Cohan's Over There, deliberately dedicated to the first A. E. F. Keep the Home Fires Burning, by the English actor Ivor Novello, also had the distinction of being sung widely.

But what do we have today in the way of war songs? Mostly duds. The early product of our professional song writers was largely braggadocio: You're a Sap, Mr. Jap; Goodbye, Momma, I'm Off to Yokohama; and We're Gonna Slap the Jap Right Off the Map. The way things developed, those titles didn't sound quite right.

Remember Pearl Harbor was a safe slogan, even without any exceptional tune. We gradually modified our promises and expectations with songs like We Did It Before and We Can Do It Again, and This Is Worth Fighting For. Several songs came right out about MacArthur, and the uniformed rank and file received sentimental attention in Dear Mom, K. P. Serenade, Three Little Sisters, and Johnny Doughboy Found a Rose in Ireland.

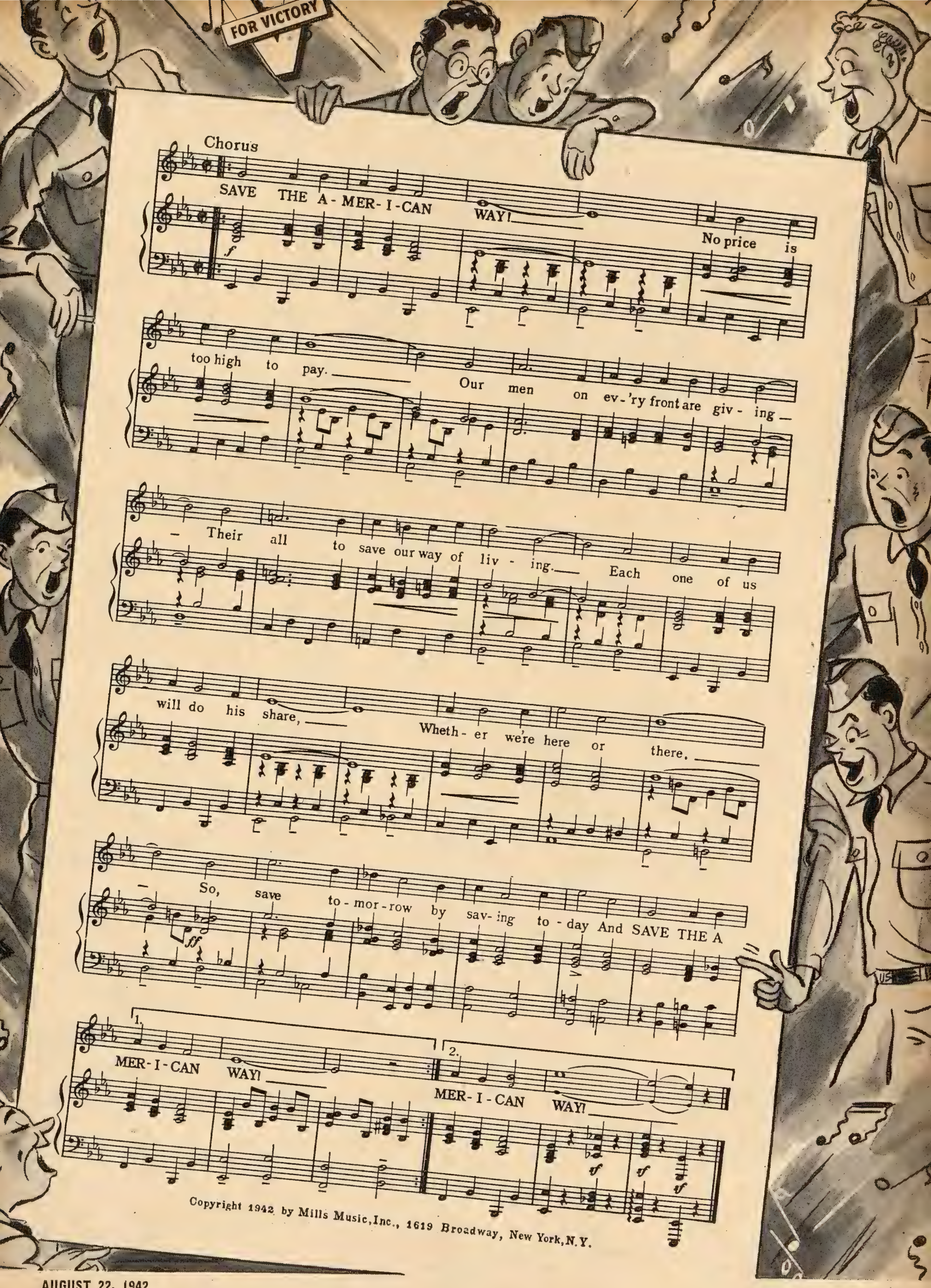
But the current war has not yet produced anything resembling a Long, Long Trail, a Tipperary, or an Over There. Those songs, and others of their type, are actually being revived in a desperate effort to fill the gap in our musical front. The old Marines' Hymn, Caisson Song, and Anchors Aweigh have been drafted again. Irving Berlin has worked systematically for the government turning out songs, with God Bless America safely installed as an unofficial national anthem. But when a survey of fighting men was made, their momentary favorite was the Beer Barrel Polka, originally a Polish folk song.

Serious efforts are being made to find a song that will fill the bill both for the men at the front and for the folks back home. The latest is sponsored by the Treasury Department, which has selected a lyric from those submitted by men in the services and had it set to music by bandmaster Edwin Franko Goldman.

THE END

* * *

Opposite is a reproduction in part of the winning song, which was introduced on Flag Day. The lyric was written by Richard Litton, first-class private in the Fourth Motorized Division, Camp Gordon, Georgia.


FOR VICTORY
Chorus
SAVE THE A-MER-I-CAN WAY! No price is too high to pay. Our men on ev-'ry front are giv-ing — Their all to save our way of liv-ing. Each one of us will do his share, Wheth-er we're here or there. — So, save to-mor-row by sav-ing to-day And SAVE THE A
1. MER-I-CAN WAY!
2. MER-I-CAN WAY!
US

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THIS IS AMERICA

THIS IS THE ARMY

BACK in 1918 Irving Berlin's first army show, Yip, Yip, Yaphank, made history for the theater—dough for the doughboys.

Well, Berlin has done it again, and better; for This Is the Army spares no expense on anything except talent, and that comes free from the army. Critics threw their hats in the air—and no wonder. New York is going all out for the show at the Broadway Theater.

There are no ringers in the cast—they're all honest-to-goodness privates, corporals, and sergeants (not a commissioned officer in the lot) and the show goes over with a bang, thanks to the direction and the music of Irving Berlin.

Liberty salutes this great American, the boy who grew up on New York's Bowery, who started as a singing waiter, and who rose to fame and fortune by giving the world one hit tune after another—the man who again dropped everything when his country needed him and produced a superb show which will undoubtedly make millions for the Army Emergency Relief Fund.

Photographed by Michael Levelle

ABOVE: A corporal gets private personal ma service behind his back while he straightens t seam of a net stocking any *real* girl would env

LEFT: Whoops! Your slip's showing, dearie. large (195-pound) hunk of blonde bedecked "fe nine" loveliness daintily laces her ballet slipp

Gypsy Rose Lee has practically nothing on the babes, who have practically nothing on themselv

Make-up does wonders as a "girl friend" gets a canteen hostess ready to "answer the call, but never give all to the army."

A peep at the private lives of a couple of privates. It takes all he's got to give "her" that figure that men fall for.

of gobs storm the stage and insist on a for the navy. And they get it, plenty.

Cake-walking minstrels put over Mandy, from Yip, Yip, Yaphank, Berlin's 1918 army show.

es of the chorus" reveal they once were her, barber, baker, boilermaker, boiglar."

If these boys can take an enemy position the way they take an audience, look out, Adolf!

A soldier has to be very careful not to put his foot in it when he takes his foot out of it.

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

Monty Woolley in The Pied Piper, a splendid picture with tears and chuckles.

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ THE PIED PIPER
(for drama without stars)

A CURRENT best seller has become a bang-up picture in this adaptation of Nevil Shute's novel. It has no big names in the cast. It has no romantic come-ons. But it has that combination of comedy and high drama which makes for most of the stuff we look for in screen entertainment. There are passages in the show which will make you laugh till you cry. There are others which are likely to bring tears to your eyes without a chuckle.

It is not the conventional Pied Piper who marches through this fable. The hero is a crusty old Englishman who definitely does not like children. Caught in the French Alps in those dark days of 1940 when France fell, he reluctantly consents to take a couple of youngsters back to their homeland with him. Before he ends a strange and perilous journey, he picks up a whole gang of kids—until, as he puts it, "I am occasionally seized with the conviction that I am convoying guinea pigs."

The point is that the account of a testy old man shepherding the unfortunate waifs of occupied Europe out of danger is both amusing and moving. The film follows the novel with remarkable fidelity. But in the treatment and in the acting it holds its own on its own terms. Nunnally Johnson, the top producer-writer of Hollywood, has done a magnificent job of adaptation and showmanship. His company, although comparatively unknown, never fails him.

Monty Woolley, for example, whom you may remember for his fine performance in The Man Who Came to Dinner, plays the title role with extraordinary skill and persuasion. His indignation at being made the guardian of a motley crowd of tykes is tremendously funny. His indomitable courage when he has to guide them through Nazi machine-gunning and the vanguard of the Nazi army itself is calculated to give you a real catch in the throat.

The bearded Woolley and Johnson have worked well together in catching the tender and terrible implications of The Pied Piper. There is never much question that the old man's scorn for brats will turn to deep affection before he leads them safely across invaded France. The renewed allegiance of age and youth is so subtly managed here, though, that the picture becomes witty, wise, and genuinely moving.

The other players deserve mention. They deserve watching after a film like this. Little Roddy McDowall is splendid as the brash English kid who catches up the old boy on his geography but discovers what a great old gentleman he really is; Anne Baxter is excellent as the French girl who helps Pied Piper and his small charges get safely back to England; Otto Preminger gives a brilliant portrayal of a Nazi officer who lets the old codger escape on condition that he take his small niece to a land of liberty.

Obviously the show hits close to the present day, but it is not essentially a war picture. Rather, it is a human story of the fortitude and understanding of fundamental truths which have always formed a strong bridge between different generations. The Pied Piper is an unusual and extremely satisfying screen show. It is well worth catching.

(20th Century-Fox.)

★ ★ ★ PARDON MY SARONG
(for stars without drama)

THE irrepressible Abbott and Costello are up to their old tricks again in this wacky burlesque. Only more so. For the material of their new comedy is not exactly inspired. They have to go it entirely on their own on more than one occasion during the proceedings. Those who like their slapstick antics will be sure to get a lot of laughs out of the show. At the same time, it is not by any means their best show.

Pardon My Sarong tries a bit too hard to be funny. When the famous clowns are shown as a couple of Chicago bus drivers who get tired of the same old route and drive a playboy and a bevy of chorus girls to the West Coast, they are as wonderful as ever. Their run-in with a gas-station attendant and their escape from a pursuing sheriff are right in the old groove of pie-throwing humor. Their adventures on a South Sea island, however, turn out to be far less amusing.

There are really two stories in the show. One of them might have developed into top-notch comedy with Costello bungling around as a fugitive busman on a self-appointed holiday. The other might have been a telling take-off on South Sea island pictures, as the boys become inducted into a native tribe and round up a gang of predatory white men. Together, the stories don't quite jell.

Anyway, Costello is still tremendously amusing to me, whether he is playing a magician in order to escape the law or is riding around on an unattached outboard motor catching a gang of South Sea island crooks. Abbott, as usual, plays straight for most of the time. Virginia Bruce and Robert Paige handle the subsidiary romance, and Lionel Atwill practically chews up the scenery as the villain.

Pardon My Sarong is a show to be recommended chiefly to confirmed Abbott and Costello fans. Without the celebrated clowning team it wouldn't rate a star.

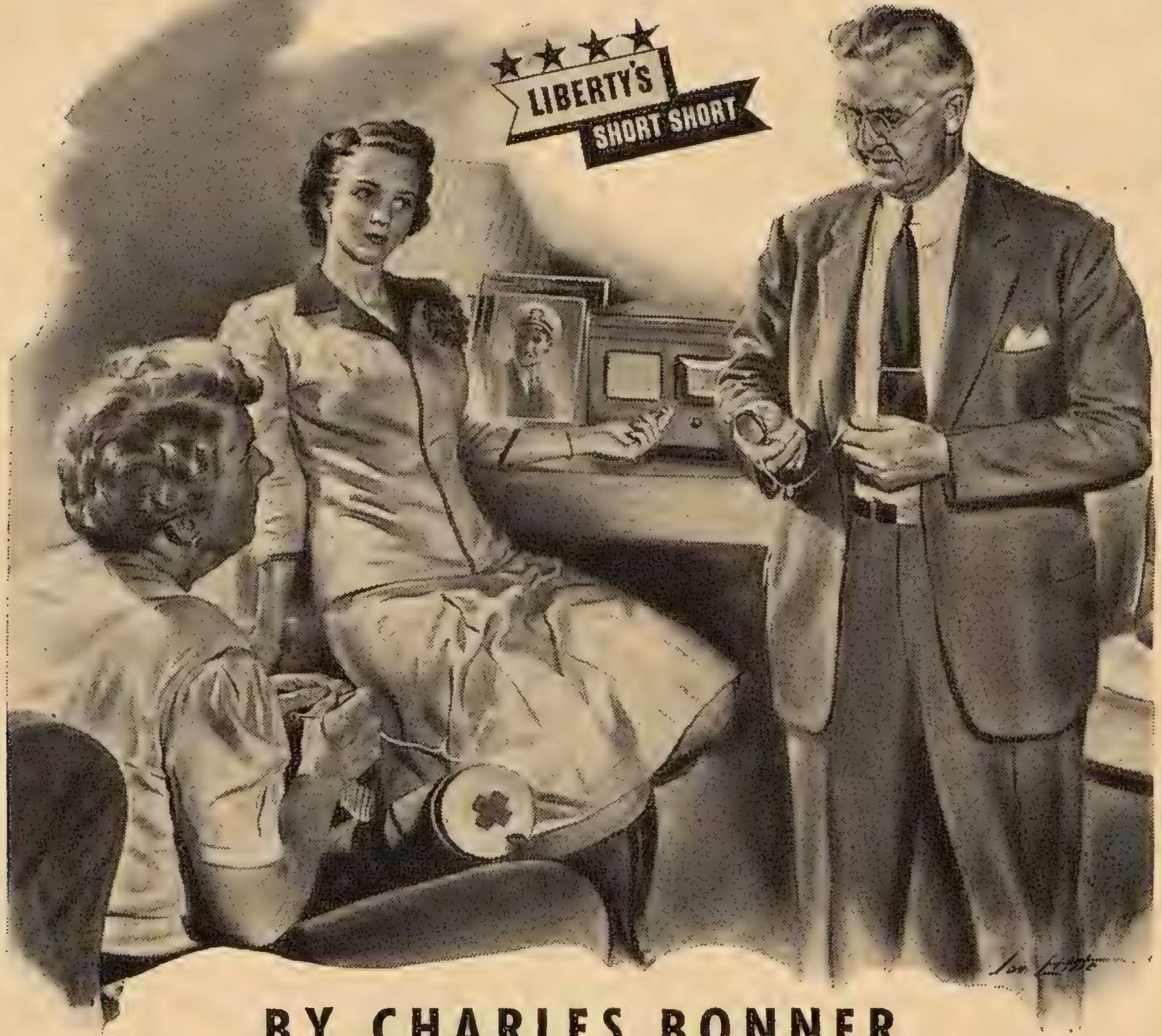
(Universal.)

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—The Pride of the Yankees, Mrs. Miniver, Yankee Doodle Dandy, Tortilla Flat, Saboteur.

★★★—The Magnificent Ambersons, The Foreman Went to France, Crossroads, Across the Pacific, The Gay Sisters, Eagle Squadron, Holiday Inn, Broadway, Ten Gentlemen from West Point, Take a Letter, Darling, My Favorite Spy, Miss Annie Rooney, This Above All, This Gun for Hire, Syncopation, My Gal Sal, Juke Girl, Moontide, Ship Ahoy.

WIDOW'S MIGHT



BY CHARLES BONNER

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

IN a hotel room of the little shipbuilding town to which they had come, the old admiral pulled out his watch for the tenth time, then glanced anxiously from his wife, placidly at work on her olive-drab knitting, to his daughter-in-law, very pretty in the new beige tailleur with the bunch of violets pinned to the left shoulder.

"Don't you think we ought to be going?" he said.

"Going where, dad?" Carol asked innocently as she selected a hot band on the radio.

("My momma done tol' me . . .")

She smiled at him. It was mean to tease the sweet old thing, but there was no sense getting to the yard hours ahead of time. Even if it was his big day. And if it was old Admiral Kitchel's big day, what was it to her—a navy bride of a month who had been chosen to christen a destroyer? The new Bulkeley!

"In a few minutes, dear," Mother Kitchel said. "We'd just be standing around, getting in the way. There are many other ships besides the Bulkeley being built, you know, and we might be holding up the war." She laughed her young bright laugh, in striking contrast to the snowy hair.

"Um," the admiral said, sitting down again reluctantly. "You don't get to christen a ship every day, Carol—not every girl does."

Carol Kitchel was certain of that. And she knew it wasn't just because Lieutenant Arthur Kitchel, Jr., compared her hair to slow molasses and her eyes to water inside a tropical reef; nor that he had just been given his first command, a motor torpedo boat with letters and numbers instead of a name, or that Admiral Arthur Kitchel had just been retired, against his will, in the face of some of the fanciest language the navy had heard in years. But a sentimental department had not been able to overlook a combination of all these things. So, in two hours, Mrs. Arthur Kitchel, Jr., navy bride, would christen the Bulkeley. She tapped her foot to the music, hardly listening.

("When I was in knee pants . . .")

Oh, darling, way out there somewhere, doing your job with those clear, kindly, unafraid gray eyes that were never meant for killing. Hello! Oh, darling, I'm so proud!

"You know how it is around a yard," the admiral grumbled. "Trucks and everything. Hellish traffic. It will take us an hour to get through."

Carol relented. "All right, sweet," she said. "We'll go down and bake in the sun. Maybe you'll find an old crony and fight the first Battle of Manila Bay over again."

She reached down to switch off the radio, and then her hand stopped as if caught in a vise. She knew now why she had lingered there. She knew why she sat there, listening. Navy bride. A navy wife, the number one listening fan of the world.

"My momma done—" the radio had slurred off. It resumed briskly: "A special communiqué from the Navy Department announces that the Motor Torpedo Boat PT 917, Lieutenant Kitchel commanding, unreported for two weeks, must be presumed to be lost. . . ."

Silence as stunning as a bomb filled the room. Carol felt the smile still graven on her face. Would it never come off?

("My momma done tol' me . . .")

And then a single cutting sob from Mother Kitchel's chair.

The old admiral sat erect as if at attention, lips firm, eyes straight ahead, a single ridiculous tear sliding down his weathered, ruddy cheek.

It seemed hours later that he placed a hand on Carol's shoulder. "My dear, there's nothing I can say, except . . ."

It was beyond her control not to move her shoulder away from the kindly hand. She did not want it, not that sort of kindness—yet.

"Yes, I know," she said. "The navy tradition. We must be brave. Please don't say it. Not now!" Her voice was high in her ears.

"I'll call the yard and tell them . . ."

Then she was on her feet, moving toward the door. But not Carol Kitchel. It was some other girl. Or perhaps just all navy brides rolled into one.

"No," she said. "Are you coming?"

"Yes," the old people said, and rose and closed the door, shutting out the last small world in which they had known happiness.

Just once in the cab was the silence broken. "That ends the Kitchels," the old admiral said in a thin, factual voice. "The navy Kitchels."

But she hardly understood what he meant. His grief and this little old lady's grief—she could not reach out and share them. They were strangers. Their only son—it meant nothing. Her only husband.

It was not until she stood on the platform, the champagne bottle in her hand, and could feel again the graven smile on her face, that she understood. She looked into the knife-edge bow of the destroyer, into the keen, determined, relentless face of the destroyer, and she understood. Catching the signal from the tall captain in summer whites, she swung the bottle.

"I christen thee Bulkeley!" she said in a loud, clear voice. "God bless and keep thee and speed thee to the destruction of evil! And, dammit, I'll serve on you myself, if need be!"

Then she flung her arms around the old admiral's neck and let the tears come.

To her deep inwardness she said, "And I christen *thee* Ensign Arthur Kitchel third." Tightening her arms around the old admiral, she whispered, "Dad, do you hear? Ensign Arthur Kitchel third."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

GIRL O'WAR

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Is there a Judy in your town? Here's a searching story of America today

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

TO Judy Farrell, beautiful, grasping, avid for life, all men were prey and a job was a happy hunting ground. When she became a worker in an airplane plant near the cottage on Long Island where she lived with her father, Cap Farrell, a retired seaman, she had her eye on one particular man. He was Steve Layden, valued assistant to Colonel Runyon, the owner of the plant.

Her discovery that Hollace Kittredge, a society girl now working in the factory, was interested in Steve served to spur Judy on. She had no love for the Kittredges. She had once worked in their home, had had an affair with Kit, Hollace's dashing brother, and had been dismissed as not good enough to marry him.

She still remembered Kit with a strange excitement, and when he visited the factory—he was now ferrying bombers—she made up her mind to see more of him. He came under the head of "unfinished business."

But she didn't forget Steve Layden. They came very close one night when Steve took her home and they found Cap ready to leave to sail on a merchant ship. Steve comforted her and promised Cap to look after her.

One day, when the workers at the plant were gathered to hear the colonel speak, Judy got a shock. In the crowd she saw Eddie, who had been in love with her in New York, who had become such a nuisance, in fact, that she had been glad to leave and come back to Long Island.

NO reason, even if Eddie had come as far as Farmingdale, why he should get to know where she lived, Judy Farrell decided. There wasn't anything he could do to her here at the factory, and if she was careful she could handle Eddie. But there had been something overfamiliar, derisive, in his gesture of greeting. A faint odor of dead horses disturbed Judy as she caught the thin dark ache of Eddie's face through the crowd of workers on the flying field.

Just when everything was such fun. Just when she was having the kind of time she liked best, with Steve Layden's growing devotion, with Kit's unfinished business under her hand at last.

Judy didn't pay much attention to the colonel's speech. Even on the radio, everybody was always preaching at you. Buy War Bonds. Save rubber. Do without this and that. All as distant and unreal to Judy Farrell as the Ten Commandments. Nothing around her had changed, except Cap going off to sea, and things like you read about in the paper, when you had time to read a paper, of boats being torpedoed, didn't happen to your own father.

"That wing you build, that rivet you drive"—the colonel's phrases popped in and out of her private thinking—"they are built and driven to go to war. And now I want you to meet one of the men of our Air Corps whose lives are quite literally and daily in your hands."

From her uneasiness about Eddie, her twinges about her father, her attempts to find Steve Layden in the crowd, Judy's attention leaped back. The white-hot concentration of the other girls around her became so complete it was almost consecration. Judy's lips curled. Oh, sure, the same thing got them that got her, only they'd cover it up with a lot of high-sounding baloney.

"I haven't flown in combat yet," Lieutenant Kittredge said simply; "don't know if they'll ever give me a chance. But in the Ferry Command you get to know what's under you." Over his shoulder he gave the colonel a friendly grin. "Those kites you flew, sir—I doubt if you'd find a man in the Air Corps in this war who'd fly one of them from here to Mitchel Field, much less fight Huns in it. Our hats are off to you, sir, but it's a magnificent thing to give our pilots today the kind of planes you build instead.

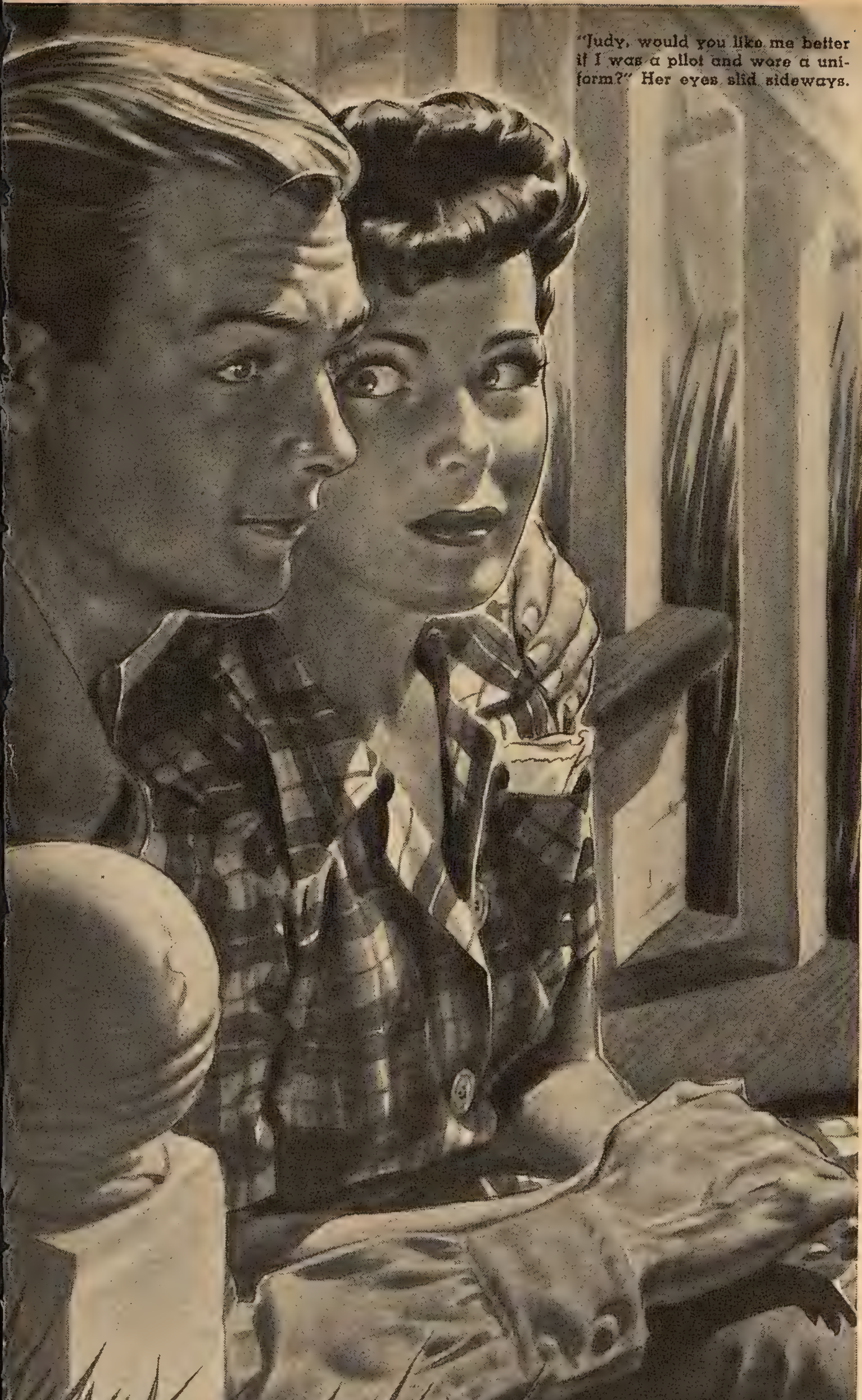
"I've got a special target or two of my own, if they ever let me go. I want one of those Japs who shot down a buddy of mine after he'd bailed out over Bataan. I want a couple of those Germans who machine-gunned women and children in the boats after their ships had been torpedoed. If I get to them, I hope I'll be flying one of your Thunderbolts, that's all. I haven't got wings myself, nor speed, nor maneuverability, but you give them to me—and to the boys who're fighting everywhere, and you keep it up and together we'll give 'em hell."

The tight little smile she knew so well strung Judy to the snapping point. She savored the thrill, always a connoisseur of thrills, of this man's desire for her, this man who held all the field spellbound. Her heart was so bright with excitement it was almost pain as he saluted the colonel, waved to them, and swung down from the platform. He ran along the edge of the field and, following him, the crowd saw for the first time the squat menacing brown plane waiting there. The slim figure vaulted into it, the motor roared, and there was a whispered shriek as the plane went into the air and sped away.

ACTOR, thought Judy, and felt an angry confusion. Kit, who made fun of everything, who belittled God and man, who said he had flown planes to England because they paid him five hundred bucks a trip and a bonus every tenth time he crossed. That whole show of his was a phony—kidding the colonel, who at least believed the guff he spouted, like all the other old busybodies sticking their noses in every war that came along.

Now it became vital for Kit to come back. To be punished for putting something over on these dumb bunnies, to be deflated of that insolent conceit, because if there was one thing Judy Farrell couldn't stand it was a phony. Kit had escaped again, and his going left her with emotions stifled and words unspoken, bitter with the eternal feminine which will forgive anything except unplayed drama. Her old pride uncoiled from the nest where she had buried it under new conquests, new worshipers paying for the wounds Kit had left unhealed long ago.

Eddie watched her as she stood there, her chin against her left shoulder, her dark eyes half closed, her lips half smiling. Because she possessed him utterly, he had strange, true visions beyond his normal ken and he saw that she was like a girl in an opera he had seen once. The provocative pose of her body, hand on rounded hip, firm young breasts and slim waist thrown a little forward, was Carmen bent upon revenge.



"Judy, would you like me better if I was a pilot and wore a uniform?" Her eyes slid sideways.

LLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

That afternoon Eddie waited at the door for his Carmen. When she would have swept by him, he put his hand on her shoulder and felt the soft flesh give.

"You better talk to me, Judy," he said, low, "because I got to see you. I don't aim to make any trouble. I know you're through with me. But I've got to see you once in a while."

Judy said, "Take it easy. You want everybody to hear you?"

His eyes were fever-bright with hunger as they slid over her face. "No, no," he said, almost humbly. "Only you don't understand. I can't help loving you. I can't help it. As long as we live, I guess."

SHE moved on, aware that glances followed them. Of course, she told herself, she was used to Eddie's ravings by now. They had driven her to leave him, to run from him, with a cruelty that was compounded of harassed nerves and exasperation at the depths of his absurd despair. But she did not want any trouble nor any scandal that might cost her her job, and she calculated swiftly the best way to handle him, controlling her fury at the injustice of his passion.

She said, "All right, you can't help it, but, Eddie, can I help it either if I don't love you any more? A girl can't help a thing like that happening, can she?"

"I saw how you looked at that guy in uniform," Eddie said. "If he's the one now, he won't do you any good. If I can't have you—and I don't think about much of anything else—ever—"

"Are you crazy?" said Judy.

"I could be, at that," said Eddie, smiling at her. "I love you, Judy, knowing all about you, all that's good and all that's bad, and that's the worst kind there is—you never get over it."

Judy said, "I can't see that it's my fault."

"I don't suppose you can," said Eddie, nodding at her. "When you've got a fancy for a guy you go all the way out with promises—oh, I know, not in words, but there are a lot of other ways to make promises, Judy, and you had a fancy for me once."

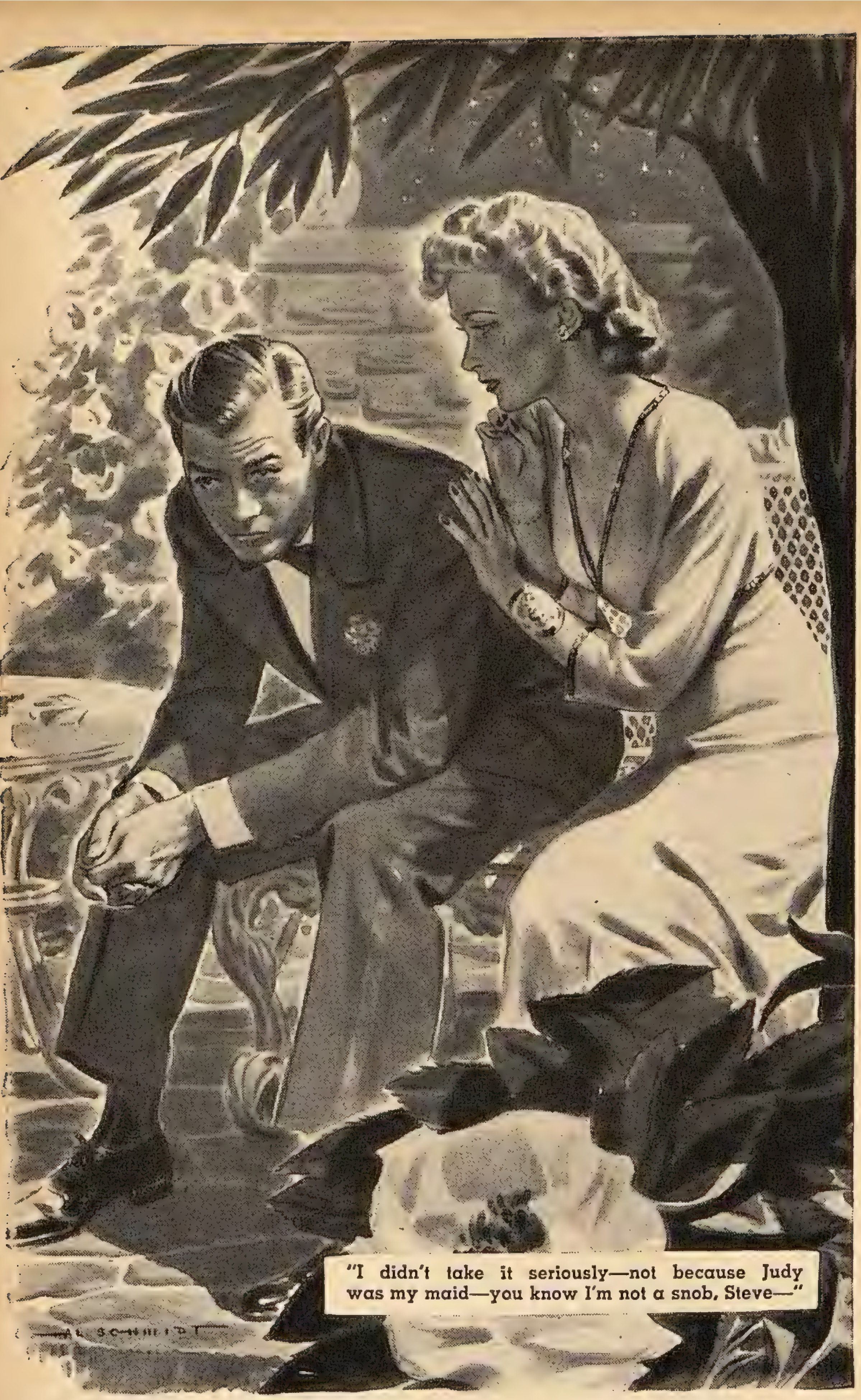
"You—you don't play fair," said Judy. "I told you in the beginning—"

"Sure," said Eddie, "but no man ever believes a thing like that. I'm not asking you to come back to me—not now—but maybe you'll get tired playing around, and then I'll be here. If I can't have you—"

His hand was on her arm.

"There you are," Steve Layden said. "I thought I'd missed you."

Eddie yielded at once. Judy moved her arm from beneath his hot hand and carried the gesture on. Her hand fell on Steve's arm with the confiding softness of a flower. At that, Eddie's head jerked back and he stared at Steve Layden. In the shop he knew Layden for a slave driver, a guy who knew men as well as he knew machines and handled both with ruthless conviction of his own power over them. Eddie, who had worked under



"I didn't take it seriously—not because Judy was my maid—you know I'm not a snob, Steve—"

a lot of men in his brief years, had admired Layden. Now he was shaking with rage inside because this man on whose arm Judy's little hand lay softly was tall and fair and strong, and Eddie knew he himself was wasted and eaten up and burned out—finished or all but finished.

Steve said, "How do you like it so far, Eddie?"

"All right," said Eddie. Then he explained slowly, "Judy and I—we worked together before."

"That's a recommendation," Steve said. "We need people like you and Judy, who know their job."

Eddie watched them go. He might as well. He'd see them anyway, inside his eyelids. The sweat broke out in the palms of his hands and between his shoulder blades.

It was for men like Steve Layden—and that guy in uniform—that he was to slave and build planes and save the world. What had the world ever done for him? What kind of world was it where Judy could walk off free when he ought to be able to look her up, chain her up, the way they'd done with women in his father's country?

These people here were all civilized, all idealistic, all strong and smart. Yet they were dealing daily and hourly with the most violent and melodramatic thing that ever existed—WAR. Unbelievable war. We were too civilized for revenge and passion and men did not go mad of love any more. But Eddie was going mad of love as violent and melodramatic as war, and the galloping hoofbeats of the Four Horsemen riding again got into his brain, too, and drummed him up to desperation and strange primitive thoughts.

STEVE said, "We've got time for a swim. How about it?"

In the water, her dark hair under a scarlet cap, Judy gave a wild little shout. "Isn't it wonderful?" she said. "Stevie, you swim better than any boy I ever knew."

They swam until the wartime sun slipped away, and then she ran in through the waves and he chased her and they rolled together on the sand like any other young things at play, tussling like a couple of boys, until suddenly they were very close and still in each other's arms. Her lips were wet and cold, but they grew warm under his kiss and he closed his eyes to shut out everything but their sweetness.

"You'll catch cold," he said huskily. "You better go in."

When they had dressed, Steve using Cap's empty room, they sat shoulder to shoulder on the steps and watched a late yellow moon over the dunes.

After a while Steve said, "Judy, would you like me better if I was a pilot and wore a uniform?"

Her eyes slid sideways, but in the moonlight she could not read his face. Usually it was O. K. to make a guy jealous, but it was terribly important to her vanity that Steve should know nothing of Kit and of the past to which he belonged. Kit was definitely her own business.

In a small voice she said, "You look nice to me the way you are."

"I want to go," said Steve Layden harshly. "It's tough to make yourself feel right about not going when you're young. My father"—he hesitated, went on almost shyly—"my father came over here from what you now call Yugoslavia. For centuries they haven't known anything but fighting for their freedom. It *is* true, as the colonel says, that they'd make a lot fewer planes without me for a while. It is *true*. But I hate it, Judy. I wake up sweating in the night thinking that I ought to be ready to die for this country that's meant everything to me and my people—not just work for it."

"But," said Judy slowly, "you—you are needed here. Don't I know it! I sometimes wonder how they keep going out at the factory the way it is. Honest, sometimes I just don't see how they do it with all those dopes."

"There's something—something in their hearts that makes up for what their hands don't know yet," said Steve. "Everywhere our men need planes—they're still outnumbered—they're still spread too thin. You're doing your part—a little thing like you. But it doesn't seem enough for a man. But the colonel says I must stay. Do you think so, Judy?"

"I'll say I do," Judy told him.

She let her head fall back against him and heard him sigh as his cheek settled against her hair for comfort. She was puzzled by those things he seemed to take for granted in her. A little spasm of tenderness, such as she felt sometimes for Cap, made her put her hand up to stroke his hair.

Judy Farrell was of that generation which had grown up with no sense of danger, taught deliberately that there could be no danger, and therefore she had no sense of responsibility. Nothing would ever change very much any more forever except to get better—that was what she had been taught. She was incapable of believing that any one could do anything to her without her consent, of imagining that anything could disturb all that pleased her so much or lay a bloody cruel hand upon her personal freedom.

Yet the house behind her, Cap's house, was quiet and empty. That fundamental fact had been touched. Cap was gone. Why? Where? Could anything really happen to Cap?

And Steve Layden spoke in pain of this choice he must make; his nights were sleepless because of some hard danger that got right into his bed.

In the calm golden night his tenseness disturbed her, her animal instincts were aroused to a difference in this man-woman game every move of which she had always known so well before. Something more than kisses was expected of her, but she could not see it in pictures, in drama. Anger welled in her at some sense of restraint. She wanted to fight like a tiger cat at the first smell of the cage, clawing back toward the tremendous excitements and adventurous expectations of her wild existence.

If anything in this man whom she desired laid a whip upon her thinking—*that* she wouldn't have. She would teach him better than to attempt that. Only—she almost wished she understood a little, believed a little, desired the very things that pained him.

Neither of them, absorbed in each other, in their thoughts, noticed a thin shadow that was darker than the other shadows, and Eddie did not move until Steve had driven away. When the light had gone out in what must be Judy's bedroom, he began his slow walk back to town. He had a date there, at the tavern, with a man he used to know.

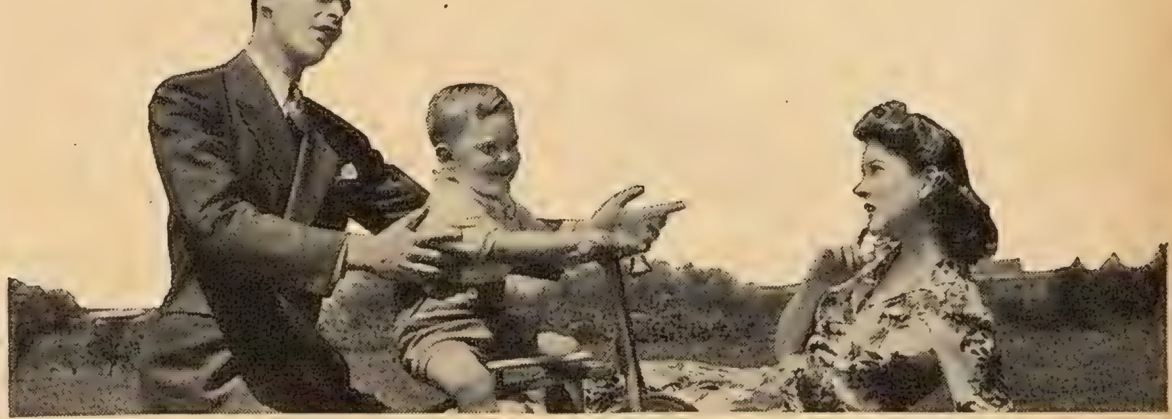
IN a factory, everybody always knew everything. They knew about Steve and Judy. When Harrier mentioned it to the colonel, the colonel said, "Well, what kind of girl is she?"

"Best worker in the plant, but she takes more days off than she should," his public relations counsel said, "and she is the best-looking doll on the pay roll. I'd say she was dynamite."

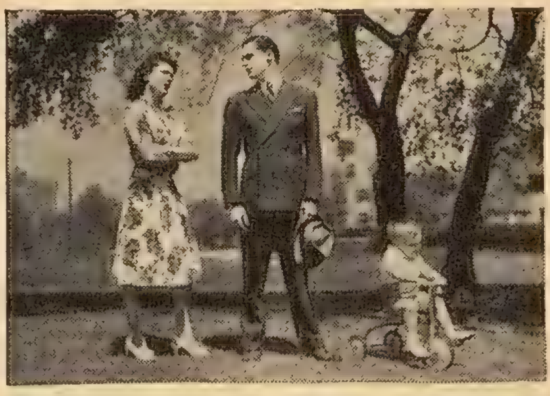
The colonel chuckled. "Do Steve good. Young man can't devote his entire life to science, needs to be stirred up once in a while."

There was one other person besides Eddie who watched Steve and Judy with something like terror. And the next time Judy took one of her days off—a girl had to catch up with her sleep and get her hair washed sometime and the poor boys at the front

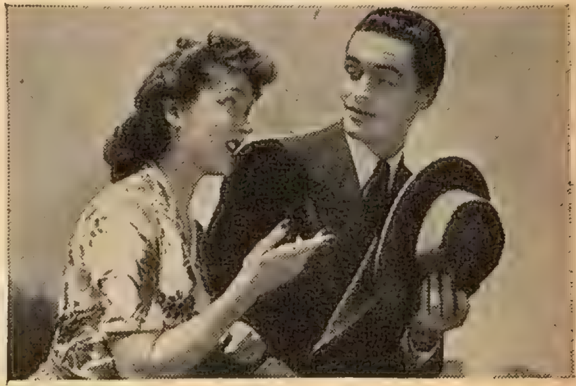
"A Little Lord Fauntleroy! That's what you're turning him into!"



1. When Joe said *that*, I was upset. But what hurt even more was when he added something about my "fancy college ideas." You see, I went to college and Joe didn't. We'd never let it come between us, until this time he'd decided I was spoiling young Jimmy. "I suppose," he went on, "you studied scientific child raising. Sissy raising, I'd call it, with all these special folderols you get! Special soap, special powder... and now a special *laxative!*"



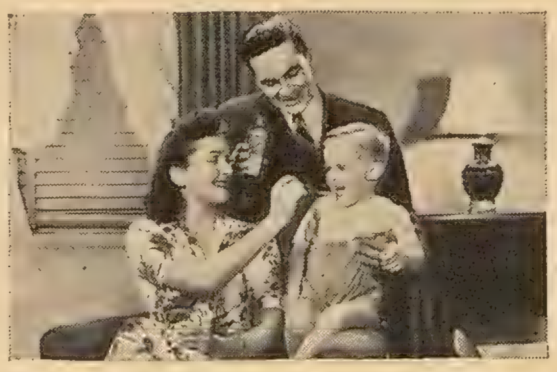
2. I tried to keep my temper. "College has nothing to do with it," I said. "Your sister's a nurse and she's the one who told me that a child's delicate system *needs* special care. She said you don't give a child adult foods...



3. "Because a baby's insides are more sensitive, more easily upset. And what's true of foods is true of a laxative. Sis said to give Jimmy a laxative that's made especially for children—Fletcher's Castoria.

4. "A doctor she worked for approved Fletcher's Castoria because it's so gentle and mild ... safe, yet effective. And because it isn't apt to cause griping or upset digestion. But look ... let's stop and ask our druggist."

5. The druggist told us more about Fletcher's Castoria. He said that it works almost naturally in from 8 to 12 hours, so it can be given at night and won't interfere with sleep. Then he suggested the money-saving Family Size.



6. And what convinced Joe completely was the way Jimmy took Fletcher's Castoria. No fuss, no struggle. Jimmy loved the taste. "You're a smart girl," said Joe with a smile, "even if you did go to college!"

Always take a laxative as directed on the package or by your physician.

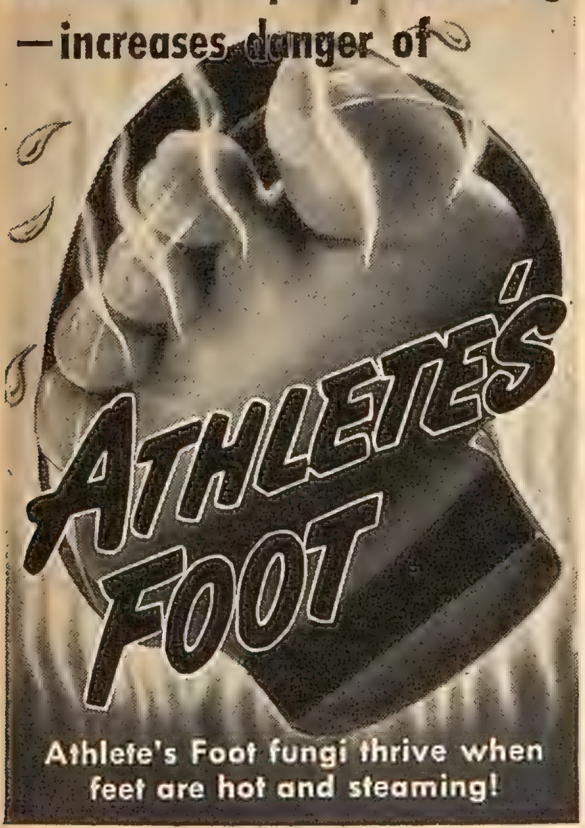
Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.

As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Fletcher's Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it isn't apt to disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea. In regulated doses senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

Wartime "steps up" Walking —increases danger of


ATHLETE'S FOOT
Athlete's Foot fungi thrive when feet are hot and steaming!

That extra perspiration that comes with your increased wartime walking, feeds the fungi which cause Athlete's Foot. They flourish on it until the skin between your toes cracks open. Then they root in the living tissue and spread beneath the skin. Your toes are red, skin peels off, it's agony to walk! Athlete's Foot has struck!

Soak those Cracks

Cracks between your toes are Nature's warning. Look for them tonight! At the first sign of broken skin, soak the entire foot with Absorbine Jr. full strength. Repeat daily—night and morning. Remember—it's the nation-wide favorite for relieving Athlete's Foot!

1. Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact.*
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
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Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists. If free sample is desired address:

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ABSORBINE JR.

KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON CONTACT!

ALSO QUICK RELIEF FOR: Tired, burning feet, Sunburn — Bites of mosquitoes and other small insects.

would just have to wait for that wing—Hollace Kittredge took advantage of it.

The note Steve found on his desk in the cubbyhole he called his office, tucked in a corner of the assembly floor, said, "I would like to talk to you—we haven't had a visit in a long time. If you've enough gas you might drive over after dinner. Hollace."

Hollace. Since the night Judy had wept out her grief over her father's going in his arms Steve hadn't thought much about Hollace. Yet when he had first gone down to straighten out the training school for the workers the plant needed so desperately, he had thought a good deal about her, he had liked being with her a lot.

He felt that he had neglected his friend, and so he went.

The plant whispered much of the Kittredge estate in Oyster Bay—of the famous stables and gardens and the ballroom where great parties had been given. The house, to Steve, was big and old and impressive but somehow friendly. Hollace wore a white dinner gown with a tight jacket so unconsciously that he knew she had not put it on to startle him by contrasts. They sat on a flagstone terrace, and formal gardens with box hedges and green plush lawns stretched to the Sound, and the tall old elms protested tolerantly to a jitterbug night wind.

Thinking of Judy's front porch, of Cap's little cottage, of the bare dunes, Steve Layden smiled.

And in that moment the tall girl beside him knew that she had given her heart to Judy Farrell's lover.

But she must do what she had set out to do. Not for her own sake, but for Steve's, she must warn him of disaster ahead. It couldn't be too late. If only she could be subtle, clever, make him see without betraying herself. It was difficult, because she was by nature a direct person.

With the ease of manner life had taught her, Hollace Kittredge said, "I do wish you knew my brother better. When he comes back, you must. He's been—naughty sometimes, but he's really wonderful. It was hard on my mother having him away so long—my father was a bit of a tyrant, I'm afraid—and it wasn't really Kit's fault."

THE girl's voice was always a fine thing to hear, but now it betrayed some inner feeling, and Steve Layden turned to her in surprise. But she was smiling.

"At the time I thought dad was—unjust—that he made too much of it," Hollace said, with a little shrug, "but I suppose, really, he—he had seen a great deal more of life than we had. He'd seen men ruined often enough by girls who spoiled their aim and shriveled their dreams into ugly little realities—and probably he was wise to send Kit away."

Steve Layden was sitting perfectly still now. And she went on hurriedly, "I suppose I didn't take it seriously—oh, not because Judy was my maid—you do know I'm not a snob, Steve—but she seemed such a vain, empty little thing—I couldn't imagine any one fine like Kit really caring enough for her to—marry her; but dad said boys of Kit's age got caught by things I didn't know anything about and couldn't see into the future at all, couldn't realize they'd wake up and find themselves married to a wife who'd spoil everything. We—we've always been grateful he stopped them getting married, because in experience she was much older than Kit and—we didn't think she loved him. She was—very ambitious."

Steve said, "He's your brother. I suppose in your eyes he couldn't do any wrong. That's natural. But if you knew Judy better—as I know her—"

Suddenly Hollace got up and went to the edge of the terrace and rested her fingertips upon the stone wall. Steve Layden could see the silhouette of the fine straight back and the high proud head, and nothing in her controlled stillness betrayed to him the tumult that had rushed up within her, shocking and terrifying her, sweeping her along as though her mind was of no account, rising around her in a living tide of that lowest human degradation—jealousy.

For she knew what she had done. She had played straight into Judy's hands. No man on earth but would believe Hollace Kittredge anything but snobbish and cruel and unfair. In Steve, of all men, was that American chivalry which must always be for the underdog.

She couldn't save Steve this way from the girl she believed had destroyed all Kit's brilliant promise and torn her family apart for long, lonely years.

Steve said gently, "If you could see the way Judy loved her father and the way she's suffered—perhaps we're all suffering these days, Hollace. Maybe none of us realizes what's loose in the world and kind of knocking us all a little crazy sometimes. She means a great deal to me. I don't know what I'd do without her."

He went away swiftly, and Hollace sat down and buried her face in her hands. She could do so much for this man. She saw his future so clearly.

There should be some other way to save Steve. Not for herself, but for the thing he was doing for his country.

AS far as the foreman on the assembly line was concerned, he needed a fast riveting team for the fire walls, which came up to him from subassembly in two sections, upper and lower. He was short-handed again and the colonel had said they had to catch up with those engines that were piling up—they had to get the bodies ready.

Farrell and Kittredge were the two best gals in the shop. They could do it. The tall handsome Kittredge gal was strong enough to shoot—he'd heard she was a great horsewoman or something, which accounted for those steel hands and wrists that could handle a rivet gun all right. And he'd put little Farrell inside the ship to buck. She was sure and very quick.

To him, they were just a high-class riveting team and a lifesaver, at that, if he was going to catch up with those engines that were beginning to make faces at him in his nightmares.

So they faced each other, the aluminum fire wall, that was the strongest part of the ship, between them. No stronger nor more impenetrable than the wall between their minds and hearts.

Hollace's face was white and peaked with the bad luck that had teamed her with Judy Farrell. But her hand with the rivet gun was steady as she drilled the holes and pushed the flush head rivets through.

No battle should be lost for the sake of a rivet she had driven.

On the inside of the fuselage, Judy's little hands covered the manufacturer's top of the rivet with adhesive tape daintily but accurately, and held her two-by-three piece of steel against the rivet without a tremor. The dark rose flush came and went in her cheeks.

So close. A one-eighth-inch rivet between them. They were two ends of one-eighth-inch rivets and they did not miss a stroke. The hours went by, rivet by rivet, and the great plant worked on around them, and in spite of the pain and the anger and the human equation another plane grew to send to the men who screamed for planes to blast the way for that second front which would bring the soldiers of America at last to battle with the enemy that had plotted and stabbed treacherously in the dark so long.

The gong sounded for rest period.

For one dizzy moment the riveting team faced each other above the shining shield. To Hollace, gray-streaked with sweat, came a blinding revelation of this other girl's beauty. The dark, flushed, insolent beauty of Carmen. And she herself was no longer Hollace Kittredge. She was a girl at war.

There was a way.

The hand with the rivet gun lifted and struck blindly, driven by every drop of unleashed and primitive blood pounding behind it.

BUT the gun struck the fire wall and Judy Farrell was behind it, as a pilot might one day be if a bullet smashed into his gas tank. Like a cat she had leaped, and then she was around beside Hollace and her little hands that looked so soft wrenched away the gun, and Judy was laughing.

"You better be careful," she said. "You'll have an accident and hurt somebody."

DO YOU KNOW . . .

1. **Under whose direction the American Bund was set up?**
2. **Who offered to make a reporter curator of his museum if he could get Sheila Barrett, Jane Froman, or Benay Venuta for an exhibit?**
3. **The three principal obstacles between us and victory over the Axis?**
4. **Which of the United Nations looks to the Grand Duchess Charlotte for leadership?**
5. **Who said, "Must I shoot a simple soldierboy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert?"**

Answers will be found on pages 53, 11, 19, 16, and 54.

Funny, she felt sorry for Hollace Kittredge. With all her advantages and high-flown talk, she wasn't equipped to deal with this mad, changing world. There wasn't the ruthlessness in her that was needed to top this tough racket and its hard realities. With fierce delight, Judy Farrell knew that she was better equipped to serve that flag up there than any Hollace Kittredge who'd never had to fight for her bread or take care of herself against the wolf pack. The thought and the delight both astounded Judy.

Sure, she was sort of sorry for the girl with the white horrified mask for a face. If I'd decided to do that, Judy thought with a grin, I wouldn't have missed.

She looked around, but nobody had noticed anything. The pace today was too fast for that.

So she said softly, "Snitching on me didn't do you any good, so you decided to—" She tossed the rivet gun down. "I wasn't good enough to marry into your family—like you told Steve—but I don't snitch. Telling didn't get you anywhere. Steve forgave me."

But she didn't add that she loathed being forgiven—that she burned still with resentment for the pity Steve had brought to her so tenderly. She didn't want to be pitied nor forgiven.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

RIVER ROGUE, by Brainard Cheney.

This novel isn't so likely to reach best-seller lists as many a slick-written historical romance. But if distinctive flavor and transportation to a region of the United States most of us do not know strikes interest, then Cheney's story may be your dish. Or if you like Huckleberry Finn. For there is more than a superficial resemblance between Twain's immortal boy and young Snake Sutton in this book. Both were river kids and both were regarded as antisocial by the more securely placed of their communities.

In 1884, when the story opens, the town of Darien was the milling and shipping terminus of the great Georgia lumbering country tapped by the Altamaha and Ocmulgee river system. The logs were floated down through miles of changing scenery and hazards of tricky water and tricky thieves. Raftsmen found the millowners well acquainted with the practice of price-rigging and the black list.

Young Sutton's lifelong war against the town began with his first rafting venture. He and a Negro boy got their raft to Darien —and were well and thoroughly gypped. His life acquired a purpose. During the next fifteen years young Sutton won his nickname and the town nabobs paid for an early mistake.

Yes, it's an industrial novel. But its values are in the author's depiction of the manners and the atmosphere of a unique region. You'll feel as though you'd been there. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Kit would be back. Oh, yes, Kit would be back. And then she'd show them.

AND Kit did come back, very gay and dashing in his uniform, and the honeysuckle was strong and sweet through the open windows of the Inn at Babylon, and the orchestra played Sleepy Lagoon as he held Judy in his arms on the dance floor. Judy's feet danced madly, because here she was out of that cage that had begun to close around her.

"I've got it," Kit said in her ear—"transfer to Fighter Command. Got to have pilots over there right away quick. Judy, why don't you marry me before I go? I ought to have somebody to leave all that insurance to."

The colonel said heavily, "You think I should be the one to tell her?"

"I think so, sir," Harrier said. "You know how they all feel about you, and the personnel director thought it'd make it seem—like an honor. Less personal."

Judy came in with her chin in the air. Imagine, if she was going to be fired again! But something in the colonel's distinguished face stopped her.

This was something else. But even then it took some time to get it—he had to repeat it several times.

Cap's freighter had been torpedoed in the Caribbean.

"Maybe you ought to get Steve," the colonel said aside to Harrier. Then, "That's all we know, Judy. Maybe he has been picked up. We just know a submarine got them and the ship went down."

He prepared himself for hysterics. Poor kid. Everybody said she'd been nuts about the old man.

But there were no hysterics, no tears. He was looking at hate incarnate. A white, murderous, deadly hate. Startled, the colonel thought that if everybody hated our enemies like that, the war wouldn't last so long. Hate of evil was a mighty weapon.

"Those dirty swine," said Judy Farrell. "That's what they can do. Cap—he had a right to sail the seas—he had a *right*—that's what he meant. We'll get even, won't we?"

"Yes," said the colonel, "we'll get even, Judy."

THE tears came later, heartbroken hot pain mingled with the new hate, against Steve's shoulder.

"Judy," he said, "honey—he'll come back. He's a great guy. He'll find a way. But—until he does—I've got to take care of you. Judy, marry me and let me take care of you, won't you?"

Everything went out of her face. It was blank. Then she shut her eyes over a look of terrible dawning reality.

"I can't," said Judy, "I can't. I'm married already."

Will the shock of Judy's marriage send Steve back to Hollace? And what will Eddie do when he hears of it? Don't miss the dramatic final chapter in next week's issue!

A mobile canteen on duty in England.

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 38 SECONDS

A WASHINGTON girl who married a British Admiralty man has been giving me the clearest idea I've yet had as to how wartime rationing may change our feminine points of view if it really gets tough over here. . . . "In England," says June Dunderdale, "every smart woman's thoughts turn to hats, chickens, and steamer rugs—three of the few things not rationed. You can make a nice warm coat out of a steamer rug; and if your dresses and suits are worn shabby, a cute hat can pick up your appearance. Since chickens aren't rationed, all the tricks of chicken breeding have become society table talk. Fashionable ladies who never before lifted a working hand are now active chicken keepers, even cleaning the coops themselves." . . . June Dunderdale has been all around England doing war work; is here now on a relief job concerning mobile canteens. . . . "Because of the many American household products that have been sent over," she told me, "Englishwomen and Englishmen are both determined to have more American comforts after the war. They admire our kitchen equipment, our varied canned goods, our automatic oil burners for home heating."

A JEWELER of my acquaintance believes in the advantage of waiting on all important customers himself. When persons of prominence enter his shop, he snatches the sales away from his clerks, which irks them greatly—though it hasn't happened much of late, the high-priced jewelry business being slow. One hot day this summer the jeweler stayed home. Phoned his shop at noon to ask if there had been any customers. "A couple," the answering clerk said gleefully. "Just the Duchess of Windsor and Greta Garbo."

NEW and attractive as informal jewelry are the V lapel pins originated by one of my readers. The V is of black or red plastic, and your name is spelled out across the top in silver wire. My silver "Alexandra" over the red V goes nicely with the new Victory sun spectacles designed for me by Walter Blocker—blue glasses set in a white composition frame with red ear-flanges bearing the three-dots-and-a-dash signal.

FOR hot-weather hostesses who aren't cooking outdoors, *Manhattan Steak* is easier and less expensive than broiled steak. An unusual recipe, very good for parties: . . . To serve 6, buy 1½ pounds top round steak cut in 1 slice. Brown well on both sides in sizzling hot butter. Lay in baking dish. Surround with 6 or more small parboiled potatoes and 6 pickled onions. Now to 1 can mushroom soup add 1 tablespoon chopped green onion and 1 tablespoon grated raw potato. Pour into baking dish over steak and potatoes. Sprinkle bread crumbs on top; dot with butter; bake 2½ hours in moderate oven.

HERE is a true and scandalous story that I am repeating only because it proves the romantic old method of escaping down a ladder of knotted bedclothes is still employed by nimble rogues. The n. r. in this case is the separated husband of a famously wealthy glamour girl. For divorce evidence her father came with detectives to catch him with another young woman in his hotel apartment. While they banged on the door, he knotted bedclothes, slid out of window to ledge below, re-entered hotel, and told the manager he had just gone upstairs and seen men—burglars, surely—trying to break into his rooms. Up dashed manager and staff to repel the criminals. Meanwhile, young lady hauled in the bedclothes, leaving all suspicions thwarted. . . . Of course they'll catch the rogue sooner or later, as he deserves—but not that time.

I GUESS many stout hearts will sigh with relief when they read Dr. Peter J. Steincrohn's new book, You Don't Have to Exercise. Tells how to keep fit after forty without huffing and puffing. (Doubleday, Doran. $1.50.)

SLIGHTLY bewildered, the other day, to find an army major and wife, friends of mine, lifting and hefting each piece of their furniture. He had been transferred to a new post. "As a major," he said, "I'm entitled to have nine thousand pounds moved for me, free, by the army. But how the heck do we know what our things weigh?" He hefted a chair. "Sixty?" he hazarded. His wife hefted it. "Eighty," said she. I hefted it. "Forty," said I. "There you are," barked the major. "*Nobody* knows!" . . . Struck me it might be convenient if new articles of furniture were labeled to show their weight.

YOU GOT TO THINK OF THE KIDS—Continued from Page 15

"Damn it, Mr. Henneford," he bawled, "I apologize!"

Ernie blew out smoke and grinned. "You don't want to get all het up about it, Mr. Peabody. Things happen —they happen."

Mr. Peabody beat his chest with his fists. "Me, I should have fixed her! I didn't! It was my fault, nobody's else. You hurt your foot, and I want you to know, sir, Mr. Henneford, I assume full responsibility. Yes, sir! Full!" He yanked at his pants and then flung both arms outward. "What's more, the doctor bill, every red cent—you charge it to me!"

In a little while Ernie tired of holding his foot up and made his way back toward the cabin. There had been wind with the rain the day before, and some more shingles had blown from the roof and now lay scattered on the ground. The porch sagged. Some of the battens were warped and stood out from the boards. But with the sunlight sifting down through the leaves, sliding and shimmering, the cabin wore an air of rowdy gaiety. It reminded Ernie of Mr. Peabody. He couldn't help chuckling.

He went inside, tucked a towel in his belt for an apron, sprinkled soap flakes in a bucket, poured in a kettle of hot water, put the bucket on a chair, sat down on another chair, and proceeded to wash an accumulation of socks and underwear. He was thus occupied when Irene came over.

"YOU ready to go?" he said. "Stuff's on the table there, and there's a dollar bill too. I think maybe you better send the package special delivery, so they'll be sure to get it Saturday."

Irene, as she picked up the package and the letter, was preoccupied. "Ernie, I was thinking—" She turned, holding the package against her breast. "It—it's sure tough you'll miss seeing the kids—and the kids you. I'll bet they've just been talking about you coming for days."

"They hang on the fence," he said, scrubbing hard. "By the mailbox. There's a ditch there, and the mailbox is on a wheel, so you can spin it and get to the box from either side of the ditch. There's a turn about a quarter mile away, and when you make the turn you got a level stretch and you can see the mailbox. But the first thing I always see is Jo's head, yellow like corn silk, and when I get closer, there's Evie perched up on the fence beside her—both of them staring hard at the car, not sure yet it's me. Then I give 'em the horn, boop-de-boop-boop, and they come down off that fence like a couple of monkeys." He scratched his ear, leaving a blob of soap there. He wagged his head. "It's worth a million. No kidding. A million."

Irene gave a small croaking, convulsive laugh. Ernie glanced at her, and she turned her head away, bit her lip, and sobbed once.

"What's the matter?" he said, his eyes growing round.

"Oh, nothing, nothing." She coughed. "I just—I don't know, Ernie. I don't know! I guess I'm just silly." She laughed a little uncertainly at herself. "I was thinking maybe you could ride in the back seat, with your leg out straight on the seat, and I could drive. If you want to see them. If you'd not mind me driving your car."

He absent-mindedly flipped his hand and slapped some soapsuds against the wall. "Well, gosh, Irene, that'd be swell! But it's a long drive and you—"

"I'd love to do it, Ernie."

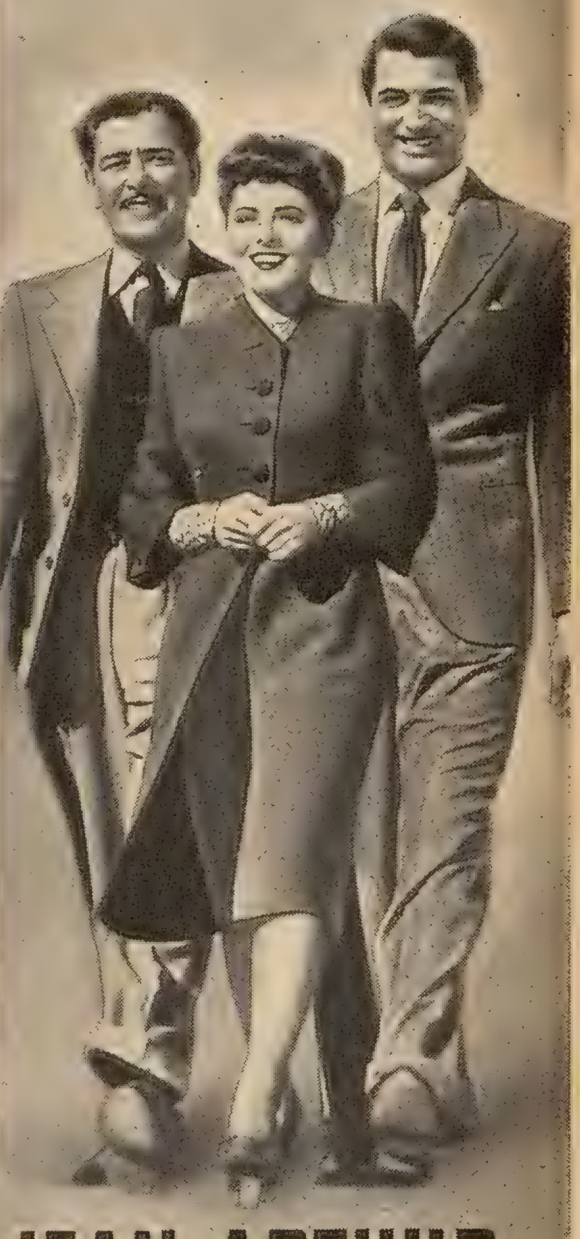
Ernie stared at her. "But, Irene, you look so unhappy. You look like you lost your last best friend in the world. Why is this, Irene?"

"Oh, Ernie—" She ground her fists against her knees. She didn't know which way to look. "Oh, Ernie, you're such a swell guy, and since you've been around here, honest, the world's been full of bright rosy colors. Ernie, honest, I'm crazy about you—I am!"

Ernie reared on his chair. He started to get up, but remembered just in time about his foot. Catching hold of the sink, he pulled himself erect, grabbed the crutches and leaned on them. He looked bewildered and indignant.

"Well, I asked you to marry me, Irene!" he declared. "I asked you, Irene." Then he looked worried. "Did I say something wrong when I asked you, Irene?"

She stood up and went to the window and stared out. He followed her



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and laid his hand on her shoulder. "Maybe it's the kids, Irene," he said.

She wheeled about, a shocked wordlessness in her open mouth. It was a minute before she said, grimacing, "Why, Ernie, you didn't think for a minute your poor little kids—" She put her hands on his shoulders and her wet dark eyes searched anxiously back and forth across his face. "Ernie!" she said, reproaching him gently.

He dropped his head. "I should've known it wasn't that—you being you, Irene. But it was in my mind. It's always been in my mind. I used to think —well, who knows, I'll meet a girl some day and it'll be O. K. between me and her, but maybe she won't want to be saddled with two kids. Maybe—" He stopped and raised his eyes. "Is it something else—huhn?"

She turned and stared out the window. "Pop," she said.

"Pop? What about pop—that is, Mr. Peabody, your father?"

She shook her head. "You couldn't stand pop, Ernie. Nobody could stand pop that didn't love him." She pointed. "Look at him, trying to fix that bridge!"

Ernie looked, but not because he was interested in the bridge. He was confused. "I don't make head or tail of this, Irene."

"He'll never get it fixed," she went on. "He'll get it half fixed, and then it won't go right and he'll lay off, and there it'll stay. He's always getting sidetracked. Look at the place, this place—our house over there. Look at the outbuildings. Everything falling down, collapsing, coming apart. He forgets to pay bills. He forgets to collect bills people owe him. He gives things away. He plans what he'll do ten years from now but never gets around to what's to be done today. We live from hand to mouth. I was ashamed to let him rent this cabin to anybody, but we needed the money, little as it is. And he won't leave here. And I can't take a job anywhere, because if he's left alone he won't eat right, he falls asleep smoking his pipe, he lets people take boats out for nothing. You couldn't stand him, Ernie. He'd drive you nuts. I couldn't take the responsibility of asking any man to stand him. But he's my old man and I love him and I'd never let him shift for himself."

Ernie put his arm around her shoulders and sighed contentedly. "I'm sure happy, Irene, it wasn't about the kids." He patted her arm. He put his hand on her head, on her mop of black hair, and pressed it against his chest.

"Ernie," Irene said plaintively, "what are you doing?"

"Why, I'm holding you, dear. When will we get married, Irene? When? Huhn?"

"Ernie, you don't know what you're doing. You just don't know what you're letting yourself in for! Hon, you're an awful fool. Really and truly you are."

"Sure," Ernie said, rubbing his fingers in her hair. "Sure."

THE END

20 QUESTIONS

1. "Good morning, queen," said the man in the drugstore in Lee, Massachusetts, a short time ago. To whom?

2. Which is the largest city in Africa?

3. Marathon, Hastings, Blenheim, and Saratoga have what in common?

4. In cricket it's a duck's egg, in baseball a goose egg. What is it?

5. According to press dispatches, the Six Nations have declared war on the Axis. Where and what are they?

6. What Biblical figure was called the "son of perdition"?

7. How did the "black widow" spider get its name?

8. What does a gangster mean when he says he is going to "fly a kite"?

9. What general has been appointed head of the American forces in the "European theater of operations"?

10. Who were the "Roundheads"?

11. July 7, 1942, was the fifth anniversary of what world-shaking event?

12. "The nation cannot afford pyrotechnics this year." What are they, and when was their absence noticeable?

13. The Mars, the navy's new flying battleship, is reported the largest plane in the world. Is its weight ten, forty, seventy, or 120 tons?

14. How did the fiscal year get its name?

15. She is world-famous for the way she surmounted a handicap. She has met kings and queens and presidents—but has never seen them. She celebrated her sixty-second birthday a short time ago. Her name?

16. How many square yards in an acre?

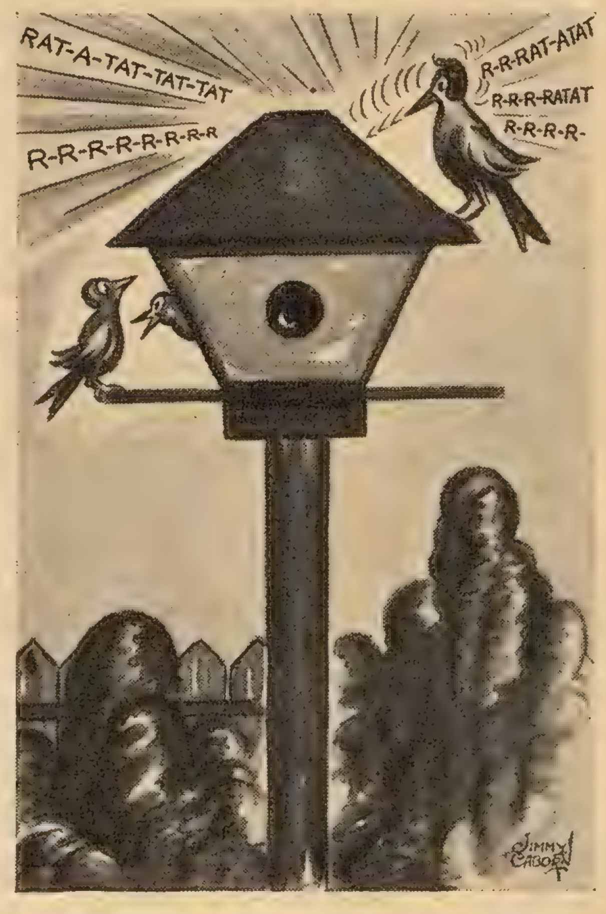
17. In which play of Shakespeare's is Banquo a chief character?

18. Which state is called the "Bay State," and why?

19. What three men have held the post of Secretary of War during the years President Roosevelt has been in office?

20. Has any President ever been married in the White House?

(*Answers will be found on page 49*)



"I'm glad you invited him over. Now we can break the lease!"

THIS MAN'S WAR

Some 20-mm. trouble for enemy airplanes.

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

RECENTLY one of our boys was home in Maine on furlough. He took a day off to go fishing in one of Maine's beautiful trout brooks in the vicinity of Winthrop. He had no more than wet his line when one of Maine's eagle-eyed game wardens spotted him. The soldier explained that he didn't think he had to have a license, as in the southern states, such as Florida, Mississippi, and Louisiana, soldiers are allowed to fish and hunt without a license. But it was no go with the game warden and the soldier was haled into court and fined five dollars.

It sure beats all that a Maine boy who is willing to give his life for his country should have been found guilty of such a trivial offense and fined what was for him a considerable sum. This soldier works hard for his money. He gets a twelve-day furlough, and spends six of that in traveling to see his loved ones and tries to enjoy a little sport in his beloved state. It seems to me this warden must have been pretty hard up for money, because out of that five dollars I imagine he got his cut.

What is your idea on it, Sarge?

St. Sgt. W. H. N.,
Camp Shelby, Miss.

That makes me boil. I know that "ignorance of the law excuses no one," also that as a native of Maine the soldier should have known he needed a license. Yet it seems to me that the warden could have let the soldier off with a warning or the judge could have given a suspended sentence. I'm no lawyer, guardhouse or otherwise, but there are times when human decency renders the best verdict. As Mr. W. Shakespeare put it, "The quality of mercy is not strain'd. . . . It blesseth him that gives and him that takes." And a New England poet, name of Longfellow, wrote, "Mercy more becomes a magistrate than the vindictive wrath which men call justice."

* * *

I have enlisted in the Navy with the rating of pharmacist mate, 2d class. I told my friends that when I go in I will have as good or better rating, pay, etc., as my brother-in-law, who is a sergeant in the Army. Back me up, will you?

F. M. W., Hollywood, Fla.

Your brother-in-law won't like this, but you'll rank with a staff sergeant in the Army and draw $96 a month. If he is a "buck" sergeant he ranks with a Navy petty officer, 3d class, and gets $78 per.

* * *

Can you give me some info on the new yellow "service" ribbon and the red "good conduct" ribbon? I think I am eligible for both, but I am unable to get details here.

Pvt. J. E. O.,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

The American Defense Ribbon is authorized for military personnel in service at any time between September 8, 1939, and December 7, 1941, inclusive, their service having, of course, been "honorable" and of at least twelve months' duration. The Good Conduct Medal (or ribbon) is authorized for enlisted men of the Army of the United States who completed three years of honorable active military service on or after June 28, 1941, and are recommended by their commanding officers for "exemplary behavior, efficiency and fidelity." Eligibles may purchase and wear the ribbons pending issuance of medals.

When a soldier takes out government life insurance, does he or his beneficiary receive the policy?

J. K., Detroit, Mich.

In his application the soldier states whether the certificate (policy) is to be mailed to him or to his beneficiary; he has the choice. If you're worried about not receiving an expected certificate—don't. There has been such a terrific volume of applications from men of the armed forces in recent months that the Veterans Administration has been snowed under and some delays are only to be expected.

* * *

Will a man on overseas duty continue to receive 20 per cent "up" on his pay if he is ordered back to the United States through no wish of his own?

Pvt. F. M., Ancon, Canal Zone.

No. Why should he? I can see no more reason to expect the overseas duty pay to continue than for a noncom to expect noncom pay after being reduced in grade.

* * *

I am one of thirty men in my squadron who have been accepted as flying cadets. After passing the examinations we had to wait two months before being transferred in grade to the Army Air Corps. Then we were given a ninety-day furlough. After three weeks at home we were recalled to active service. Of course we thought we would be sent to school. Instead, we were put to work digging road foundations, clearing the bomb range of debris, building a drainage system, shoveling gravel, and washing dishes.

Regular members of the squadron have been replaced on all details, except riot squads, by us cadets. We know that hard work won't do us any harm. That isn't the point. What burns us up is that wherever we go we see posters urging men to enlist as aviation cadets. We are told that training facilities are inadequate; but when a civilian applies he is usually given preference over us and is sent to school almost immediately. What's the big idea?

Pvt. J. T., Barksdale Field, La.

I can't tell you, soldier. But I can tell you that the matter has been brought to the attention of the proper authorities in Washington and I think there'll be action.

* * *

I am only a rookie, but I think I can express the main idea of every soldier: to get home at least once on furlough before going overseas. Perhaps it's just to show off our uniforms, or to see girl friends, or to put our legs under mom's table, or to chin with the old man; but one last furlough would boost our morale to the very highest peak. Isn't that right?

Pvt. R. W. T., Keesler Field, Miss.

Sure it's right, and the Army realizes it; but when you're fighting for your life it's sometimes impossible to take a few days off for personal pleasures and privileges.

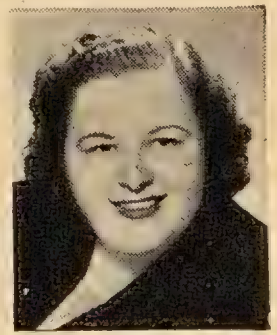
Vox Pop

Voice of the People”

GOD BLESS KATE SMITH!

Portland, Ore.—You have written of our Cohans, Cantors, and Winchells who are American from the top of their heads to the soles of their feet, but there is one whom we must and will remember throughout the years. She is as American as our buckwheat cakes, ham and eggs, and Boston baked beans.

I speak of a girl who in 1918, and just ready for her teens, would sing at any time and any place there were fighting men to listen, and listen they did. She had a sweet, charming voice and not much more in those days, yet many a soldier has carried a memory throughout the years of this girl and her voice.



The girl of whom I speak is Kate Smith. Kate has grown up through these years, still singing her way into the hearts of a truly great nation. With her growth has come a mellowness, a wealth of understanding, that comes only to those who believe in and give to fellow man.

December 7, 1941, marked the beginning of a stronger and more united nation, with Kate again marching with our fighting men, marching as a part of our great spirit of '42, and Kate is just that.

In 1917-18 it was a conquest to Kate. As a girl she felt she had something to offer America. Through the years she has given America her voice and courage, and America has accepted it until it has become a part of us.

Now she gives to our fighting men on the seven seas and in all parts of the earth that voice, richer in experience, grown more mellow with understanding of life and what it holds for us as a nation.

One only has to listen to the real heartfelt applause that greets Kate and her songs, her words of hope and courage, to realize just how much she is sowing the real American spirit into the hearts of these fighting men. Words cannot express just what I believe Kate represents to these men and boys.

Watching the faces of our fighting forces as they listen to Kate, I know that they feel from the depth of their hearts that she is another great American, a part of the American way of life for which they are glad to fight. And so, Kate Smith, may I say with thousands of fighting men, "A great woman and a great American—God bless you!"

Just a veteran of '17-'18 but hoping to be a selectee of '42—*W. V. Wilcox, Veterans Hospital.*

What do you mean—words can't express what she represents? You've expressed them beautifully and we are glad to publish your letter in full, for Kate Smith deserves all that you have said about her.—Vox Pop Ed.

GUESS IT ALL DEPENDS ON YOUR POINT OF VIEW

Jackson Heights, N. Y.—Of course out in Needles, California, patriotic Cecil One-Cylinder-Brush Brown (July 18 Vox Pop) wouldn't know about the "over-drives" that most cars are now equipped with to save gasoline—but do not throw into gear until an approximate speed of forty is reached.

Why, I'd be unpatriotic and wasteful of gas if I didn't pass his ancient jaloppy! (At least, that's what I'd tell the traffic cop if he stopped me for speeding!)—*Edith Rowland.*

ANOTHER ESCAPE FROM SINGAPORE

Niagara Falls, N. Y.—I have just read the story of escape from Singapore in July 11 Liberty. I also escaped from Singapore with my two children the end of January, leaving my husband. I presume he is a prisoner. My story is much the same as your writer's, except that we were civilians ordinarily and my husband was in the Volunteer Corps.

I would like very much to get into touch with your writer. It may be that I know her. We are bound to have mutual acquaintances. I have had news as late as February 11, a letter from a member of the Australian Imperial Forces. I personally feel very cut off from any source of news. I hear regularly from Australia and England, but apparently the Japanese refuse to permit Red Cross on the Island of Singapore, so there is no possible way to communicate.—*R. P.*

HOW ABOUT PLAYING THE LEAD, LYNNE?

Los Angeles, Calif.—Just a brief note to say I enjoyed reading The Governor's Shoes (July 18 Liberty) and think this short story of Frank Gruber's would make a fine comedy for the screen.—*Lynne Overman.*

Charleston, W. Va.—I am 100 per cent plus for Mr. Willard Peabody in Frank Gruber's story, The Governor's Shoes, in July 18 Liberty. May there be millions like him who have the courage and what it takes to stand up for what they believe to be right and just.—*Mrs. L. C. Basham.*

OH, COME NOW—"WIGGIE" WOULDN'T TALK LIKE THAT!

Albuquerque Air Base, N. M.—In answer to Wiggins of the 75th Infantry (July 18 Vox Pop) in regard to the June 13 cover of Liberty.

I never was an M. G., but used to be a peace-loving airplane mechanic until I was appointed top kick.

No, I wasn't weaned on vinegar or cayenne pepper. I wonder, Wiggy, old boy, if you realize, if we let all men go A. W. O. L. and smiled about it, what would happen?

Imagine a lot of Japs and Huns coming your way and your machine-gun buddies are all A. W. O. L. You would say, "Why don't that *@%—@@ top kick get his men in line?"—*W. P. Manion, 1st Sgt., 57th Sch. Sq. (Sp.).*

WONDER WHY HE DIDN'T BOTTLE THE CORN?

Washington, D. C.—*Re* your maliciously clever article Prohibition—Will It Happen Again? (June 27 Liberty.) Wrong! I have never aspired to be Generalissimo of American Drys. Collins, the writer, is badly off also on liquor revenue, as compared with its offsetting costs from poverty, misery, and crime. Reminds me of the farmer who paid two dollars for a pig, fed it ten dollars' worth of corn, and sold the hog for five dollars. He made on the hog but lost on the corn. Thus the small gains and immense losses from booze!—*Edward Page Gaston.*

YOU HAVE JOINED UP

HURON, S. D.—I am too young to join up, but last night I heard a man old enough to know better saying things that a ten-year-old would be ashamed of.

Among other things, that "no nation had designs on us, but that their designs were upon our dollars."

What kind of a nation are we? We kids know. Why is it that so many grown-ups do not?

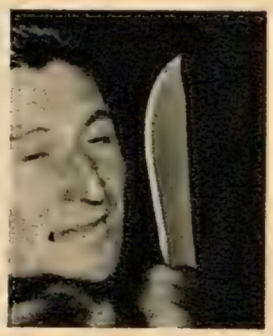
As always, "Keep 'em flying!"—*G. L. Trucano.*

QUITE A PROBLEM, ISN'T IT?

NORWICH, CONN.—Perhaps you or some of your readers can explain why, with all of the alphabetical commissions, bureaus, and departments, none of them can spell ABLE.

I understand that the Russian language has more letters than the English, so perhaps that might help, or they might be numbered. There is always an unlimited supply of ciphers.—*N. M. Baldwin.*

WAITING FOR A DIRECTOR TO YELL "CUT"?



ELSINORE, CALIF.—When I turned to page 54 of July 18 Liberty, showing Mexican naval men being entertained by Hollywood celebrities, my eye settled on the big butcher's knife in front of the second face reading up from the left-hand corner! Looking closely, you can see the fingers closed around the handle. And the half-closed eyes near the knife appear to be aiming at the victim. Could one of our beloved Hollywood stars have just delivered a too stale joke? —*Bennie Coates Hudson.*

SOUTH WHITLEY, IND.—Woe be unto the movie star who muffs his lines! Look at that wicked butcher knife in the hand of the Mexican naval man.—*Alta Gerard.*

LET'S TRY TO DO AS MUCH FOR AUSSIES HERE

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I am quoting from a letter received from my son, who is a member of the American Expeditionary Forces in Australia, which I think should be of some interest to your readers as to how our boys are being treated and feel toward the people of this great country:

"The first week-end we went to town we stayed at a private home, went to a very nice dance, visited the zoo, and in general had an enjoyable time. As for the people, you cannot find any better or more friendly persons anywhere. They take you into their homes and make you feel as though you belonged there and had always lived there. It really makes a fellow feel good to be treated as these Aussies treat us."—*B. J. M.*

WE'RE SURE YOU'LL MAKE THREE LOVELY COUPLES

FORT SILL, OKLA.—Here I've gone batting about the country in civilian life and in the army for twenty-five years.

During all this time I have either met, seen, or have seen pictures of many, many beautiful girls.

However, I don't think I ever saw anything to rival the sweet, fresh, captivating girl you portrayed on Liberty's July 18 front cover.

She has but to ask for my hand in marriage and I'd surely consent without hesitation.—*Pvt. George Yonke.*

TRUMANSBURG, N. Y.—On your July 18 cover you have a picture of one of the prettiest, if not the prettiest, girl whose photo I have ever seen.

How about it? Think you could arrange an introduction?—*Ted Conklin.*

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.—The picture of a beautiful girl on the cover of the Liberty issue of July 18 caught my eye and interest greatly.

Will you please, if you can, let me know who she is? Thanks.—*A. Wolf.*

GOSH, THAT'S GRAND!

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Please have more stories like Enemy Outpost. Just to read them makes me want to buy more bonds. I do, too.—*S. R. A.*

A DIME EARNS A DOLLAR?

LOUISVILLE, KY.—I've got a good get-rich-quick idea! Pay a dime for Liberty and send the jokes on to the papers that pay a buck apiece for them. That means ninety cents clear profit, and a good magazine free of charge. I see that the June 7 Louisville Courier-Journal printed the earthworm joke that ran in May 23 Liberty and paid somebody a dollar for sending it in.—*E. T. S.*

Watch out for charges of plagiarism, Vox Poppers! They arrest people for stealing things that don't belong to them, you know, even if it's only stealing an idea.—VOX POP EDITOR.

WE'LL TRY

PLYMOUTH, MICH.—In June 20 Liberty you had How'm I Doing, Baby? Get more stories from Oscar Schisgall (if they're like that).—*Dorothy Jean Richwine.*

AND THE WAR NAMES GO ROLLING ALONG

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Call this the Last War, and make sure it is!—*Mrs. R. Hirst.*

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Here's my choice: World Free for All II.—*R. M. Tripp.*

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO—Why not Strife for Life?—*C. Denham, Jr.*

MERCED, CALIF.—Here it is—The War of Deliverance.—*Mrs. A. T. Sensabaugh.*

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BY JUDSON P. PHILIPS

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

COYLE put the phone back on its cradle. Neither he nor Morrisey spoke for a minute.

"What did you make of it?" Morrisey said finally. He sounded unhappy.

Coyle was staring at the palms of his hands. "He couldn't have said it more plainly with alphabet blocks. That building is the key, Morrisey. The radio or signaling device you're looking for is there. Stay away from the building! What a cluck! His boss isn't going to give him an iron cross for playing it so dumb."

"No." Morrisey was twisting his fingers together.

"And if we'll be nice and not do anything till tomorrow, maybe he'll let the kids go. Tomorrow! That means your air raid—the one for the marbles—is scheduled for tonight. But don't look so glum, Morrisey. I know what it means. You've got to raid the place, threats or no threats."

"If we could get our hands on the guy who's running this, there's a chance we could force him to call Kling off."

"We've been trying for two days," Coyle said. "We're no nearer to nabbing him than we were." He sighed. "You've got to go up to that place and take it apart. If Kling goes haywire and murders those kids, it's not your fault, but, by heaven—"

Morrisey didn't say anything. He guessed that Coyle was badly shaken. Then, slowly, Coyle's eyes opened in that hooded gambler's squint. He reached in his pocket and brought out the pack of cards.

"How long will it take you to organize your raid, Morrisey?"

"Half an hour—an hour."

Coyle glanced at his watch. "It's a quarter to seven. Could you wait till nine o'clock to stage your raid?"

"To what end?" Morrisey asked.

"I'd like those kids to have just one chance."

"It's a deal," Morrisey said.

DONOVAN opened his eyes. He was lying on a strange bed in a strange room. Then he focused on Jane, who sat on the edge of the bed, holding one of his hands very tightly in hers. Then he felt sharp, shooting pains running along his jaw, and he remembered.

He had arrived at Kling's apartment, fighting his own numbing fatigue. He remembered the door opening, and there was Kling, pointing an automatic at him; and there was Jane, her blue eyes wide as saucers. Then Kling had slugged him, before he could lift his hands. He had been just conscious of being dragged into the bedroom and hoisted up on the bed.

"Time?" he said, looking at Jane.

"Half past seven. Oh, darling!"

Three hours.

"Kling?"

Jane nodded toward the closed door. Louis Armstrong's hot trumpet was doing a job on I'm Not Rough.

"How did he get wise to you, Jane?"

She told him about the broadcast on Oriole, and the phone call that had given her away.

"He kept saying Oriole double-crossed him, Harvard."

Donovan realized that Jane really knew nothing. She had been on her one-man spy hunt while Oriole had begun to hint at things. He told her. They knew now precisely what was up. Signals for enemy aircraft.

He fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette. Jane lit it for him. "He just picked you up, Jane. Any girl would have done. He wanted you with him because he had to have an alibi for Oriole. But why this? He's stuck his neck out."

"Danny phoned," Jane told him. She repeated Kling's end of the conversation. Coyle was to keep police and F. B. I. away until tomorrow, or else.

Donovan sat bolt upright in bed. "Jane! What did you find out here?"

"But nothing, darling. I never had a chance to find out anything."

"Don't you see, baby? There's something in this apartment—or this building. He didn't dare let you go. He was afraid you'd seen something. Jane, how did he happen to call me at Danny's? How did he know I was there? But he *did* know, Jane! Holy mackerel, don't you see what that means?"

"No—except that whoever told him about me told him about you."

"*Except!*" He sat smoking, tenderly feeling his jaw. "Look, baby, I don't want to scare you," he said.

"You can't, darling. I'm *stiff* right now!"

He took her hands in his. "You know, I love you very much," he said.

"Darling, you're really a big dope, because of course I know that."

"Danny can't wait till tomorrow," he said. "The air raid is for tonight. They've got to come and destroy whatever it is Kling and his pals have here. Kling is a mug. He thinks they'll lay off on our account."

"But, darling! I mean they *have* to, don't they?"

"They can't, kitten. They just plain can't." He slipped his arm around her, held her close. "You should never have gotten hooked up to me, baby."

"I never have," she said shakily, "because you would never have the decency to make an honest woman out of me, which is making all my ancestors turn over in their graves."

HIS smile was twisted. "We could play gin rummy," he said. He hit his knee with his closed fist. "I wish to heaven I could get in touch with Danny now!"

"I don't see what good that would do."

"They've got to raid," he said, "because it's thousands of people—the city—as against us. Kling still thinks he can intimidate the law by threatening the lives of isolated individuals. Individuals aren't that important any more. They'll raid, and he'll realize his mistake too late, because they'll get him. But they'll have to shoot it out with him and they'll probably get him dead. And there'll be no one to tell Danny about that phone call which tipped Kling off about you and told him where I was. Without that knowledge Kling's employer may slip through Danny's fingers."

"But they'll never let Kent out of their sight, Harvard."

"Kent! I keep forgetting you don't know all the facts, kitten. There are only three people who could have made that phone call, Jane, and two of them wouldn't."

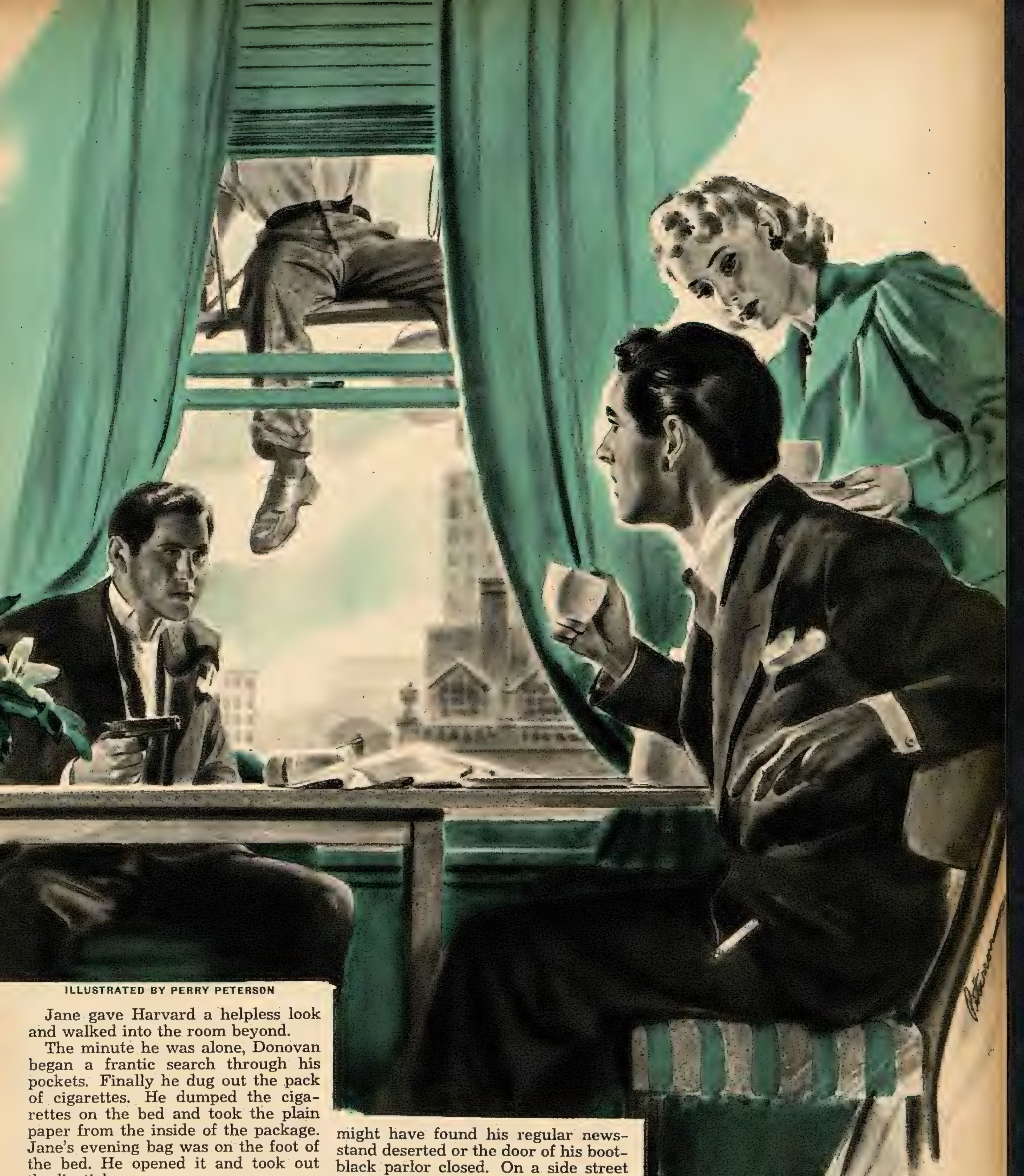
"But who, Harvard?"

His arm tightened around her. He didn't answer, because the door swung open and Kling stood there, gun in hand.

"I see you came to, chump. You!" He pointed to Jane. "It's time we all had breakfast, don't you think?"

Donovan gave Jane's shoulders a little squeeze. "Let's go," he said.

"Not you, Donovan," Kling said. "You stay here. I don't want you both milling around at once."



ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON

Jane gave Harvard a helpless look and walked into the room beyond.

The minute he was alone, Donovan began a frantic search through his pockets. Finally he dug out the pack of cigarettes. He dumped the cigarettes on the bed and took the plain paper from the inside of the package. Jane's evening bag was on the foot of the bed. He opened it and took out the lipstick.

He scrawled a name on the paper with the lipstick, folded it, and slipped it into the watch pocket of his trousers. The police were very thorough about searching bodies of murder victims.

ALONG Broadway that Friday morning there was a hum of excitement which any one up that early might not have noticed. However, he might have found his regular newsstand deserted or the door of his bootblack parlor closed. On a side street back of Coyle's a row of taxicabs was lined up, driverless. The back room of a certain corner cigar store was jammed with men. Here were the cab drivers, the newsboys, the bootblacks, a couple of flashy-looking touts, and Mickey Dowd, ferret-faced, tense.

"Danny Coyle wants you!" That was the word that had gone around. Wally, Coyle's bartender, Gabby Grant, the boardman, and Slide-Rule

He stopped in spite of himself. Coming down outside the window behind Kling was a pair of feet, followed by legs in blue dungarees.

Kelley were there. And there was Ziggy Danzigger, taxi driver, a toothless gnome whose regular stand was outside Coyle's front door, and Johnny Carpus, the window washer for Coyle's building.

The little people, Coyle called them. "When I want a favor from a senator or a judge," he once said, "I have to figure what I can do for him in return. Not these guys. They're my friends."

Mickey Dowd stood up on a packing case. "Listen, you punks," he said. "Danny's in a jam."

There was a growling sound from two dozen throats.

"Well, don't make a speech about it," said Ziggy Danzigger. "Give us the low-down."

"If any of you ain't paid up your life insurance, you better scram out of here and do it," Mickey said, "because we ain't goin' to no pin-ball tournament."

COYLE'S office was thick with tobacco smoke. Coyle himself sat behind his desk like a great fat Buddha. With him now were Moran—whose prisoners were in the outer room under the eye of Sergeant Teliski—Morrisey, Reardon, Jake Horowitz, and a very subdued-looking Calvin Buckler. Things had happened.

Horowitz had gone to Buckler's apartment to pick up Gleason. Buckler had admitted that Gleason was there. It was perfectly legitimate for him to keep a witness under cover. No, he didn't mind if Horowitz saw Gleason. He would advise Gleason whether or not to answer questions.

They had gone down the hall to Gleason's room. It was empty. The Bucklers' maid said there'd been a phone call for him. She'd called him and he'd made tracks, pulling on his clothes as he went.

Coyle was being unsatisfactory. Moran, Reardon, and Morrisey were all of one mind. They felt the only chance for Jane and Donovan was to put pressure on Kling's employer. Reardon was for taking Kent somewhere and beating him up till he was willing to talk. Horowitz was inclined to agree. Moran said he wasn't concerned with legalities, district attorney or no district attorney.

"But if you're going to third-degree somebody, you've got to know what you're trying to get out of him. What do we know about the murderer?"

Coyle answered that one. "We know," he said, "that on Tuesday night, when Quigley was killed, the murderer had an alibi for eight thirty. They went to quite a lot of trouble to fenagle the time."

"Well, who had alibis for eight thirty?" Horowitz wanted to know.

"Damn near every one," Moran said. "Kling—ironclad; O'Higgins; Gleason, who answered Miss Wolfe's call, you remember; Kent. Miss Lewis herself said she was talking to him for ten minutes before she went to the Donnelly. Trouble is, most of those stand up, Danny, not only for eight thirty, but later. Kling's out. He was listening to Glenn Miller's band at the Paramount with two people who swear to it. Gleason couldn't have done the killing if he was downstairs on the switchboard one minute later. O'Higgins was playing bridge and never left the club. Kent would have had to be Charlie Paddock to have waited till Miss Lewis was out of sight and then beat her to Quigley's room, kill him, and get away before she arrived."

"Then find some one else," Coyle said.

"What do we do, make a house-to-house canvass?" Moran was exasperated.

"I still say tackle Kent," Terry Reardon said. "*Make* him talk."

"There's the matter of time, Mr. Reardon," said Morrisey uneasily. "Do you think you could crack him in an hour? That's all we have now."

"There's one person we haven't considered," said Horowitz. "You all seem to think he's a joke, but he has a way of bobbing up. Comstock."

Reardon smacked his forehead with the palm of his hand. "But, Danny, of course! Some one tipped off Gleason, didn't they? Comstock was tailing you! He knew Mickey Dowd had given you a lead to Gleason! And wasn't he in the room when Mickey gave you Kling's address over the phone? Maybe that's how Kling tumbled to Jane. Comstock!"

Coyle looked at him. "Terry, that's about the smartest piece of figuring any of us has done," he said.

"I'll get Comstock in here," Moran said.

Coyle lowered his eyes to his watch. Eight five.

JANE cooked eggs. There was a gate-leg table in the living room which Kling ordered her to set.

He ate breakfast—orange juice, eggs, toast, and coffee—with his gun resting right beside his coffee cup. Jane stood in the doorway to the kitchen. She thought of leaning out the kitchen window and screaming bloody murder. Kling again guessed what she was thinking.

"Don't try any fast ones, sister. If you do, I just open that bedroom door and plug the chump. Catch on?"

When he'd finished and lit a cigarette he seemed to feel better. "Fix up some stuff for you and the chump if you want to eat," he said.

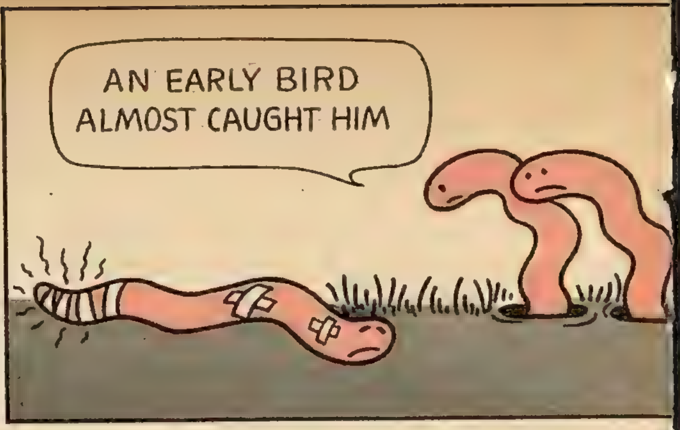
She did another batch of eggs. When they were ready, Kling let Donovan out of the bedroom, keeping him covered. He waved them both to the table. He sat down in a comfortable chair, gun resting in his lap, watching them. Jane's back was to him; Donovan faced him.

"Watch your table manners," Donovan said to Jane. "We're in public."

Jane looked at him. "I just pretend we're not, on account of I can't see it."

"The prisoners ate a hearty breakfast," Kling said, laughing. "Go ahead, have your fun, kiddies."

"Another end man," said Donovan to Jane. "It *was* fun. Crazy fun." He poured himself some more coffee and took one of the loose cigarettes from his pocket. "Morrisey and his boys ought to be here pretty soon," he said.


AN EARLY BIRD ALMOST CAUGHT HIM

"Just pray they don't come, chump," said Kling.

"I'll bet a lot of awfully nice people will send flowers to our funeral," Donovan said. "Because of course Morrisey will come, Kling."

"That's a laugh," Kling said. "Coyle's got influence. He won't let anything happen to you."

"You know, Kling," Donovan said, "I'll bet you're so absorbed in your music you don't even know there's a war on. There must be something wrong to make you think that you could—" He stopped in the middle of his sentence. Stopped in spite of himself.

Coming slowly down outside the window behind Kling was a pair of feet, followed by legs in blue dungarees. Then the whole of a man, swinging on a seat suspended by ropes from above. He had the cloths and little rubber brush of a window washer. And Donovan knew him! It was Johnny Carpus, who did the window washing at Coyle's.

Donovan tried to pick up the line of conversation, but it was too late. His face had given him away. Kling sprang out of his chair as if he'd been stung, and slithered to one side where he could cover both Donovan and Johnny Carpus. Johnny's hand lifted from his hip pocket. He was, after all, suspended six stories above concrete. He saw Kling's gun clearly enough.

"MORNING," said Johnny Carpus cheerfully. "What's the idea of the artillery, mac?"

"Come in off of there," Kling said.

"Take it easy," Johnny Carpus said. He was a nice-looking blond kid. Donovan watched him, his heart pounding. Danny was trying something. Had his stupid astonishment at sight of those feet and legs spoiled it?

"I'm just washin' your windows, mister," Johnny said.

"You slide in the top of that window or they'll be picking you up in a basket," Kling ordered.

"O. K.," Johnny said. He looked blankly at Jane and Donovan. "Only be careful with that rod, mac." He managed the high-wire maneuver of getting in the top of the window. Kling was on him like a cat. He found an automatic in Johnny's hip pocket and backed away, leveling both weapons.

"All right, punk," he said. "What's the game?"

"I was just washin' your windows."

"Don't play dumb. You know these

I FEEL AS LOW AS A MAN TODAY!
BY KATY

people. Coyle sent you, didn't he? What did you see up on the roof?"

"See?"

"Keep on stalling, you little jerk, and I'll spatter you on the wallpaper."

"So the answer's on the roof, is it, Kling?" Donovan said.

Kling's face was suddenly damp with sweat. "Coyle sent you, didn't he? How many pals you got up there on the roof? You'd better sing, sucker."

Johnny looked at Donovan. "O. K. What do you want to know?"

"How'd you get up on the roof?"

"I walked."

"What did you see up there?"

"I didn't see anythin', mister. I don't know what you're talkin' about."

"All right," said Kling. "I gave you a chance."

Donovan saw his finger tighten.

Johnny Carpus saw it too. He said: "O. K., Coyle sent me."

KLING let his breath out between his teeth. "What's the angle?"

"I just came lookin' for Harvard and Miss Rain," Johnny said.

"How many more are with you?"

"I dunno," said Johnny. "Some."

"Listen, punk. I want you to talk, see? How would you like it if I started letting you have it, first in the leg, then in the belly, then in the shoulder? Think that would loosen you up?"

Donovan laughed. "That's very old-hat, Joe. Very old-hat! That used to be your league. Your money or your life. Under those conditions you'd be in the catbird seat. As it is, I feel sorry for you. You're in a spot, Joe."

"*I'm* in a spot!" Kling said.

"Uh-huh. There you are, behind two guns. Three of us helpless. That ought to make you king, oughtn't it? But it doesn't. What are you going to do after you shoot us? Take a look out the window, Joe."

Kling didn't move. He wet his lips.

"You asked Johnny if there were more," Donovan said. "Well, you can bank on it. Go ahead. Kill us. Use up three bullets. You've got to, because we know now there's something on the roof. Then you can take care of a few of the rest of 'em."

"How many are there?" Kling demanded.

"If I told you a hundred and thirty million, you wouldn't know what I was talking about, would you? You're licked, Joe. You can't let us go, and you can't kill us. Not all of us."

Kling coughed. "O. K.," he said. "You name it, Donovan. Call off this bunch of jerks, and I'll leave you here, standing on your feet."

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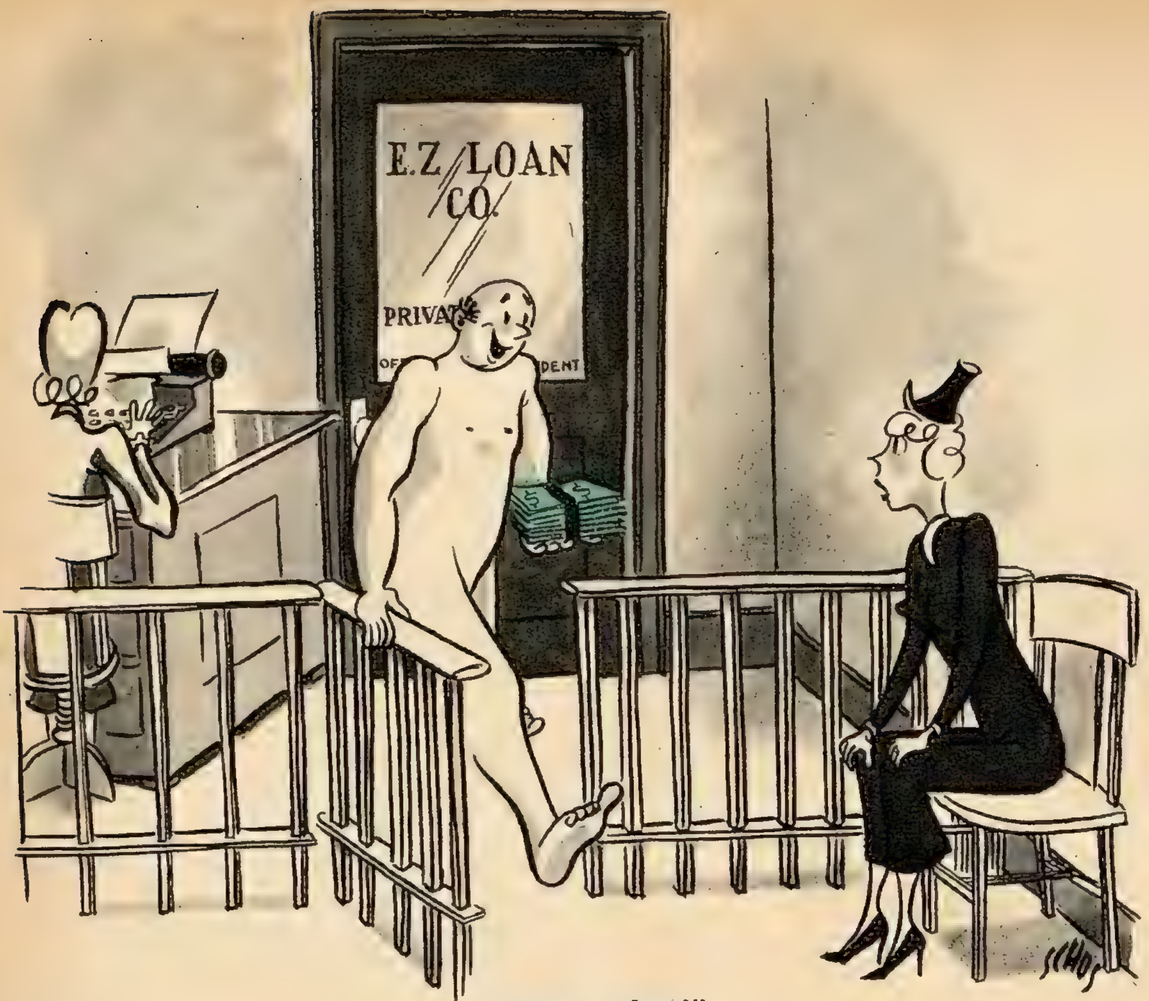


"I got it, dear!"

"Sorry, Joe. You don't understand the stakes," Donovan said. "You see, they know what you're up to, you and your boss and your friends. They'd be sorry if something happened to us, but I couldn't call them off if I wanted to. They've got more to think of than us, Joe. Their own wives and kids and homes. Their own future. That little gadget up on the roof is the business, Joe. They've taken a lot from your kind for a long time. Now they're through taking it."

"You said it, Harvard," said Johnny Carpus. His eyes were bright.

"You've got one chance, Joe. Come on out of here peacefully. You'll go to jail, but you'll live."

"Forget it," Kling said. He brushed at his face with his sleeve. "I never ratted and I'm not starting now."

"No?" said Donovan grimly. "You ratted on Oriole. You let them kill her while you sat here and played victrola records. You've ratted on the whole country. That's why you can't get away. Not if you had a dozen tommy guns and a tank to try it in."

"Say, Harvard," said Johnny, "isn't that smoke comin' in under the door?"

"Did you just notice it?" Donovan asked, laughing.

KLING backed along the wall so he could keep them in range and still look at the door. From under the crack came thick tendrils of black, pungent smoke. It made him cough.

"Interesting situation, Joe," Donovan said.

Kling's head moved nervously as if to get away from Donovan's voice stabbing at him and stabbing at him. There was another voice, shouting, two or three floors down. It echoed up the stair well. "Fire! *Fire!*"

"What are you going to do about it, Joe?" Donovan asked.

"Shut up, will you?" Kling said. Smoke was seeping through the vertical crack now, more and more of it. Excited voices grew louder in the hall.

"Maybe you should call up your boss and ask his advice," Donovan said.

From the street outside they heard the wail of a siren. Then some one hammered on the apartment door. "Anybody in there? The building's on fire. Hey, in there!"

The room was hazy with smoke and they were all choking and coughing. Kling stepped from the wall, facing in.

"So you think this is a bum break for me, chump? Well, this is the way I *do* get out. Say your prayers, snoopers!" An ax struck the paneling of the door behind him.

"It's too late, Joe," Donovan said.

THE door splintered. A great cloud of smoke billowed into the room. There were many voices behind it. There was one last answer for Kling, and he knew it. He turned his back on Donovan, Johnny, and Jane.

"Out of my way!" he shouted. Both guns blasted at the fog bank of smoke. And two things happened. Donovan and Johnny Carpus dove. That was the second thing. The first was a sharp-bladed fire ax that came out of nowhere and buried itself in Joe Kling's skull.

A grimy hoarse-voiced specter appeared through the smoke, a toothless grin on his face.

"You O. K., Harvard?"

Donovan dragged himself to his feet. "Ziggy!" he said. "Ziggy Danzigger."

Then Jane was in his arms, sobbing against his chest. "Oh, darling, you always said never to believe in coincidences, but after the way this fire happened I'll always believe in them, because it was the most gorgeous coincidence—because I thought we were dead."

Ziggy grinned. "That wasn't no coincidence, miss," he said. "It was some greasy waste we brought over from the garage. Makes a hell of a stink, don't it?"

Ziggy himself, proudly besooted, drove Jane and Donovan downtown. Johnny Carpus stayed behind to look at the short-wave radio they'd found on the roof. It had been installed in a penthouse rented by a naval officer whose wife had closed the apartment and gone to the Coast.

Donovan's eyes were hard, angry.

"Three hundred and twenty years ago, just before breakfast," Jane said, "you started to tell me that Kling's boss was one of three people."

Donovan fished the folded clip of paper out of his watch pocket and handed it to her without speaking. Her mouth fell open. "But, Harvard!"

"Wait and see," he said.

A CROWD of Ziggy's pals had gathered inside and outside Coyle's. Jane and Donovan had to wedge their way upstairs, past people thumping them on the back. Donovan opened the door to Coyle's office. They were swarmed over. Coyle alone sat still where he was. Jane went to him and dropped on her knees.

"Oh, Danny, Danny, thank you for keeping Harvard all right!"

Coyle patted her head. His eyes were bright, excited.

Terry Reardon pumped Donovan's hand. "Great going, fella. You had us on pins and needles here."

"Thanks, Terry," Donovan said. "From me to you." He swung a left from the outfield that caught Reardon squarely on the jaw and sent him staggering back into Moran's arms.

"Harvard!" Reardon cried. "What's wrong with you?"

Donovan had followed up. He drove a right cross to the other side of the congressman's jaw.

"That," he said, "is for Oriole Brown!"

Jane had risen to her feet. She was hanging on tightly to Coyle's arm. "Poor Mona!" she whispered.

"Poor Mona," said Coyle calmly, "is also going to the electric chair." . . .

Late that afternoon, Coyle trudged wearily up the stairs to his apartment. He found Jane sitting in the window seat.

"Well," said Coyle, "it's all over. Where's Harvard?"

"Sleeping—believe it or not."

Donovan rose up and peered over the back of the couch. "I am not sleeping," he said. "I am just lying here thinking what a smart guy I was to have been right about Terry."

"You're a genius," said Coyle. He slumped down in his big armchair. "It happens I was way ahead of you, but we won't put that in your biography. Would any one like to get me a glass of beer?"

"I would," said Jane, and went off to the kitchenette.

"Confession?" Donovan asked.

Coyle lifted his hand to his eyes for a moment. “There’s a poison that’s got into men in this world, Harvard, that’s beyond me. You should have heard the drivel. International Jewish warmongers are leading us to destruction! Communists are going to take over the country if we win the war! Right out of Dr. Goebbels’ handbook! I nearly lost the breakfast I didn’t get around to eat.”

“You mean he was on his own?”

“You might call it that. He’d swallowed a large dose of isolationism, a large dose of Fascism, and broke out in a rash with what we might call Reardonism. Better a few thousand people should be killed in air raids, if it will bring our fleet, our troops, our air force back home. I’m sick from listening to it.”

JANE came back with beer. Coyle took a swig, sighed contentedly. “They had a half dozen short-wave radios planted here in the city. They’ve never been in use, so they’ve never been spotted. The big raid was set for tonight, and those radios would have beamed them in. That was the plan. Quigley spiked it.”

“But, Danny,” said Jane, “you said Mona—”

“She was in it, Jane. She and her father and Kling and Gleason. The Lewises were meat. George Lewis’ father was a German immigrant. Their name was Ludwig, but they changed it during the last war. Lewis had traveled extensively in Germany; his business connections were all there. He dealt in foreign bonds and securities. When things went badly here and he found himself criminally broke, he was perfectly willing to serve the agents of his fatherland. If the Axis won, the Lewises—or Ludwigs—would have been sitting pretty.”

“But Quigley got wise somehow?”

“Right. And once you’re in something like this you don’t balk at necessities. Quigley was dangerous to them, so he had to die. It isn’t healthy work, though, potting F. B. I. men. Their pals have a way of not forgetting.”

“Danny, you mean Mona *did* kill him?” Jane asked.

“No. Reardon killed them all. Quigley, George Lewis, Oriole. But Mona helped. Jobs were wangled for Gleason and Kling at the Donnelly and the bridge club. They were so smart, it makes my head ache.” Coyle sipped his beer. “They figured if somebody was instantly arrested for the murder it would take weeks for an indictment and trial. Then, after an acquittal, the trail would be cold. Mona was willing to take the rap. They also decided to throw red herrings around in the process. Lowery Kent was the goat for that. Mona *did* lose money gambling. O’Higgins could no more play on the level than stop breathing. It gave her an excuse to hang around. Then they invented the story about Kent sending her to Quigley, which put Kent under a cloud. Actually, she had a date with Quigley. She’d phoned him, hinted at big information. The stage was set.

“They rigged up the time thing. Reardon was in a committee meeting at the Astor, just a block away. He had Mona’s gun. At eight thirty he left, went to the Donnelly, and upstairs to Quigley’s room. Gleason had provided him with a key. He shot Quigley and scrammed. Mona met him in the hall, took the gun, and allowed herself to be caught. Gleason got the alarm from Miss Wolfe, phonied the time, and that was that.

“Her story was so thin we believed it! They counted on that! Bighearted Danny Coyle was to be a fall guy, too. Horowitz would have got her off. If it hadn’t been for Quigley’s letter, I think Kent and O’Higgins would eventually have been pinched. And they had nothing to do with this, except by accident. The first thing that went wrong was George Lewis. He hadn’t minded the idea of mass murder by air, but murder by his son-in-law was more than he’d bargained for. Maybe he lost his nerve, maybe he had ideas of blackmail. Anyway, he was on his way to ask questions of Gleason and Kling when Reardon ran him down. Reardon got away clean, came up here, and got his second blow. Morrisey was here with Quigley’s letter. His alibi for eight thirty had gone blooey, when and if we got around to figuring it out—which we did. Quigley’s letter did it, but Oriole was responsible for the letter, with her phone calls.”

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 40

1. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. She was on a shopping tour.
2. Cairo, with a population of more than a million.
3. They are all considered among the decisive battles in world history.
4. It’s the zero hung up on the scoreboard when no runs have been scored.
5. The Six Nations were a warlike group of Indian tribes living mostly in western New York. It is their descendants who declared war on the Axis.
6. Judas Iscariot.
7. Because it is mostly black—and because of its trait of devouring its mate.
8. That is a crooks’ term meaning “write a bad check.”
9. Major General Dwight David Eisenhower.
10. The Puritan followers of Cromwell during the English Civil War. They were so called because they wore their hair short, in contrast to the flowing hair of the Royalists.
11. That was the anniversary of the day Japan started her invasion of China—which was to be completed in a few months, and is still anything but completed, due to the strong Chinese resistance.
12. Pyrotechnics is a high-sounding name for fireworks—and the day they were most missed was July 4.
13. Seventy tons.
14. A fisc was a treasury—and a fiscal year is considered a “treasury year.”
15. Helen Keller.
16. 4,840 square yards.
17. In Macbeth. He was the general Macbeth had slain, whose ghost later appeared at the banquet table.
18. Massachusetts is so called. The term is said to come not from Massachusetts Bay itself but from the Massachusetts Bay Company, which was powerful in governing Massachusetts in early colonial days.
19. George H. Dern, Harry H. Woodring, and the present Secretary, Henry L. Stimson.
20. In 1886 Grover Cleveland and his ward, Frances Folsom, were married in the White House.

“Danny, why did she call up and then not say anything?”

“She was mixed up and frightened,” Coyle said. “Nobody will ever know quite what happened. Kling told her too much or hinted too much and she got wise. But she felt she had to play it strictly by the rules. If they’d been going to bump off a cop, she’d have kept her mouth shut. Air raids were different. She wanted to warn Quigley because Quigley might be able to stop what they were planning. She didn’t dare involve herself by writing or seeing him. She didn’t even dare speak on the phone. Gleason was in the Donnelly. It was possible Quigley’s phone had been tapped. She warned him the only way she knew how. She did the same thing for us, hoping we’d realize that something was wrong.”

“Poor kid,” Donovan said.

“Of course we spilled everything to Reardon,” Coyle said bitterly. “He was on the inside with us from the start. Oriole had to die. Kling would be suspected, so he was to provide himself with an alibi while Reardon hunted Oriole, found her in your apartment, Harvard, and killed her.

“He thought he was safe. Then he got a real wallop. Jane was with Kling. We told him, heaven help us! Kling didn’t know who she was. She might stumble on something in that building. Kling must be warned. As soon as I’d left him alone here, and Morrisey and you were asleep, he phoned.”

“THAT’S what tipped me off,” Donovan said. “You and I, Moran and Morrisey and Reardon were the only ones who knew about Jane and where I was. Morrisey and Moran were above suspicion. That left Reardon.”

“Same thing with me,” Coyle said. “He and Morrisey were the only ones present when I told Horowitz to go to Buckler’s for Gleason. Gleason was warned.”

“But if you knew then, Danny, why did you hold off?”

“Had to,” Coyle said. “I had to wait till you were safe.”

“Did you never suspect Kent?”

Coyle chuckled. “I did. I gave him a bad half hour. I offered him my winnings on Buckler to sell out. He sweat blood trying to think of a way to earn the money, but he couldn’t.”

“Danny, have you really won on Buckler?” Jane asked.

“Buckler cooked his own goose,” said Coyle. “He tried to outsmart us and got hold of a red-hot stove lid in the person of Gleason. I think you can depend on his retiring. Probably go into social service with his friends the Casey brothers.”

“You mean be sort of a Boy Scout leader?” Jane asked, wide-eyed.

“That’s right, baby,” said Donovan. “And, after losing their money, I wouldn’t be surprised if he could start a fire by rubbing the two Casey brothers together.”

THE END

FINDERS KEEPERS

When a girl sets forth to find a red-headed man . . 'most anything can happen

BY KAY KENNEDY AND ARTHUR HURLEY

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

MOLLY looked around at the other contestants on the Fluffysuds Soap You Find It program. She had often wondered, when she listened to such radio offerings, just what manner of person was inveigled into these exhibitionist absurdities, and she had certainly never expected to find herself one of them.

But, unquestionably, here she was. Together with the plump, housewifely-looking woman, the slick young man, and the middle-aged man who might have been any grocery clerk, she, Molly Lambert, was waiting to draw a card which would send her on some ridiculous quest to amuse the radio audience and to further the crusade dedicated to putting Fluffysuds into every bathtub in America.

Why, she thought in sudden panic, did I ever let myself in for this?"

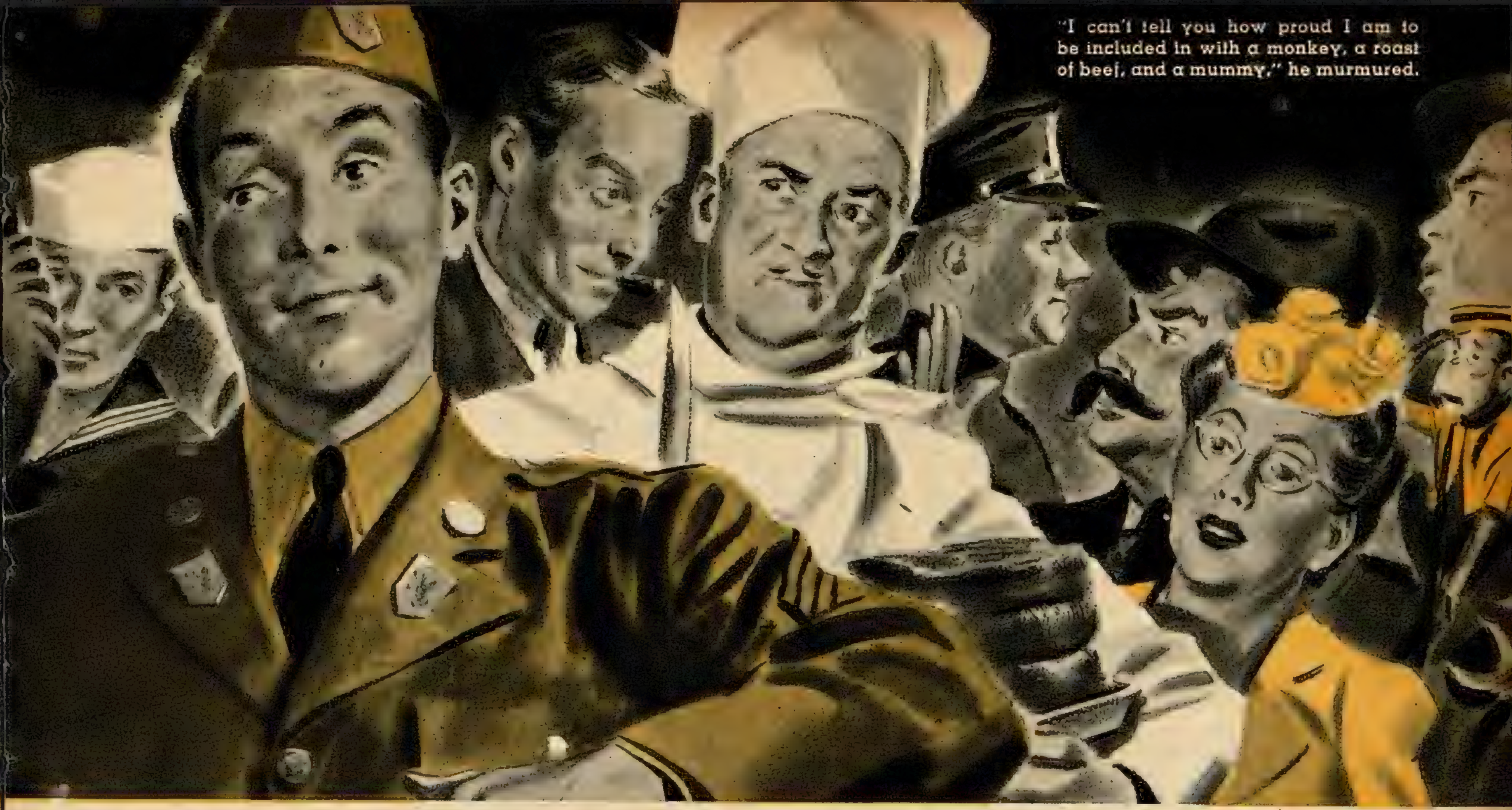
Of course she knew very well why she had.

It was all Barry's fault. If he hadn't been so darn smug, so *sensible* last night— Although she had been engaged to Barry for nearly three months, the fact that she was could still surprise her on occasion. She couldn't help but wonder why such a sane, competent, methodical young man should have chosen ony one as frivolous as herself. At twenty-seven, he held a junior executive's job and her father spoke of him as a "comer." Her mother was pleased, too.

"A nice, sensible boy," she had said. "He'll make you a good husband."

Molly was sure that he would. Even at those disloyal times when she wished Barry were a little more exciting, a little more unpredictable, she appreciated his dependability and generosity and took a very real pleasure in her friends' admiration of his smooth good looks. But last night had really been too much.

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICK



"I can't tell you how proud I am to be included in with a monkey, a roast of beef, and a mummy," he murmured.

Walking home with him through the soft spring night, she had been lost in a happy, sentimental dream when his words had broken through.

"So I won't be seeing you until Friday night," Barry was saying.

"But I thought we were going to—"

"No, dear; I'm afraid we'll have to postpone seeing Jean and Bill. Tomorrow night I have the opportunity of meeting J. L. Thomas, one of the coming men in the Untermeyer-Wells outfit." There was a note of satisfaction in Barry's voice. "Anyway, honey," he went on seriously, "in these times and with the pressure of work what it is, I've decided that I'll have to schedule things more carefully. I've figured it out that if I spend Monday night at the Y, give Wednesday evening to seeing men from the office or important business contacts, Thursday to my course in public speaking, and Sunday to spend with the family. I'll be able to see you Tuesday, Friday, and sometimes Saturday evenings. Unless something special comes up, of course."

THERE was more, but Molly didn't hear it. She was too busy concentrating on keeping her teeth clenched against the fine sarcastic comments that seemed urgently in need of expression. But when, after a restrained good night, she was in her room she let go.

"So! The rule is Tuesdays, Fridays, and sometimes *w* and *y*. You lucky girl, you!" she told her reflection in the mirror. "Careful, my pet, or you'll be swept right off your five and a half double A's. Such passion! Such fervor! Could any girl keep her wits about her with Whirlwind Barry giving her two or possibly even three evenings a week? Schedule!"

Next morning she found her annoyance only increased by a sketchy night's sleep. To be fitted into his time budget that way! Who did he think he was? Well, so help her, she'd show him who he was, she decided as she reached the office. How, she didn't yet know; but love, or something, would find a way.

"Or something" turned out to be Arline Walsh, who stopped at her desk shortly after nine.

"Look, Molly," Arline said. "Want to have some fun, I hope, tonight?"

"There are," Molly said firmly, "no lengths to which I would not go to have some fun, I hope, tonight. Up to and including murder."

"Swell. But you probably won't have to bring back a corpse. I hear there's a law."

"Just a rumor," Molly told her. "What's the set-up?"

"It's like this. I'm supposed to be one of the finders on that You Find It program at WWW tonight. Anything for a laugh. But I had a wire from Jimmy saying he's got a furlough and for me to be ready to go places when he gets in. So I thought you might take over. Would Barry mind?"

It was that last question that decided Molly.

"I'm quite sure he wouldn't," she said, "He's big, that way. And, as you say, anything for a laugh."

But it didn't seem at all laughable now that she was here at the studio waiting to pick a card out of the bowl the master of ceremonies was holding toward her. She had discovered that her impulsive acceptance of Arline's suggestion had necessitated arriving at the studio at five thirty, when the victims drew their assignments for the silly searches which would bring them back with their loot in time for the program at seven thirty.

Slowly she reached into the bowl, drew a card, and handed it to him.

"Ah! What a nice surprise for you, my dear!" The M. C.'s genial smile looked singularly unconvincing to Molly. "Your treasure hunt tonight is to take this pair of handcuffs"—he handed them to her—"find a redheaded army sergeant, handcuff him to yourself, and bring him back in time for the broadcast."

IN an unhappy daze Molly heard the other participants laugh and wish her luck. Then she was on the street, the handcuffs dangling from one hand. Quickly she shoved them into her pocketbook.

This was swell. This was just dandy. This, in fact, didn't make any sense. But sense, Molly reminded herself, was something of which she had had quite a surfeit. Barry could go right ahead and have dinner with his business contact. He could exercise at the Y until he was muscle-bound, he could pursue his course in public speaking until he got laryngitis, but she was out to get a redheaded sergeant!

The midtown streets were crowded with soldiers. Each one got a quick glance from Molly, first at his sleeve and then at his hair. After an hour and a half of this she felt like an enemy agent making a quick survey of the American armed forces. She also felt that there was an alarming lack of red-haired men in uniform.

Then, at a street corner, waiting for the traffic to change, she saw him. Redheaded, undoubtedly. And there were three stripes on his sleeve. Before her courage could wane, Molly whipped open her bag, snapped one bracelet on his right wrist and the other on her left.

"What the—" He whirled and looked at her. His look of angry amazement turned to one of appreciation. "I beg your pardon," he went on, "but don't you think your approach lacks just a touch of subtlety?"

"Don't be silly," Molly said. "This isn't an approach; it's—"

"Oh, I see. You're trying to avoid me. That *is* subtle. I apologize again." He bowed gravely and lifted his handcuffed wrist. "Is this a going-away present? Really, you *shouldn't* have—"

Molly tugged at the handcuffs impatiently. "Please just come along or we'll be late. I'll tell you about it in the cab." She hesitated. "Or Were you going some place important?"

"Just to dinner and a poker game. But with this jewelry on I feel a little overdressed."

"Come on, then," she said, and beckoned to a cab with her free hand.

She gave the address of WWW to the driver, then turned to her companion. "You see, it's quite harmless. Just one of those radio programs." She smiled at him a little doubtfully.

"You mean that if you turn me in with three box tops you get a lovely cereal dish with a picture of Bopeep?" He seemed to have decided to enjoy the situation, and he considered Molly's softly curling brown hair and blue eyes with something more than casual approval.

"It *is* pretty juvenile," Molly admitted. "You're swell to take all this nonsense without getting sore."

"Why should I? I like the unexpected—especially when it looks like you."

Molly was surprised to find herself feeling ridiculously pleased and was relieved that the cab was stopping.

OUTSIDE the studio were already grouped the grocery-clerkish-looking man with an Egyptian mummy case; the plump lady with a bewildered-looking man in chef's cap, clutching a large roast of beef and a shining knife; and the slick young man with an organ grinder complete with monkey.

"This," Molly explained to her manacled sergeant, "is the sort of refined paranoia that sells Fluffysuds."

"I can't tell you how proud I am to be included in with a monkey, a roast of beef, and a mummy," the soldier murmured. "It's going to make fighting a war seem pretty dull."

Then it was time and the broadcast started. There was a great confusion of announcements, laughter, people going on and off the stage. They found themselves facing a delighted studio audience and answering the M. C.'s questions. The sergeant's name, Molly discovered, was Jim McMillan, but the rest was just a blur of voices.

After it was mercifully over and they were walking toward the elevator, Jim said, "I'm sorry you didn't win the twenty-five-dollar prize. Now, if you'd only gotten a mummy instead of a sergeant—"

"But a mummy leads such a limited social life," she protested.

"And you'd look silly having dinner with one. But with me—where's the nearest decent place to eat?"

"The Harvest Grill is good and it's just down the street. We often eat there." She stopped. "Wait—I'm not having dinner with you. I mean, I—"

"Well, you're certainly going some place with me," he said, giving his handcuff a tug. "And I'm hungry."

"Good heavens! I'd forgotten. What are we going to do about these things?"

"I don't have to go back to camp for ten whole days, so what's the hurry? I rather like it this way. But I do think we ought to get off the street before we collect any more of a crowd."

Molly looked around wildly, and realized they were leading a sizable procession of interested observers.

"Come on," she said.

She started to run, and, of necessity, Jim ran with her. In the restaurant, they found a booth near the door and ducked in quickly.

"A deserter I just caught," Jim explained to the startled waiter. "Taking her back to camp for court-martial. See that we have some nice, slow service. I want to help her plan her alibi."

After they had ordered Molly looked questioningly at their linked wrists. "*What* are we going to do with these things?" she asked, jangling the bracelets. "Why on earth didn't we get them taken off at the studio?" Not, she thought, that I care. I'm having a lovely time; but Barry—

Just as the thought came to her, so suddenly that she feared that the recent excitement plus the exhilaration of Jim's company had done strange things to her vision, there *was* Barry.

"Molly," he said in tones of cold disapproval, "why did you follow me here? What does this mean? Coming in here while I'm having dinner with an important business contact, handcuffed to this man!"

"But I didn't follow you. How could I know—"

Barry paid no attention. "Making a spectacle of yourself in front of half the population of New York!"

"Now, come, would you say half?" Jim asked in the tone of one who is concerned only with accuracy.

"Never mind what I say!" Barry's face was red and his voice shook. "I'm not talking to you. I'm talking to Molly, and I've never seen anything so disgraceful. Coming here, of all places, where I'm well known, when I'm dining with J. L. Thomas, of all people."

"Not *the* J. L. Thomas?" Jim asked politely.

"Yes, the—what the devil do you know about it? And what are you doing with those handcuffs on?" He turned to Molly. "Get those off and go home at once. In the name of common sense—"

A COLD something that had been growing inside Molly answered for her: "You and your common sense! Don't you ever think of anything else? That's all I hear from you, and I've heard enough. You can have your common sense, and your ring too."

She started to strip off her engagement ring, and as she raised her left hand Jim's right came with it. She threw the ring on the table. Barry picked it up, put it in his vest pocket, and without a word walked away.

"Well," she gasped. "Well!"

"Lovers' quarrel, I take it," she heard Jim say.

"Not just a quarrel," she replied. "Just something that was bound to happen. Barry's a grand person if you like that kind of grand person; but—well, I guess it never made much sense. Too darn much sense, I mean."

"I'm sorry," he said gently. "If there's anything I can do about explaining, I'll be glad to do it."

"There must be something wrong with me. Somehow, I'm not sorry at all. Just sort of relieved—as if I could relax and be myself. It was quite a job living up to Barry and his schedule—if you have any idea what I mean."

WITH the words she had a feeling this Jim McMillan could be depended on to understand her, to know what she meant. The thought was comforting and, at the same time, stimulating. She drew herself up short.

"What do we do about these handcuffs? Get a blacksmith or what?"

"We could try the key," Jim said.

"The key? What key?"

"The key the people at the studio gave me just before we left. It's here in my pocket."

"You've had it all the time and never mentioned it?"

"Well," he said, "we were handcuffed together for so long that I got to like it. It seemed a shame to let you get away. Besides, after a while I sort of forgot that I had it."

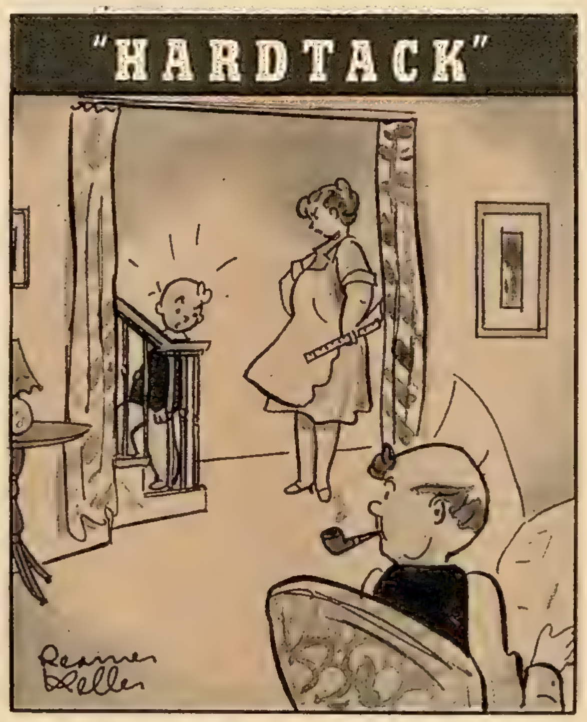
Molly stared at him, and then began to laugh. She laughed in a manner most unseemly for a young lady whose engagement has just been broken. Whatever this young man's faults might prove to be as she knew him better—and she had a feeling that she would know him a great deal better—a too great store of common sense would not be one of them.

He took the key out of his pocket and handed it to her without a word.

Just as quietly, she dropped it into the side pocket of a passing waiter, who went unsuspectingly on his way.

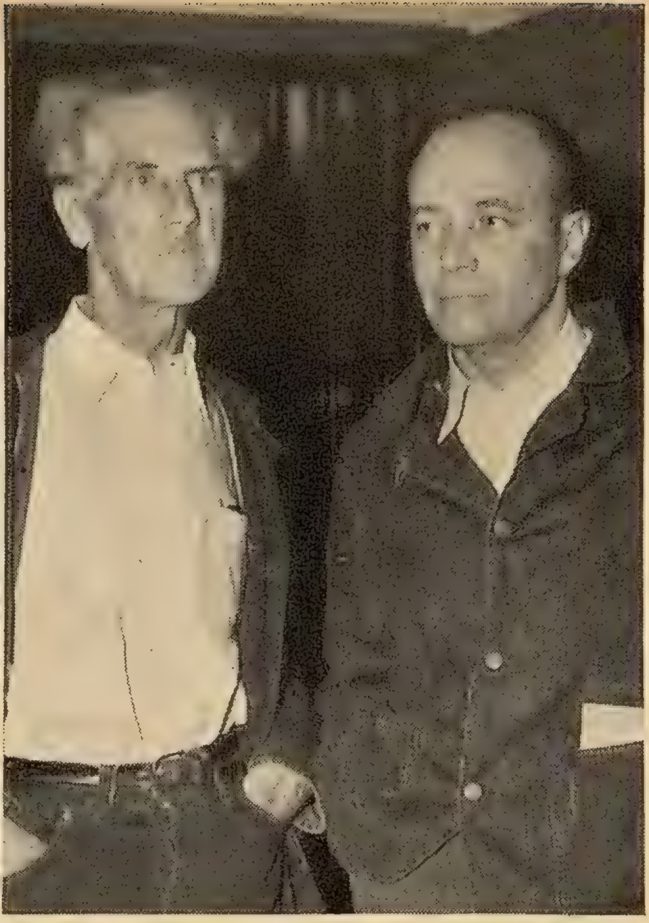
"There's no hurry about it," she said happily.

THE END



"She's not the same sweet girl you wrote those love letters up in the attic trunk to, is she, dad?"

Garner, on whom and on whose news-
. Publicity, Uncle Sam cracked down.


Ellis O. Jones (at left) and Robert Noble, co-workers recently convicted of sedition.

Noble as he looked in 1938. The F. B. I. had been keeping tabs on him since 1934.

MORE AMERICANS WE CAN DO WITHOUT

The FBI cracks down, but seeds of hate stay in our soil . . A militant reporter concludes his revealing catalogue of reasons why we must still be on guard

BY WALTER WINCHELL

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

EVEN now, the American people are not alert to their peril from within. They still think that Fascism, Black Shirts, Brown Shirts, and Silver Shirts are no more than an irritating bugaboo that will disappear if left alone.

Almost three years ago, before the war broke out, people accused me of overrating the seriousness of the situation. They charged me with being a warmonger—a hysterical warmonger, if you please. However, the fifth-column boys themselves knew I was not. One of them even had the nerve to come to me and say:

"You may be able to stop us from addressing a few mass meetings in Yorkville; you can stop us from talking to a few hundred people on New York street corners—but you won't be able to stop our bigger men! The very things which you are trying to stop us from saying now will be heard in Madison Square Garden, with United States senators and guys like Lindbergh and Coughlin telling the crowds of 25,000 people, a year from now."

The fifth-column boys knew what they were talking about. A year later Madison Square Garden was the scene of a series of meetings at which Senators Nye, Wheeler, Walsh, and Clark were the principal speakers, standing side by side with Charles A. Lindbergh.

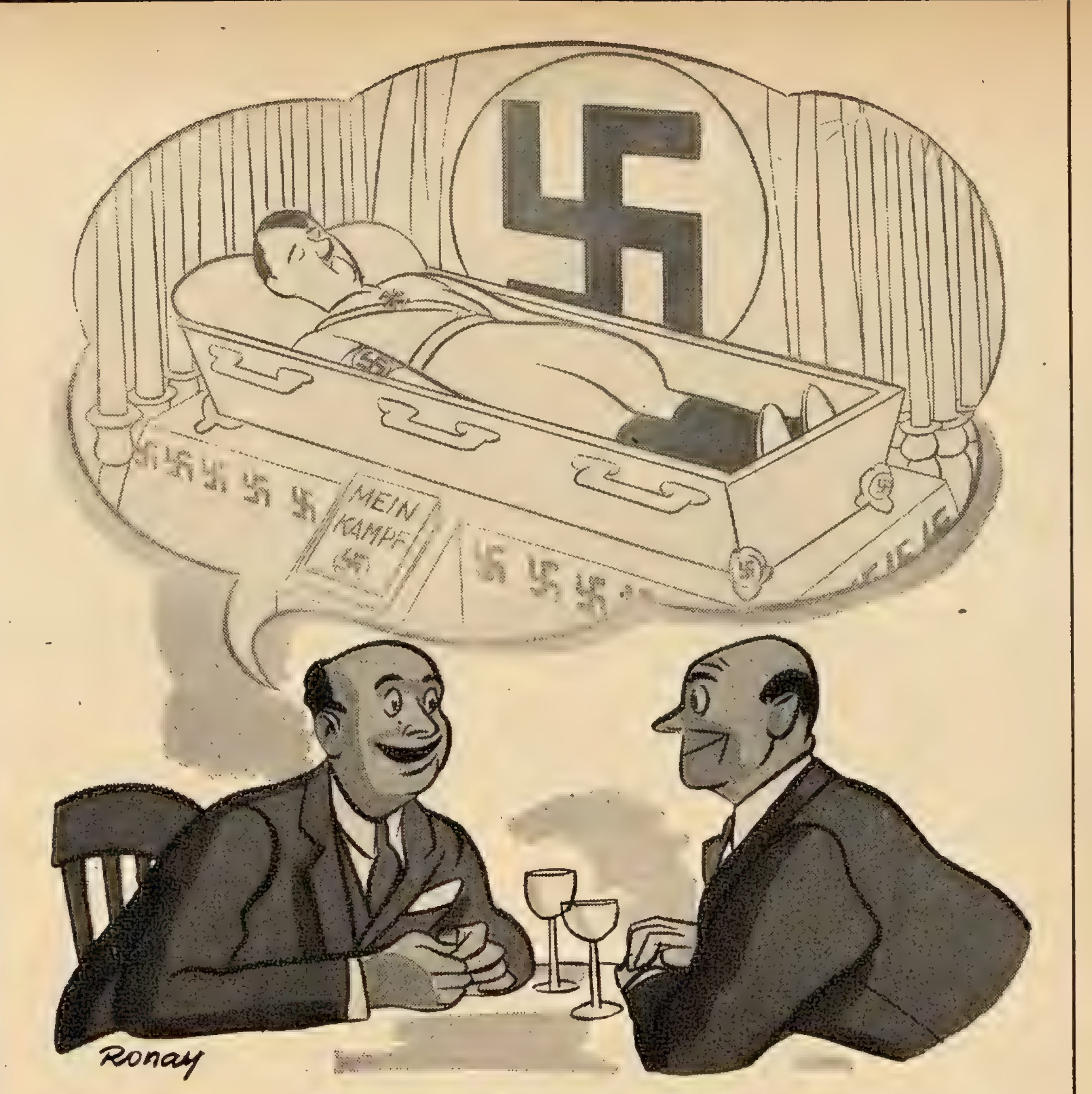
There could have been no greater proof of how right were we who advocated strong action against the Bundists than the arrest about two months ago by the F. B. I. of a string of Nazi saboteurs who were landed on the shores of Florida and New York from U-boats.

All these saboteurs had lived in the United States at one time or another. At least three had been members of the Nazi Bund—the Bund that was pooh-poohed by so many Rip van Winkles. Especially in Washington, D. C.

The Bund was supposed to be an American organization. However, when I revealed that it was set up under orders from Rudolf Hess (when he was Hitler's deputy) and Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, head of the Auslands organization—the organization of Germans living abroad—people snickered and said, "Winchell is a hysterical alarmist."

Today in the United States such men as Gerald Winrod, the Jayhawk Nazi, and Gerald L. K. Smith, the Michigan rabble-rouser, are—or recently were—running for the Senate. Others are running for the House. Seditionists are still at large, although at last the Justice Department has begun a crackdown.

The seeds of hate being sown here by Hitler's agents are as effective a weapon for the Nazi cause as the tanks of a panzer division. The messages which they spread in their stink sheets, the doubts which their allies in high places spread, must inevitably seep down into the ranks of the heroic boys in the army, the navy, and the



"I had a beautiful dream last night."

marines, causing confusion and uncertainty. Abraham Lincoln, gentlest of men, put it beautifully when he said: "Must I shoot a simple soldierboy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert?"

How about it, Mr. Attorney General?

An interesting example of defeatism spread in our midst can be given in the words of the brain-truster of American Fascism, Lawrence Dennis, who on May 7, 1942, had this to say in his Foreign News Letter:

"It would be interesting now to hear from the gallant defenders of Corregidor and Bataan who are now prisoners in the hands of the Japs. They held the fort, but nobody came to their rescue. Their performance was magnificent but strategically futile. If they imagine that their fight was to defend the national patrimony, they are apt to feel depressed. If they are made to understand that their stand was not for the old Empire, which is gone anyway, but for the new order which is to come everywhere, they will feel better over their surrender and capture by the Jap."

GERALD L. K. SMITH, now indicted, sabotaged the war effort by spreading disunity. He has the nerve to run for the Senate in Michigan on the slogan of "Tires for everybody." Even some of his most pro-Nazi friends have exposed his "patriotism." The executive director of the Fascist Silver Shirts gave the lie to it on August 5, 1938, when he wrote:

"Answering your letter of the 3d regarding Mr. Gerald L. K. Smith's connections with the Silver Shirts, which you say he denies, we have on file certain letters and telegrams received from him. . . . The letters are all written on Silver Shirts of America letterheads and signed by him. His registration number as a member of the Silver Shirts was 3223 and his wife's number was 3220."

Yet a couple of United States senators long insisted on playing ball with Smith, ex-Silver Shirt, leading Fascist. Senator Reynolds wrote him a letter congratulating him on starting his new magazine. The Cross and the Flag. In that letter the senator said:

"Let me congratulate you with my full heart upon your first edition. . . .

"We have arrived at the hour when we must have more 'two-fisted' talking and real action. America must be saved and America must be saved for Americans."

Senator Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota wrote Smith: "I have received issue number one of the new magazine. It is excellently done."

Representative Roy Woodruff of Michigan described Smith as "an American above reproach, a patriotic citizen loved and revered by every good American who knows him" when inserting in the Congressional Record of March 26 a leading editorial from The Cross and the Flag.

This is the same Gerald L. K. Smith who once wrote William Dudley Pelley that he had formed "a uniformed squad of young men composed of what I believe will be the first Silver Shirt stormtroop in America."

There are a number of misguided Americans who frankly did not see the menace of Hitlerism and the Japanese. These will have to remain on the question-mark list until they have proved themselves. For example, on the morning that Japan attacked Pearl Harbor the New York Herald Tribune carried a most interesting letter from William Rhodes Castle entitled Why War with Japan?

Castle was Under-Secretary of State in Hoover's administration. Along with Philip Johnson and Congressman Hamilton Fish, he wrote articles for the magazine of convicted Nazi agent Friedrich Auhagen. His letter to the New York Herald Tribune said:

"Every one talks of the possibility, not to say probability, of war with Japan. . . . Along with this talk of probable war, however, one repeatedly hears the question, 'Why should we go to war with Japan?' To that question I have never heard a reasonable answer."

The Japanese gave Mr. Castle his answer that morning.

The government has begun a crackdown on a number of the seditionists. At this writing it is expected that a mass indictment charging conspiracy against the government may be handed down by a federal grand jury sitting in Washington, D. C., under Assistant United States Attorney William Maloney. Father Coughlin's publication Social Justice has been stopped by the Post Office Department. Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling has been indicted by the Washington grand jury. Others, like Charles B. Hudson, publisher of America in Danger, have been brought before the grand jury.

At this writing, David Baxter of the Social Republic Society in California and Mrs. David D. Good, whose Women's National Defense Committee brought General George Van Horn Moseley to speak in Philadelphia in 1939, have been subpoenaed. William R. Lyman of the National Workers League, Hermann D. Kissenger of Kansas City, and a number of others have been haled from their respective scenes of operation to reveal to the government their sources of income and other connections.

However, as late as June and July of this year the following, to name a few, were still among the leading antidemocratic organs and organizations still operating:

Our Common Cause, edited by Edward James Smythe, now indicted.

Comment (552 H Street, San Bernardino, California), edited by David Baxter of the Social Republic Society.

Soul Craft, edited by William Dudley Pelley, on trial at this writing in Indianapolis.

America's Hope, edited by H. J. Haase, which appeals for a negotiated peace.

Charles B. Hudson's America in Danger, published in Nebraska.

C. Leon De Arayan's The Broom, published in San Diego, California.

Gerald L. K. Smith's The Cross and the Flag.

The Nationalist News Letter of the National Workers League of Detroit.

The Beacon Light, published at Atascadero, California, by William B. Kullgren.

The Round Table Letter, put out by Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling.

The Defender, put out by Gerald B. Winrod in Wichita, Kansas.

For a Better America, a bimonthly published in Oakland, California.

Most fearless of all the fifth column's enemies is J. Edgar Hoover's Federal Bureau of Investigation. However, occasionally the work of the G-men has been impeded by the zealousness of the Department of Justice in protecting civil liberties. Hoover's study of the workings of enemy agents and domestic Nazis finally began to bear fruit shortly after Pearl Harbor, when he and his G-men moved in on Robert Noble, founder of a "shirt" organization in California known as The Friends of Progress. Noble's activities have been known to the F. B. I. since 1934.

However, the California fifth columnist first gained national notoriety last December by staging a fake impeachment of President Roosevelt in Embassy Auditorium, Los Angeles.

ONLY twenty-four hours after the Nazi declaration of war against the United States, Noble lauded Adolf Hitler to the California skies and declared that a previous statement—to wit, "We are for Germany and for Hitler"—that he had made under oath, "still goes."

Noble's chief hatred was of the gallant soldier whom he called "General Nuisance MacArthur." Here is what he had to say about him:

"MacArthur—the guy that shot on the bonus army—now is supposed to be a hero. To hell with him!"

Noble's championing of the bonus army has an ironic tinge for those who recall the published reports that, under his real name of Robert Noble Croker, he deserted from the United States Navy and after a court-martial was incarcerated at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and later dishonorably discharged!

On December 11, the night of the "impeachment," special agents of the F. B. I. arrested Noble and his collaborator, Ellis O. Jones. Jones was formerly associated with Communist Front "Civil Liberties" organizations. However, four days after their arrest they were released on order from the Attorney General and the charges against them were dismissed.

Fiery indignation from patriotic West Coast residents resulted in their re-arrest last May, *five months* after Pearl Harbor. On July 18 they were convicted of sedition in Los Angeles.

Another pair brought to book by the F. B. I. are the Garners, father and son, of Wichita, Kansas. The F. B. I. has records on them which go back to 1925, when they published a weekly paper under the title of the Malvern Review.

Their most recent organ, Publicity, was clamped down on by the Post Office Department after it had blasphemed Defense Bonds

Unfortunately, too little light has been shed on the vicious mouthings of many of the seditionists. That goes both for the small group already convicted and for the still larger number waiting to be brought to trial.

George W. Christians was the first "American" arrested and tried on charges of sedition after we entered the war. He had posed as a "patriot" for a long time. He admitted his fascism, but only when confronted with the documents proving it. Government records show that since 1933 he has been making statements similar to these:

"Does your commander-in-chief have ideas, or is he the world's greatest humbug?"

"I am ready to die fighting for economic liberty. Is the world's greatest humbug ready to die for anything?

"We are to give up our lives for the delusion of grandeur of a merciless monster, FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT."

Back in 1933 Christians revealed to his more intimate followers how far he was willing to go at that time in his efforts to overthrow our government. He said:

"I am getting tired of long arguments on economics, and have become convinced that the only argument that the crooked politicians in Washington respect is FORCE. I am therefore now organizing an army to go to Washington to straighten out some of the crooks on the end of a rope, if necessary. If you know anyone who is ready to quit talking and do something, please hand him the enclosed instructions to organizers of Crusader White Shirts and tell him to get busy."

WHEN special agents of the F. B. I. finally discovered that Christians' literature was being sent to officers and enlisted men at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, and Camp Forest, Tennessee, the Attorney General gave the G-men permission to crack down.

The government has also given permission for a crackdown on pro-Nazis Elmer and James Garner. They have finally been indicted, and their paper, Publicity, has been banned from the mails.

They were more subtle than some of the other stink-sheet publishers. They let others do their writing for them.

A columnist who appeared regularly in Publicity was Edward James Smythe, who headed the "patriotic" Protestant War Veterans of New Jersey. Smythe personally assumed responsibility for the "wedding" of the Ku Klux Klan and the German-American Bund in 1939.

At this writing, Smythe has been indicted on a charge of conspiring to impair morale in armed forces. He would be hard put to explain away this statement, which appeared in his column on May 8, 1941:

"I feel that the time has now arrived

EYE TIRED? RED? IRRITATED?

SOOTHE EYES IN SECONDS—SAFELY, with EYE-GENE—the scientific eye lotion formulated by two eye specialists!

LOSE THAT BLOODSHOT LOOK, TOO! Redness caused by overwork, irritation or late hours vanishes almost immediately!—(Its exclusive ingredient makes EYE-GENE so effective in so short a time!)

TRY EYE-GENE . . . Stainless. Inexpensive. Sold at drug, department & 10¢ stores.

from
☐ over use
☐ close work
☐ late nights
☐ glare
☐ dust
☐ wind
☐ hay fever
☐ hang-over

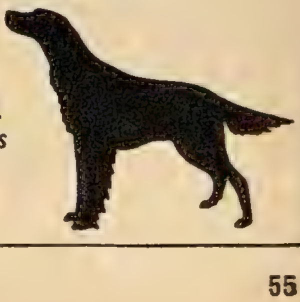
EYE-GENE
2 DROPS CLEAR, SOOTHE IN SECONDS!

PERSONALITIES MAKE NEWS: People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles *about* them and *by* them in Liberty.

HAY-FEVER
THE ORIGINAL
F. K. Invisible NASAL FILTER
Aids in preventing dust, dirt, pollen from reaching sensitive nasal membranes and further aggravating irritations due to Hay Fever, Asthma-Sinus affections. Sold at most Drug Stores, or write direct to KOEHLER CO., NEWPORT, KENTUCKY

Don't Gamble
Guard against trouble from Minor Injuries—
Cuts, Burns
Scratches or Scalds. Be wise. Guard against infections which may "lay you up." Cleanse wound instantly. Then apply effective, inhibitory antiseptic OIL-O-SOL. Used for over 40 years in thousands of factories, garages, industrial first aid stations, fire departments and homes. Works two ways: combats infection; quickly helps relieve pain. Pleasant to use. Only 50c at your druggist's. Must satisfy you or your money back. Get **Mosso's OIL-O-SOL** today.

PULVEX
FLEA POWDER
—also kills Lice and Ticks
25¢ AND 50¢



to organize a Free American Government to be ready to take over the reins of government at Washington, D. C., when we drive those crooks out of there."

Another whom the government has finally caught up with is Joseph E. McWilliams. Very few people took Jerque's Nazi rantings seriously until more influential people began repeating them. One of our exposés landed McJerk in jail for a short time. Finally he had the gall to run for Congress in the Yorkville section of Manhattan. He appeared frequently at meetings with Fritz Kuhn. He was well on his way to becoming the number one American Nazi when we caught up with him and began to expose his game.

McWilliams had one thing that most of his fellow American Nazis lacked —good looks—and he was able to stir a crowd as few men in his mob could. However, when the going got too hot in New York, McJerk pulled up stakes and beat it for Chicago. He was picked up there by the G-men a few months ago on draft act violations.

When radio Station WMCA refused to carry the talks of Father Charles Coughlin in New York, Allen Zoll helped organize protest rallies against the station's action. One meeting was held in the Manhattan Opera House on December 15, 1938. It was at this meeting that arrangements were made to picket Station WMCA.

The picket line reached mammoth proportions. Thousands of excited people milled around the station every afternoon. On Sundays cordons of police surrounded Broadway to prevent bloodshed, which nevertheless broke out. As a result of the agitation, activities and operations of the Christian Front, which led the picketing, zoomed to new highs in the metropolitan area.

One of the men who has most actively spouted the line of the Nazis in the United States is now a candidate for Congress from California. His name is Leon De Arayan and he publishes a vicious stink sheet known as The Broom. He has consistently attacked President Roosevelt. For example, he published in his issue of November 10, 1941, a telegram which he sent to Senator Aiken, asserting:

"The President is personally responsible for the deaths on the Kearny and Reuban James. He should be impeached."

After Pearl Harbor, De Arayan (who is now indicted) reprinted an article from the Galilean, a publication issued by William Dudley Pelley. De Arayan demanded a negotiated peace on January 12, 1942, just a month after Pearl Harbor. He said:

"Why do our leaders dream dreams of conquest at our expense and never think of PEACE? Could it not be as easy to conclude peace now on equitable terms before all rubber trees are chopped down in Malaysia and our young men are chopped down with them, as will be concluded after the carnage and destruction?"

What he does not explain in the columns of The Broom is the fact that he was court-martialed and dishonorably discharged from the United States army on February 10, 1914.

I HAVE written this series for Liberty because the one thing the Nazis and their stooges fear most is the *truth*. They hate the truth. They prey on people whom they can confuse and divide and thus conquer. These are the people we mean by Some Americans We Can Do Without. J. Edgar Hoover and his men are on the job. Federal grand juries are slowly coming to life in several parts of the country. They are beginning to examine the evidence that a handful of us in the American press have attempted to place before a free people since 1933.

President Roosevelt warned against the fifth column in an address to the American people in May, 1940. His warnings are worth repeating today:

"Today's threat to our national security is not a matter of military weapons alone. We know of new methods of attack. The Trojan horse. The fifth column that betrays a nation unprepared for treachery.

"Spies, saboteurs, and traitors are the actors in this new strategy. With all of these we must and will deal vigorously.

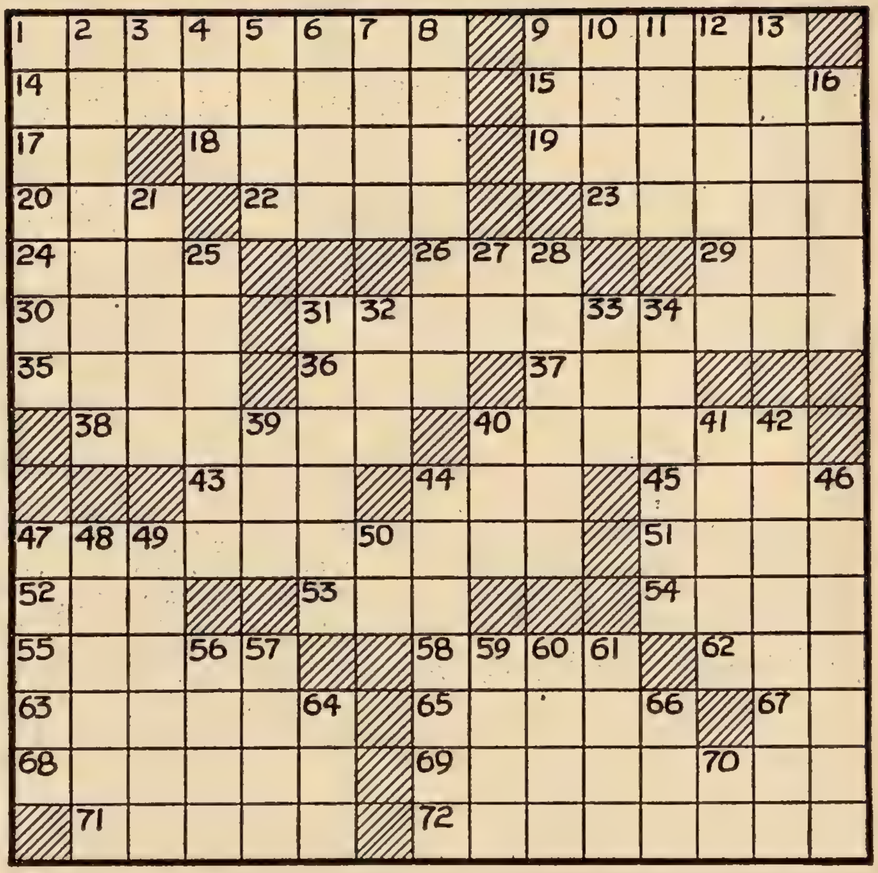
"These dividing forces are undiluted poison. They must not be allowed to spread in the New World as they have in the Old."

THE END

Puzzle 196 8/22/42

Cockeyed Crosswords

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 "I've reached the - - - - - - - - - of success," he cried as he melded 1,000 aces
9 Something Hitler can't get over
14 Celery with B. O.
15 Refill the breeches with lead ants for Jap pants
17 Youse
18 Dugout on the golf course
19 A rag, a bone, and a dab o' lipstick
20 Civilian Country Club (abbr.)
22 A great guy in old Russia
23 Manufacturer of worst perfume in France
24 Cause of grass waving in Hawaii
26 Latin thingum
29 Every Man Thinks (yeah?) (abbr.)
30 Ibidoid wading boid—try saying it fast!
31 It'll be fun living under this in the New Order
35 Little bit of dough
36 Little green house
37 Messed-up era
38 Roast pin
40 Jack Benny orders one soda and two of these when out with his gal
43 What to ride on after your tires go
44 Mechanized fly
45 This Thomas was quite a clock watcher
47 Hayseed Sherlocks
51 Country run by ex-Dodger fan
52 A single for Di Maggio
53 It's new to me
54 Dis iss ein crowd for der Chermans
55 The singing streams of America
58 What Diamond Lil sang she missed her dear
62 Dames Always Republican (abbr.)
63 Well Posted by Emily
65 Lowest form of life—next to Cockeyed Puzzle Maker
67 Most lovable chap I know
68 Light drizzle
69 What a good raiser does to give you a lift
71 Sometimes they're followed by drips
72 Overstuffed glamour gals of yesterday

VERTICAL

1 Medium (rare)
2 They were frozen recently for Democratic parties (2 words)
3 You're standing on it right now (abbr.)
4 Withered in the withers
5 The kind of joint a barbershop is
6 Sweet place to keep things humming
7 Borrowed goods (Nazi)
8 Stepped into
9 Unreliable Riotous Females (abbr.)
10 The dizzy whirl of the Gay Nineties
11 That soulful mama
12 What Garbo does Cary Grant, she's that well bred
13 Ideal for scrap rubber, after fumigation
16 A big deposit
21 Cooler
25 Rich folks in garden spots of the world
27 Effervescent Sissies (abbr.)
28 Stars stand for them
31 Pre-Stone Age Nazi (2 words)
32 Neither's follower
33 Gossip's catty reference (fem.)
34 What Miss Take did with her rubbers
39 High-class slapstick
40 What Mrs. O'Gabby usually ends her sentences with
41 Screwy
42 Hangover from my lady's lid
44 What her flowers did this spring
46 Dough girl
47 You'll find this in the army
48 She was only a gardener's dotter, but she sure knew hers
49 Lady often seen home singing
50 Old order of existence
56 Kind of toad put in schoolmasters' beds
57 One's exactly two feet apart
59 Croquet played with horse scents
60 How Robert Bruce began
61 Hot squrg
64 After running around in circles in New York, they've had an awful comedown
66 Dog with a Baastan accent
70 Beginning of teeth and end of palate

P	A	P	A	■	S	P	O	R	T	■	S	M	E	W
O	R	E	S	■	P	O	K	E	R	■	H	A	V	E
K	I	N	■	W	E	T	■	T	A	P	E	R	E	D
E	L	A	T	E	D	■	W	I	D	E	■	I	N	S
■	■	T	O	N	■	M	I	R	E	■	O	N	■	■
S	T	E	T	■	H	O	N	E	■	O	P	E	R	A
W	A	S	■	S	A	V	E	■	S	P	A	R	E	D
A	M	■	F	A	R	E	■	P	E	E	L	■	D	O
R	E	D	U	C	E	■	B	E	A	N	■	P	A	P
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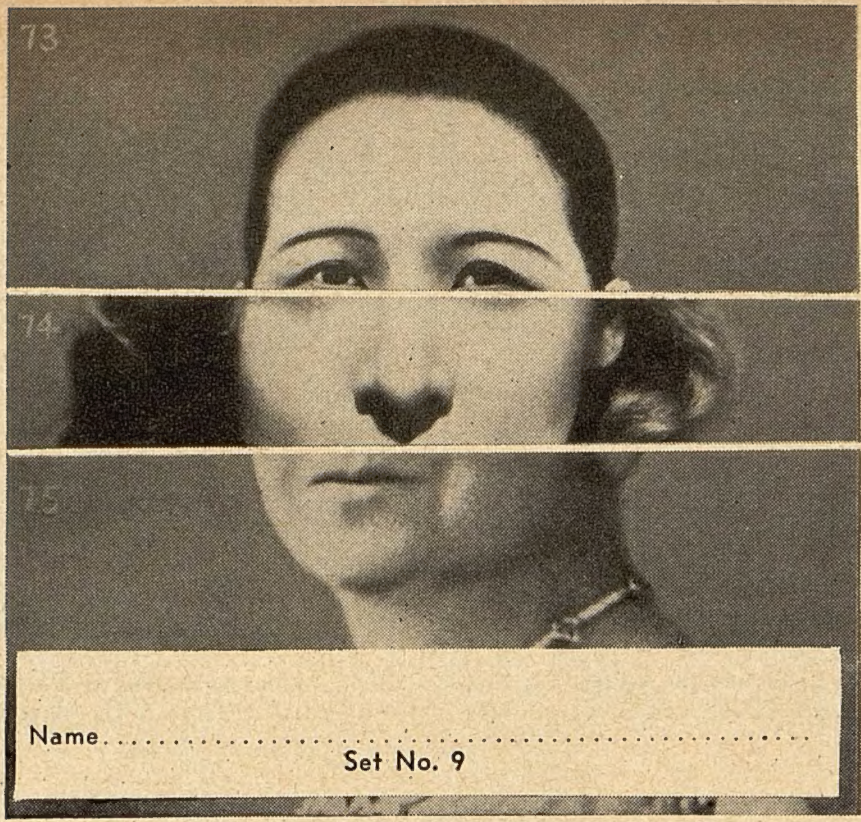
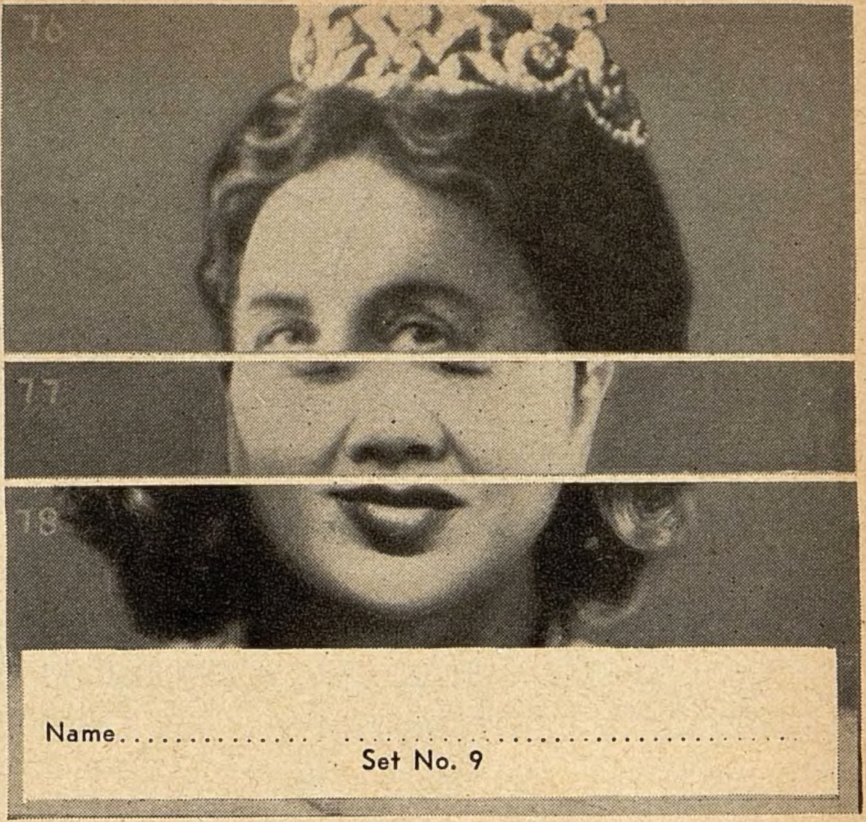
Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



The forehead and eyes are of a Bible salesman's daughter; the nose belongs to a former Mack Sennett beauty; the mouth and chin are of one who traces her ancestry to 800 A. D.



The forehead and eyes are of Juliana's mother; the nose is of one of three famous sisters; the mouth and chin belong to one noted for her pranks and gags.

$5,000 WAR HEROES CONTEST

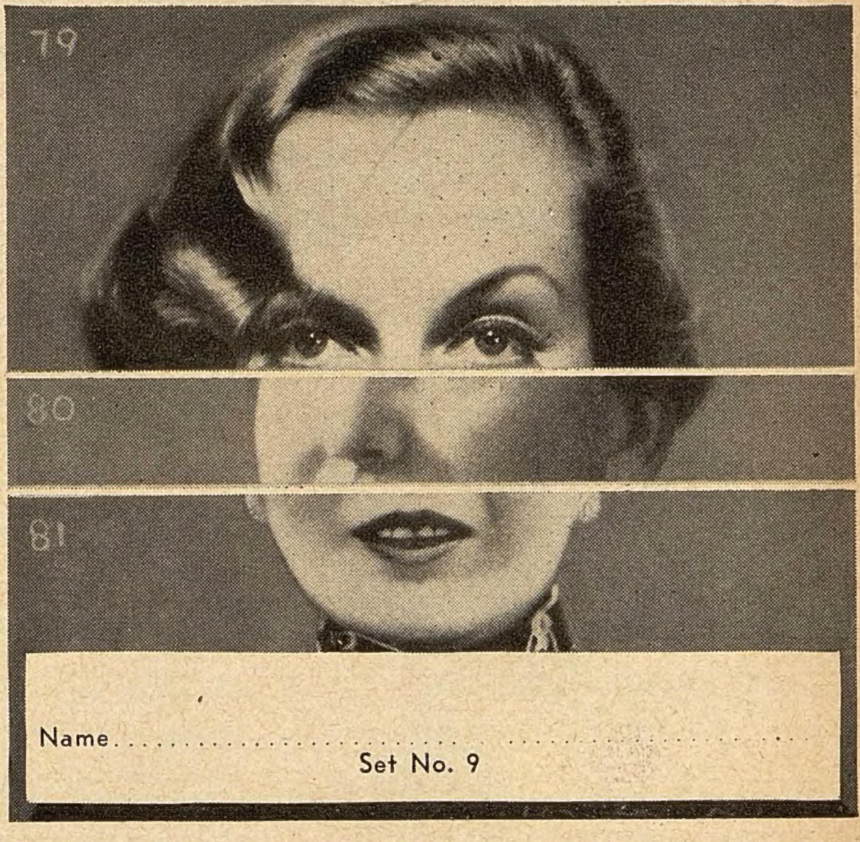
SET No. 9 of Liberty's great War Heroes Contest touches the distaff side of our parade of courageous personalities. You certainly should know and recognize these three famous women who symbolize the mighty feminine courage of today. Perhaps the clues will help!

JUST ONE MORE WEEK TO GO!

You're on the last lap now! Next week Set No. 10 will be published and this popular contest closes. After you've reassembled and identified next week's hero pictures, your entry can be submitted to us. Remember, you must have 30 pictures altogether. Check and carry out the rules carefully. Five thousand dollars' worth of big cash prizes await the lucky winners. *Will you be one of them?*

237 BIG CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$1,000
SECOND PRIZE	500
FIVE PRIZES, each $100	500
TEN PRIZES, each $50	500
TWENTY PRIZES, each $25	500
200 PRIZES, each $10	2,000
237 PRIZES	$5,000



The forehead and eyes are of Bessie's daughter; the nose is of an amateur painter; the mouth and chin belong to one of Wellesley's most distinguished alumnae.

CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of three composite pictures of persons who have gained fame in the prosecution of the war against the Axis Powers along either military, naval, diplomatic, war production, or publicity lines, or in other fields of vital importance in the conduct of the war.
2. Each set of pictures, when cut apart and correctly reassembled, will make a complete portrait of a person who has attained fame in the war effort as above stated. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.
3. For the 237 nearest correctly named and restored complete sets of portraits Liberty will award the $5,000 in cash prizes according to the accompanying schedule. Neatness will count. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
4. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the person it represents.
5. Mail your entry by first-class mail to WAR HEROES CONTEST, Liberty Magazine, P.O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. No partial sets will be considered, and once an entry has been received no changes or additions can be made. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.
6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
7. Accuracy and neatness will count, but elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No extra credit will be given for elaborately or expensively constructed entries. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding any entry.
8. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, September 9, 1942, the closing date of the contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Liberty's new weekly service—advice from inside Washington on trends that will affect our daily lives.

TELETYPE TIPS

ADMINISTRATION INSIDERS ARE BUSILY CONCENTRATING ON TREMENDOUS NEW PLAN WHICH WILL COMPLETELY REVISE YOUR WAY OF LIVING AS FAR AS PURCHASES OF ROUTINE NON-ESSENTIAL ITEMS ARE CONCERNED.

THE GOVERNMENT IS PREPARED TO ANNOUNCE RATIONING OF MANY KEY PRODUCTS.

CONFIDENTIAL SURVEY COMPLETED FOR LEON HENDERSON SHOWS THAT YOU WILL BE CARRYING AT LEAST A DOZEN RATION BOOKS IF NOT MORE BY THIS TIME NEXT YEAR. NEW RATIONING PROGRAM IS BEING MODELED AFTER THAT ALREADY IN EXISTENCE IN ENGLAND, GERMANY, AND RUSSIA. YOU CAN EXPECT THAT ONCE NEW RATIONING PROGRAM SWINGS INTO HIGH GEAR YOU WILL HAVE LESS TROUBLE GETTING COMMODITIES WHICH ARE NOW SHORT ON YOUR GROCER'S SHELF. THE ADMINISTRATION BELIEVES THIS WILL SAVE YOU BOTH TROUBLE AND MONEY IN THE LONG RUN SINCE EXISTING SUPPLIES WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE TO PEOPLE IN ALL WAGE GROUPS REGARDLESS OF PRICE.

THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THAT YOUR SUGAR RATION WILL BE INCREASED BEFORE THE END OF THE YEAR. A GOOD POSSIBILITY THAT LEATHER SHORTAGE FOR CIVILIAN USE WILL EXIST SOON. GOVERNMENT HAS ALREADY QUIETLY RESTRICTED MILITARY SUPPLIES OF SHOE LEATHER.

THE GOVERNMENT ADVISES YOU TO EAT MORE CHEESE. IT'S HEALTHFUL AND PLENTIFUL. MEAT SHORTAGES WHICH ARE APPEARING IN CERTAIN AREAS WILL PROBABLY LEAD TO CLOSER GOVERNMENT CONTROL.

IF YOU LIVE IN AN AREA WHERE RENTS HAVE BEEN SKYROCKETING, YOU CAN EXPECT THAT THE OPA WILL EXTEND RESTRICTIONS ON RENT INCREASES TO YOUR COMMUNITY VERY SOON.

PRIVATE GOVERNMENT SURVEYS FOR WHITE HOUSE REVEAL MR. AND MRS. AMERICA WILLING TO DO ANYTHING TO ACHIEVE VICTORY RAPIDLY. F.D.R. NOW PREPARED TO CRACK DOWN ON MANY ASSOCIATES WHO ACCUSE US OF COMPLACENCY.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

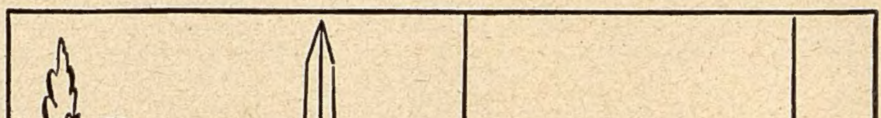
LIBERTY LAUNCHES A UNIQUE ENTERPRISE on page 9 this week—a series which Walter Karig, in his opening article, calls "the first three-dimensional word-picture of Franklin Roosevelt." It will present the President from ten points of view, in a remarkable collaboration which will cover his life, his personality, his policies, his place in history, and the many phases of his career. We can't tell you all about it in advance: one of its unique features is that it is still taking form, shaping itself to world news as it unfolds. We *can* tell you that we expect its authors to include, among others, such authoritative writers as Pierre van Paassen, Ernest Lindley, Mark Sullivan, Allan Nevins, S. J. Woolf, and Raymond Clapper. Each of those who contribute to the series will be one chosen for special qualifications and knowledge. . . . And P.S.—Speaking of those who know the President, look where Fala got to this week. The cover!

BRAZIL IS NOT TECHNICALLY AT WAR with the Axis—which explains why she is not represented among the messages from the United Nations on pages 16 and 17. But the Brazilian navy is sinking submarines and plays an important part in the control of the coast of the Americas. And we have a message from Brazil—one of high significance, sent to Liberty for this issue by Lourivat Fontes, Minister of Information:

"Brazil, which is proud of having always maintained the deepest Pan-American sentiment, has sought by every possible means to promote co-operation and preserve unity and fraternity among the people of the three Americas. These are the cardinal principles of political conduct which Brazil has observed in the past, and which, under the leadership of President Vargas, led her at the Rio Conference to reaffirm her solidarity with the United States of America."

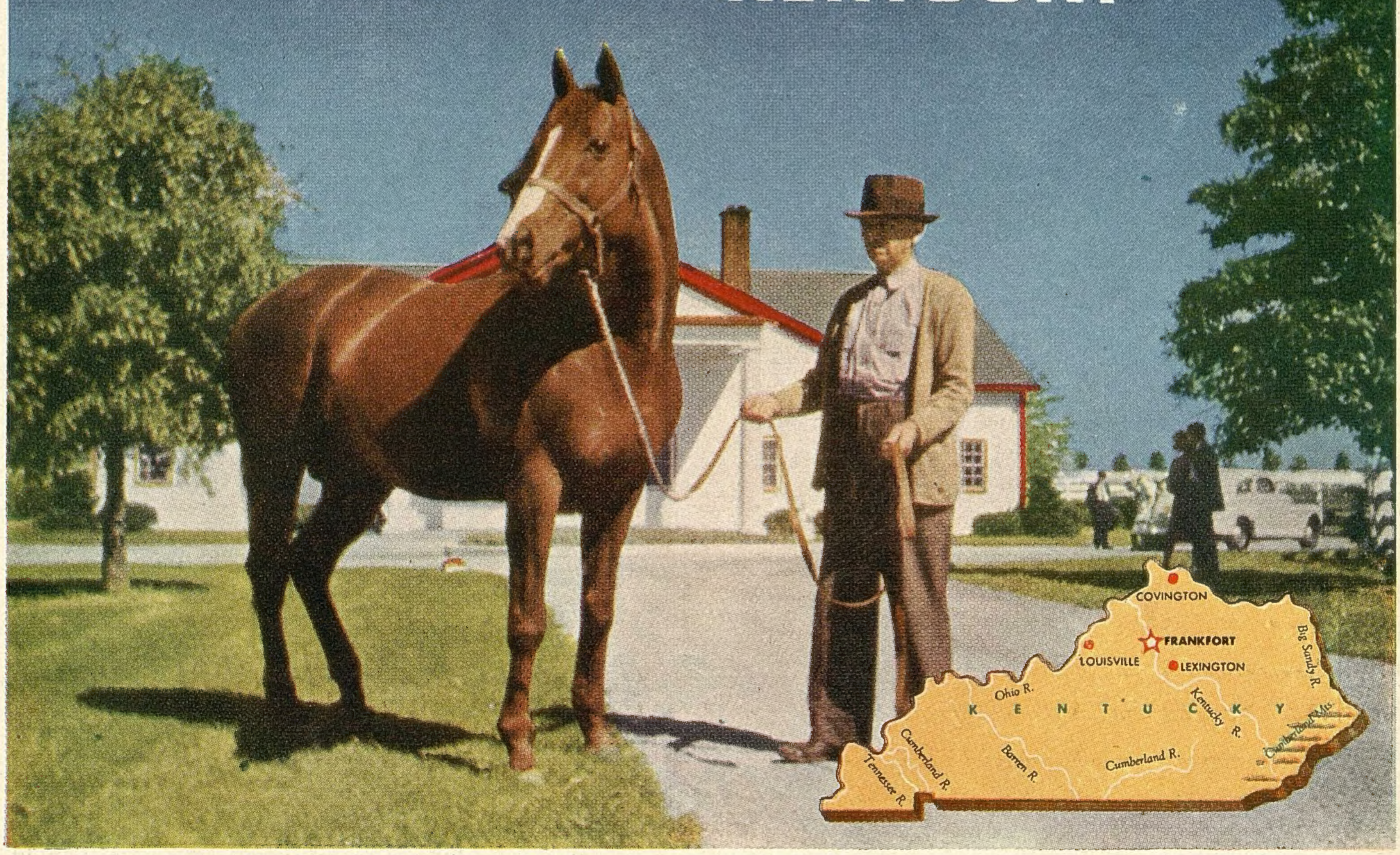
The Editors

FALA



"The French have been disturbing our peace of mind lately."

Liberty Salutes KENTUCKY

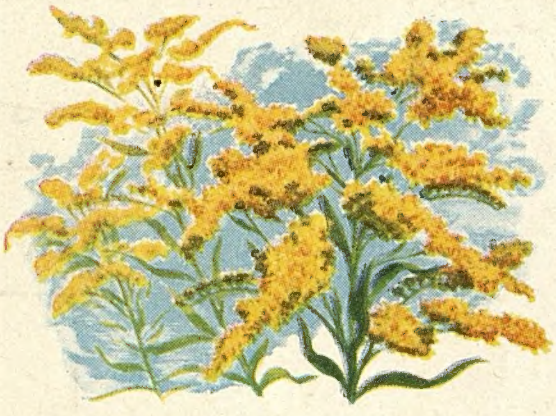

COVINGTON
FRANKFORT
LOUISVILLE
LEXINGTON
Ohio R.
Big Sandy R.
K E N T U C K Y
Kentucky R.
Cumberland Mts.
Cumberland R.
Barren R.
Cumberland R.
Tennessee R.

Example of Kentucky's successful breeding of fine horses.

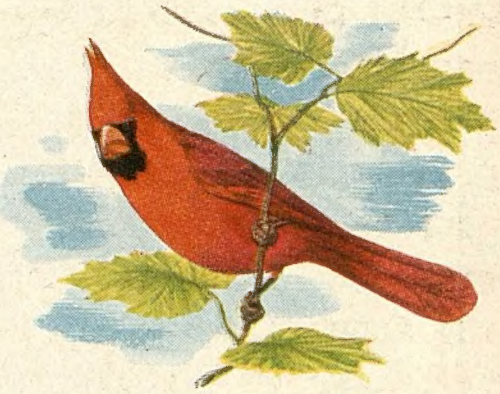
STUDDED with names we learned and loved in our school days, the Blue Grass State was the stamping ground of that American symbol Daniel Boone and birthplace of our immortal Lincoln.

More than half of the people of Kentucky work in agriculture. Tobacco is its leading money crop, corn is its largest and next most valuable crop. Perhaps its most famous products are its horseflesh and good whisky.

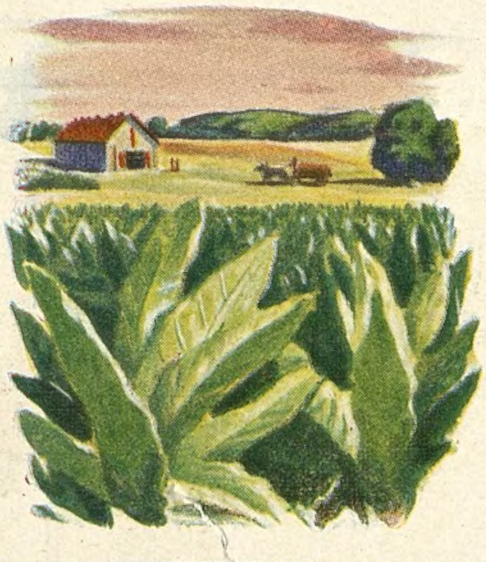
Today the war effort has speeded up the industrialization of this charming state. Flour and grist mills, logging plants, sawmills, and woodworking factories are humming. Kentucky comes into the war picture too with its coal, petroleum, natural gas, and cement.



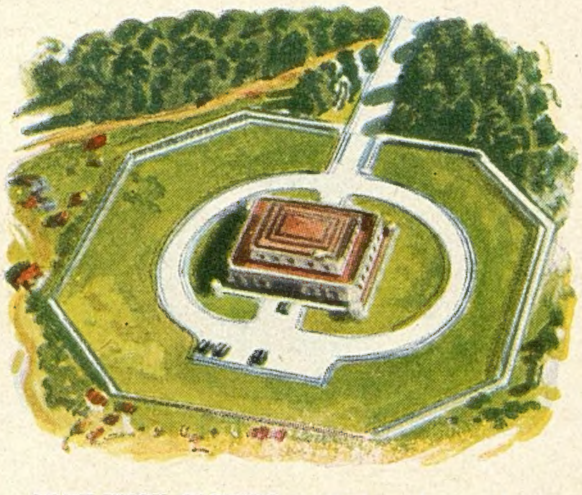
THE AUTUMN-BLOOMING *goldenrod, with its heads of small yellow-rayed flowers topping its wandlike stems, is Kentucky's flower. It grows wild in fields that supply brilliant notes of fall color.*



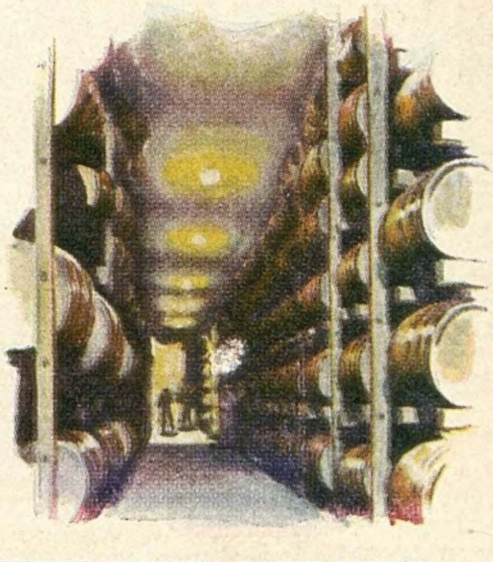
THE KENTUCKY CARDINAL, *known for its red coat and crest, is the state bird. Cherished by farmers, it eats crop-destroying insects and weed seeds. The female is drabber, with duller red on wings.*



THE GREAT MONEY CROP *of Kentucky, tobacco, is one of America's major comforts, and one that follows our army across the oceans. This state pioneered in factory manufacture of tobacco products.*

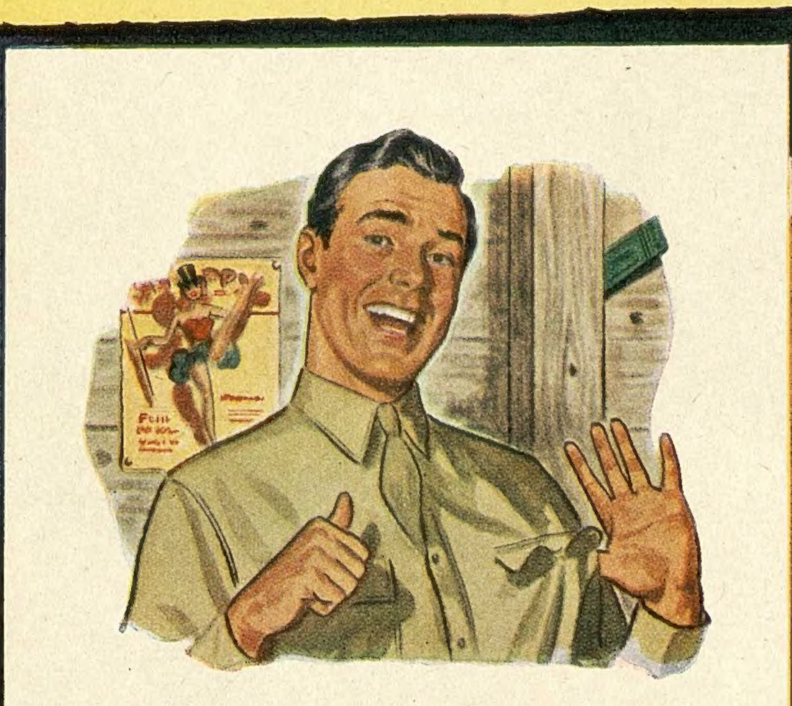


FORT KNOX, FAMOUS *as the burial ground of America's gold, has a new and brighter luster today as the home of our armored divisions. 50,000 men trained at Fort Knox for the tank service.*

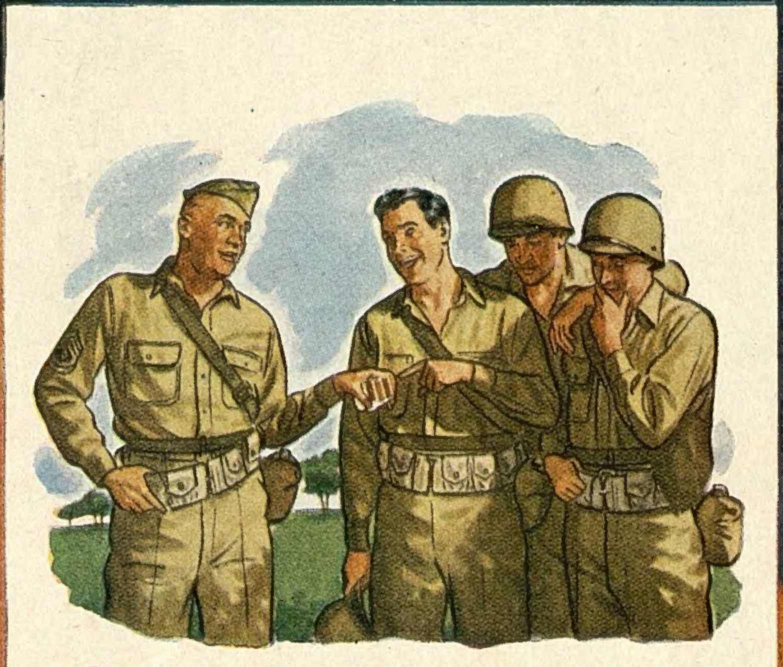


FAMOUS FOR FULL-BODIED WHISKY, *Kentucky is now converting its distilleries to make high-proof alcohol for synthetic rubber. One famous distillery is almost entirely converted.*

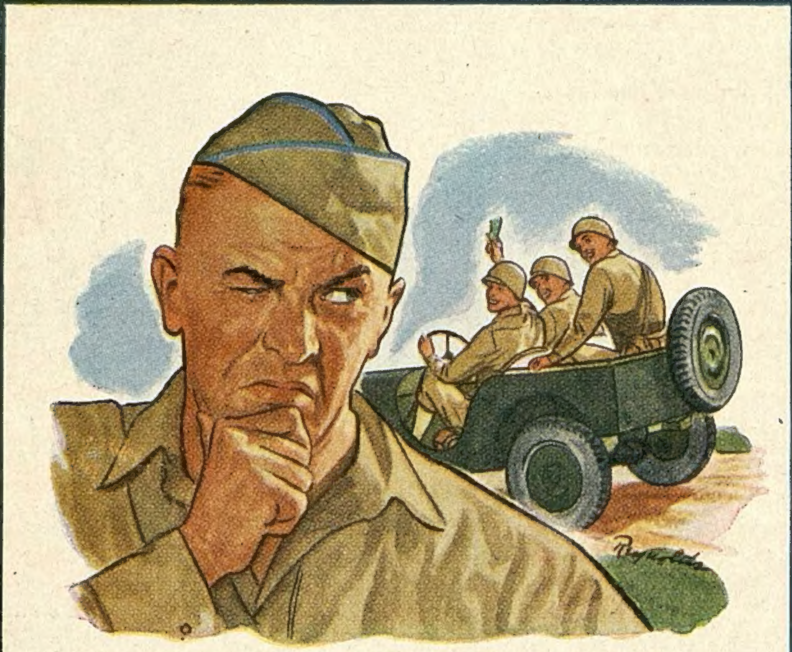
"So I took the Sarge for a buck... *with the Raleigh bet*"



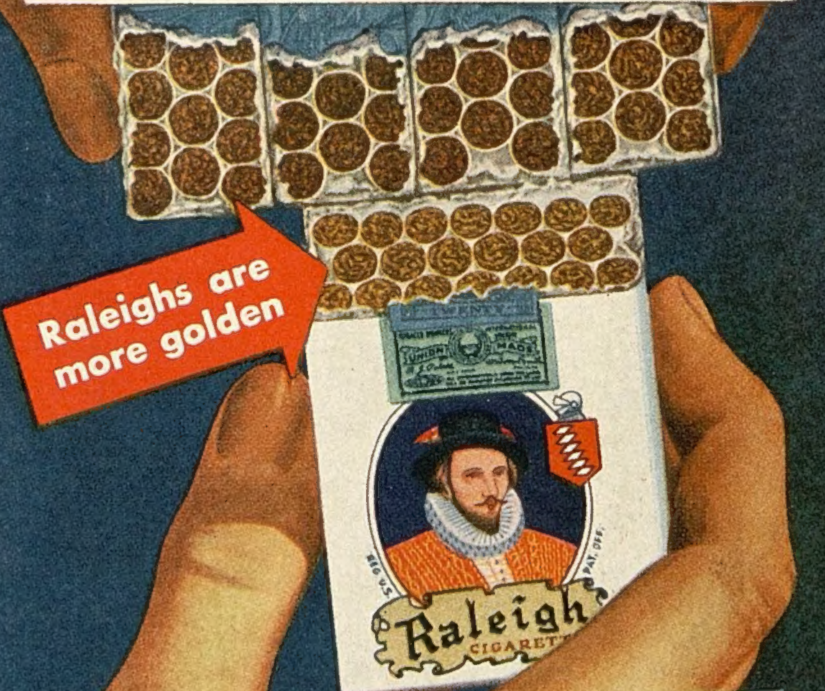
1. **"Our sergeant knows** all the answers—but here's one he missed! Yesterday he heard me telling the gang I could pick Raleighs from any other brand. He chimes in: 'Here's a dollar says you can't!'



2. **"So I let him take** Raleighs and some of the fellows' other brands—hide the labels—and show me just the open ends of the packs. And did his face drop when I picked it right!



3. **"'Thanks for the buck,** and here's the secret,' says I. 'You can't miss Raleighs. The color of the tobacco is more *golden*. It stands out like a redhead at a minstrel show. Go spring it on the Captain.'"



4. **Golden color** is the way to judge tobacco *quality*. At the big tobacco sales it's the ripe golden leaves that bring the top prices. That's the expert way to get a milder, tastier smoke. Try Raleighs.

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UNION MADE

RALEIGH IS THE PACK WITH THE COUPON ON THE BACK. B & W coupons (also packed with Kool Cigarettes) are good in the United States for War Stamps, cash or worthwhile premiums like these:

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UNITED STATES
DEFENSE
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